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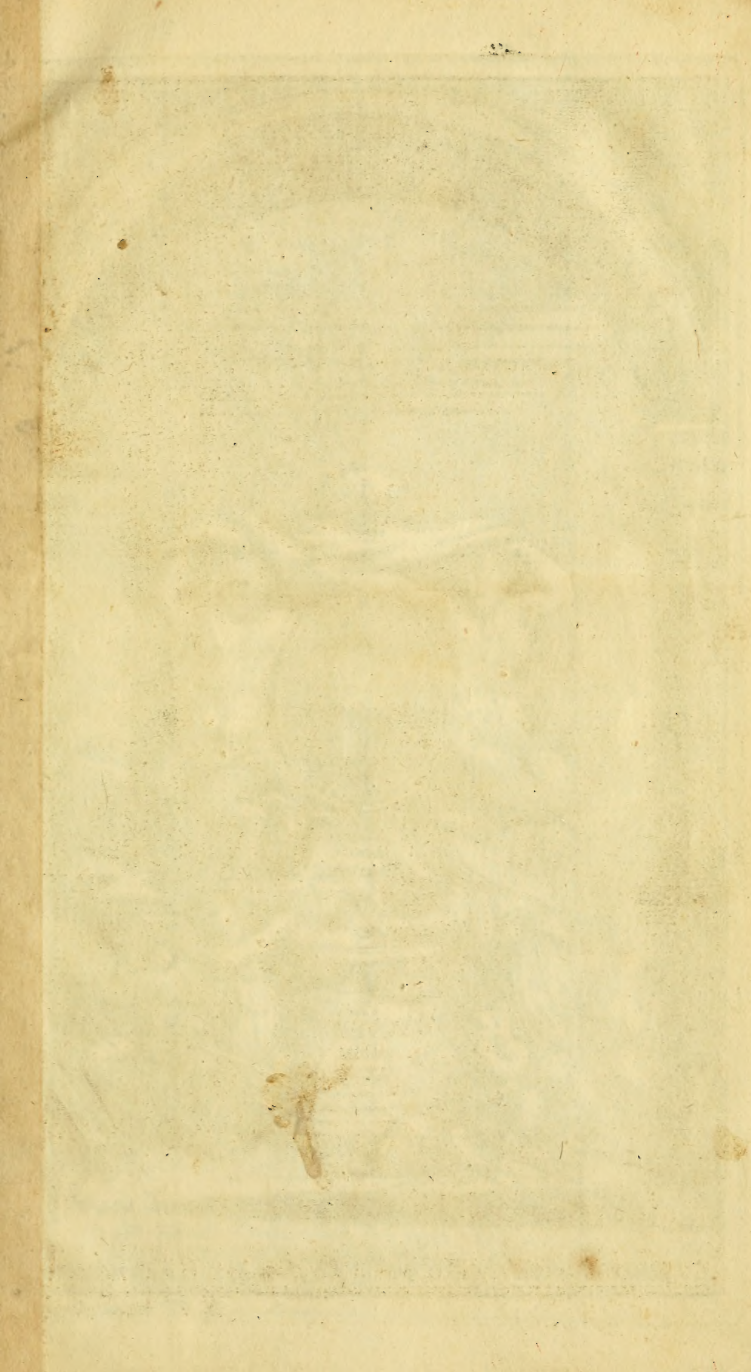


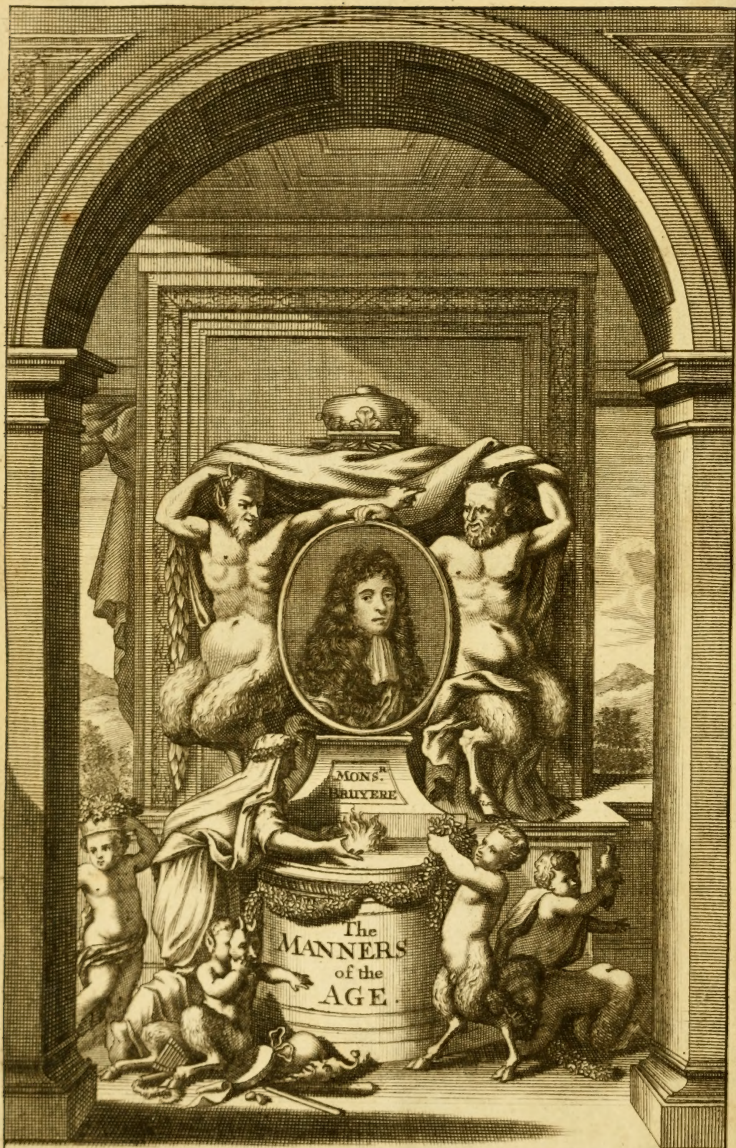
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LONDON Printed for E. Curll & E. Sanger & I. Pemberton.

M. V. de Gucht, Sculp.

John Adams

CHARACTERS:
OR, THE
Manners of the AGE.
WITH
The Moral CHARACTERS
OF
THEOPHRASTUS.

Translated from the *Greek.*

To which is Prefix'd,
An Account of his Life and Writings.
By Monsieur de la BRUYERE.

Made English by several Hands,

The Fifth Edition.

To which is added,
An Original Chapter, Of the MANNER of
LIVING with GREAT MEN.

WITH
Some of the Most Eminent CHARACTERS
in the COURT, ARMY, &c.

OF
GREAT BRITAIN.

L O N D O N :

Printed for E. Curll, at the Peacock without Temple-Bar, E. Sanger
at the Middle Temple-Gate, Post-house, and J. Pemberton at the
Golden Buck against St Dunstan's Church, Fleet-street, 1709.

CHARACTERS

OF THE
MANNERS OF THE AGE.

WITH
THE MOST

★ ADAMS

BY

Translated from the Greek.

To which is Prefix'd
An Account of his Life and Writings
By Monsieur de la Fontaine

Made English by several Hands.

THE SECOND EDITION.

To which is added
An Original Character of the MANNERS OF
LIVING AND OF DEAD MEN.

WITH
Some of the Most Famous CHARACTERS
IN THE COURT, ARMY, &c.

OF
GREAT BRITAIN

By the Author of the Characters of the
Manners of the Age.



THE
ELOGY
OF

Monsieur de la Bruyere

Monsieur L' Abbé Fleuri *being Chosen by the Gentlemen of the French Academy, in the Room of the late Monsieur de la Bruyere, took his Place there the 16th of July, 1696, and upon that Occasion spoke of Monsieur de la Bruyere, (or as the France call it, made his Elogy) in the following Words.*

‘ However sooner or later it may be,
‘ yet the Publick is always observ’d to do
‘ Justice to an Author; and we may take
‘ it for granted, that a Book which has
‘ been Read and frequently Enquir’d after
‘ by the whole World, cannot be without
‘ its peculiar Merit, Such is the Work
‘ of that Friend, whose late and surpris-
‘ ing Loss we at this time Deplore; and

The ELOGY of

‘ whose Place you have been pleased to
‘ allow me the Honour of supplying: A
‘ Work very singular in its kind, and in the
‘ Opinion of some Judges, even Superior to
‘ that * Great Original, which the Author
‘ himself did at first only propose to imi-
‘ tate. In drawing the Characters of o-
‘ thers, he has perfectly well exprest his
‘ own; one may see in ’em a vast strength
‘ of Thinking, and the most profound Re-
‘ flexions upon Men’s Manners and their
‘ Understandings, together with that Great
‘ Erudition, which was so Remarkable up-
‘ on all fit Occasions in his private Conver-
‘ sation, agreeably and usefully mixt and
‘ running thro’ the Whole. He was parti-
‘ cularly well acquainted with the Living
‘ and Dead Languages, and indeed there
‘ was no kind of Learning to which he
‘ was a Stranger.

‘ In his Characters one may observe,
‘ that his Criticism is severely exact, and
‘ his Expression lively; that his Turns are
‘ very Artful, and his Pictures sometimes
‘ purposely loaded and over-colour’d, that
‘ they might not appear too like. His
‘ Boldness and Force are manag’d so as not
‘ to exclude either Pleasure or Delicacy,

* Theophrastus.

Monsieur de la Bruyere.

‘ tho’ at the same time we may see that
‘ the governing Spirit of the Whole’s a
‘ Predominant and implacable hatred of
‘ *Vice*, with an avow’d Love of *Virtue*. In
‘ fine, the Crown of the Work, and which
‘ we who are most nearly concern’d for the
‘ Author, are the Witneses of, is that Ho-
‘ ly Spirit of True Religion that shines in
‘ it. This Piece then, Gentlemen, will hap-
‘ pily be one of those which you do in some
‘ Manner seem to adopt for your own, by
‘ receiving their Authors among you; one
‘ of those Beautiful and Useful Works, that
‘ you Consecrate to Immortality, &c.

*After Monsieur L’ Abbé Fleuri had finish’d
his Discourse, Monsieur L’ Abbé Regnier re-
plying to him, took an Occasion to speak thus of
Monsieur de la Bruyere.*

‘ Our Loss of that Excellent Member of
‘ our Academy, to whom you succeed, is
‘ Great. He was a Person of very Extra-
‘ ordinary Genius; Nature seem’d to take
‘ a Pleasure in Revealing the Secrecy’s of
‘ Mankind to him, in shewing him the
‘ Mysterious Inside of Human Nature, and
‘ continually exposing those Things to his
‘ Eyes, which Men labour to conceal with
‘ the utmost care from the Knowledge of
‘ the World. With what force of Expres-
‘ sion,

The ELOGY, &c.

‘ fion, what Beautiful Colours has he ex-
‘ prest them ! A Writer Masterly in his
‘ Strokes and full of Fire, who by a Turn
‘ uncommonly fine, and peculiar to him-
‘ self, could infuse a strength into Words
‘ which of themselves they had not : A
‘ Painter fortunately Bold and Successful,
‘ who in every thing that he Drew, sug-
‘ gested something more for the Under-
‘ standing to conceive, than the Eye could
‘ possibly take in.

The

TWO

The CONTENTS of Monsieur de la Bruyere's Characters.

T HE Introduction.	1
Of Polite Learning.	5
Of Personal Merit.	28
Of Women.	44
Of Love and Friendship.	68
Of Society and Conversation.	81
Of Fortune.	104
Of the City.	128
Of the Court.	139
Of the Nobility.	167
Of the Sovereign, or Common Wealth.	186
Of Man.	206
Of Judgment.	254
Of the Fashion.	287
Of Certain Customs.	308
Of the Pulpit.	332
Of the Wits, or Libertines.	346
Of the Manner of Living with Great Men.	377.

The CONTENTS of Theophrastus's Moral Characters.

A Prefatory Discourse concerning Theophrastus.	1
Of Dissimulation.	2
Of Flattery.	4
Of Impertinence.	6
Of the Clown.	7
	of

The CONTENTS.

<i>Of Wheedling.</i>	8
<i>Of Villany.</i>	10
<i>Of Loquacity.</i>	11
<i>The Newsmonger.</i>	13
<i>Of Impudence occasion'd by Covetousness.</i>	15
<i>Of Sordid Frugality.</i>	16
<i>A Brazen fac'd Fellow.</i>	17
<i>Of Unseasonable Conversation.</i>	19
<i>A Busy Body.</i>	20
<i>Of Stupidity.</i>	21
<i>Brutality.</i>	23
<i>Of Superstition.</i>	24
<i>A Splenatick Man.</i>	25
<i>Of Distrust.</i>	26
<i>A Sloven.</i>	27
<i>A Troublesome Fellow.</i>	28
<i>Vain Glory.</i>	29
<i>A Niggard.</i>	30
<i>Of Ostentation.</i>	31
<i>Of Pride.</i>	32
<i>Of Cowardice.</i>	33
<i>Of an Oligarchical Government, and the Grandees thereof.</i>	36
<i>Of those that begin to Learn in Old Age.</i>	37
<i>Of Slander.</i>	38

THE
CONTENTS
OF
Monsieur De la Bruyere's
CHARACTERS.

	Page
O F Polite Learning	5
Of Personal Merit	28
Of Women	44
Of the Heart	68
Of Society and Conversation	81
Of the Goods of Fortune	104
Of the City	126
Of the Court	139
Of the Great	151
Of the Sovereign or Commonwealth	170
Of Man	190
Of Judgments	238
Of the Fashion	271
Of Certain Customs	292
Of the Pulpit	316
Of the Wits or Libertines	330

The

The Contents of the Characters
of THEOPHRASTUS.

[A] Prefatory Discourse concerning Theophrastus	i
The Proem	I
Of Dissimulation	2
Of Flattery	4
Of Impertinence	6
Rusticity	7
Of Wheedling	8
Of Villany	10
Of Loquacity	11
The Newsmonger	13
Of Impudence occasion'd by Covetousness	15
Of Sordid Frugaiity	16
A Brazen-fac'd Fellow	17
Of Unseasonable Conversation	19
A Busie body	20
Of Stupidity	21
Brutality	23
Of Superstition	24
A Splenatick Man	25
Of Distrust	26
A Sloven	27
A Troublesome Fellow	28
Vain Glory	29
A Niggard	30
Of Ostentation	31
Of Pride	32
Of Cowardice	33
Of an Oligarchical Government, &c.	35
Of those that begin to learn in Old Age	ibid
Of Slander	36

Advertisement.

THis Fourth Edition of Monsieur La Bruyere's Characters, has been so Carefully Revis'd throughout, by the French Original, that 'tis Presum'd the Faults in it, are much fewer than in any of the Former; and those that remain, 'tis hop'd, are not so Great, but the Candour of the Reader will Excuse, when he shall Reflect on the Vast Difficulty that there is in Translating an Author of so much Delicacy.

1870

MEMORANDUM

Received of the Hon. Secy of the Interior
the following report of the
Commissioner of the General Land Office
relating to the lands of the
United States in the Territory of
Arizona, and the same are
herewith submitted for your
information.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
John W. Foster,
Secretary of the Interior.

NEW
CHARACTERS
IN THE
Court, Army, &c.
OF
GREAT BRITAIN.

B E R A L D U S

IS a Man of True Valour, and makes slight of the Greatest Dangers without challenging any Merit for exposing himself. Free from Vanity ; not capable of Fear, or the Ostentation of appearing

A ing

ing Fearless. He has a great deal of Cold Blood on Occasion; calmly listening to every thing that would be said to him; being very glad that any Body who he knows has some Understanding, would tell him their Thoughts. He is Orderly, and better at Disposing a Battle, than Projecting the Operations of a Campaign; far from all Selfishness plain in his Manners; an Enemy to all sort of Pride; full of Piety and Probity, and very Zealous for and Devoted to the Service of his Prince. But as 'tis Impossible that so many Good Qualities should be found in a Man without some Faults, he is extreamly Slow; and if he has not under him Active Officers, he slips many Opportunities of Annoying an Enemy, and will lie open to a Multitude of Inconveniencies, by neglecting to cause Order to be observed in Marching, Foraging, Convoys, Outguards, and a thousand other Particulars, which a General can't omit without Ruining an Army, or Enposing it. Besides these Failings, he has that which Bigots are commonly accus'd of, which is to be Vindictive. He is very Harsh and Severe in Point of Command. As he never fatigues either the Officers or Soldiers, he will not have 'em fail in the Orders he gives; he is not a Slave to Ambition,

bition, nor the Desire of Glory; neither is he Mindful of every thing that may serve his Interest; he is not troubled with a Negotiating Spirit, nor was ever heard to talk of making Leagues against *France*, or forming great Projects of War; but if others Contrive 'em, he is very fit to Execute 'em; and extremely formidable at the Head of an Army, Commanded by himself, because the Prince has a great Confidence in him.

In a Word, 'Tis certain that *Beraldis* is very much to be dreaded in Battle; but then 'tis no hard Matter to Supplant him before he gives it.

LEONTIUS

HAS a great deal of Courage, and would never be weary of War, tho' he were to fight Battles every Day. Charging in Person is his Diversion, and he quits it unwillingly when he is obliged to give necessary Orders elsewhere. It is certain he would Succeed in the Trade of War, if he would apply himself to it; but hitherto he has seem'd to Love nothing of it, but what he at first fancy'd: That is, Fighting, Skirmishing, Routing, Pursuing, Taking Camps, Conquering and Reveling, in the Enjoyments of Victory; he leaves all the rest to his Officers, and unwillingly Enters into any Detail of what Regards his Troops. He has very little Application to Stratagems, Conduct, and the Issue of War; he gives no Reward to those who serve him well, nor Punishes those who Deserve it. He Loves Pleasure above all Things; Business makes
him

him Uneasy, and he Loves to take no Pains, unless in hunting for a Mistress ; setting no Value upon all the Disbursements of his Treasury, and yet Grudging what goes into his Ministers Pockets.

GERMANICUS

IS a true Man of War ; he Loves the Trade of it, and bestows all his Application upon it ; he has a great deal of Bravery ; he sees clearly in a Battle, and has a great deal of Order and Skill in Disposing his Troops ; he is Active, Vigilant, Laborious, and Capable of being a great Captain, if Presumption did not spoil him ; he gives but little regard to the Council offer'd him, and when oblig'd to follow it, 'tis along time after, and in such a Manner as would create a Belief that he acts from himself. He affects mightily to live seemingly easy, but is extream Difficult to those who pay him not a blind Obedience. He never alters his Conduct, either for Applause or Censure, and as he never spares those who are not in his Interest, so he Vigorously Defends those who adhere to him. He is accus'd of Negligence in his Conduct at Court. He is a Free Speaker, an Eye-fore
to

to the Ministers, and does not enough Cultivate those in Favour.

To Conclude : 'Tis said of *Germanicus*, that he has all the Qualities necessary to Command an Army, and Faults enough to destroy any Desire of Trusting him with one.

EUBULUS

HAS been present in so many Actions of War, that with the good Judgment he is Master of an extraordinary Application to the Trade, he has made himself one of the greatest Captains of his Age. To hear him speak in Council, he seem'd the most irresolute Man in the World; yet when he is press'd to determine himself, no Body makes a better, or a juster Choice. His true Talent (which, to my thinking, is the more valuable in War) is his exquisite Skill in managing a desperate Game. And yet in the Presence of the Enemy he has always a Countenance of Confusion, which intimidated his own Troops; and I doubt not, is what contributes to most of his Misfortunes. He is modest in his Apparel, and appear'd so in his Expressions, to People who cannot penetrate; but he had in his Heart in an insupportable Vanity. His greatest Virtue is his Contempt of Riches. Never any Man so little valu'd Money

Money as did. He lov'd Women without tying himself to 'em. He relishes the Pleasures of the Table without Debauching. He is good Company, but it lasts not long. For of a sudden he will recollect himself as if his Mirth equal'd him too much with his Friends, and then put on a Gravity which is very disagreeable. He lov'd Mischief, and (except that) nothing is dear to him but his own Family, Dominion and Flattery. He is Envious, not only towards his Equals, but also of all those who begin to raise themselves. This Humour, together with an innate Malice, oblig'd him never to do the least Friendly Office. He hardly ever gives any Orders, either Verbally or in Writing, but what are Obscure, and this he does for two Reasons. First, to conceal his Designs even from them who are to be Instruments of 'em. And Secondly, That he may have it always in his Power to explain his Orders as he pleases, and thereby to discharge himself from the Imputation of the ill Success, upon the want of Understanding in the acting Officer. Any Body else wou'd be uneasy in the use of mean Shifts. But *Eubalus* is so naturally an Enemy to all open dealing, that the contrary gives him no pain to practise.

A L B I-

A L B I N U S

MAreschal de Camp and Commissary General of the Army, is reputed more capable of the latter Post than the former. He has a wonderful Understanding for the Subsisting of an Army, the Repartition of Winter Quarters, and Military Discipline ; a great Foresight for every thing that may subsist the Troops, and the Dexterity of Drawing from a Country wherewithal to supply the Army, without ruining the People. He was advanced to Military Employments, by the Interest of his Uncle. He has prov'd on many Occasions, he has Courage, but in Councils of War, always gave his Opinion against hazarding any thing. He has an excellent Genius in comporting himself with the Ministers, and never gives any Umbrage to a General.

T H R A-

THRASYMACHUS

IS a truly brave Man, abounding more in good Sense than witty Conceits; extremely Thoughtful, and a Lover of Study. He has given infinite Proofs of a surprizing Genius in the Art of War; he seems design'd for uncommon Attempts, and is Master of an Enterprizing and Bold Spirit. The greatest Difficulties are his Encouragements. His Bravery and Conduct dispise what may be thought the utmost Aim of other Heroes. He is full of Generous Ambition, Zealous for every thing that has any Affinity to Glory; he has a sincerity above being attack'd by the most subtle Statesman, and his Probity is as invincible as his Sword.

POLLIO

HAS all the Advantages of Nature, Education and Fortune; He is the Pride of the first, the Boast of the second, and the Favourite of the third. They may be said, like *Juno*, *Pallas* and *Venus*, to have contended for the Prize, not from him, but in him; where yet their distinct Excellencies are so closely united, that neither can pretend to Superiority over the other. Regular Beauty, unlabour'd Eloquence, and unexampled Bounty, are first Views of him. Where can *Octavia* better repose her Conscience, than where *Tullia* left hers? He is equally the Judge, the Moderator, and the Casuist, and none ever departed from his Decisions unreliev'd, or unsatisfy'd. And yet *Pollio*, its said, has Faults too. He is accus'd of insincerity in Friendship; that Passion supposes Equality; but where's the Mind refin'd as *Pollio's*? The Sun with all the good he does, has yet his spots; to shew us perhaps, that the brightest Beings, are not without 'em. *Pollio's*, like his, prevent none of his
 necessary

necessary Acts ; and universal Good can never be narrow'd to this or that Particularity. He is censur'd too, to have mistaken himself in his Favours. Reptiles owe their Being to the Sun in Summer ; and besides, the surprizing Variety, those little gawdy, wrigling, and fluttering Machines afford, who should *Pollio* lose so shining a part of the Comparison ? In short, his Vertues carry so fair a Face, that those Vices he has, are like Patches, only the Ornament of Fashion, and to distinguish in him the absolute Necessity of a Courtier.

 V E R U S.

HAS eminently all the good Qualities of the Gentleman, the Patriot, and the Philosopher; Of Address and Access the most easie and engaging, but with a constant Preference of the Merit to the Character. A Partner of the Gayeties and Pleasures of one of the Finest Courts, yet undebauch'd by it, either in Principle and Practice. A Confessor of the Rights of his Country, under the lowest Ebb of her Fortune, and at the greatest Expence and Hazard of his own; one of the earliest Asserters of her Liberties. Of a Capacity, Assiduity, and Contempt of Self-Interest, fit for the most Important Charges; yet, by the Fatality of Affairs, neglected, while the Meteors then prevailing, laid the Foundation of the future Distempers of the State. *Augustus* throughly knew, and valu'd him; a more glorious Reward than all the Honours invincible Necessity oblig'd him to dispose of elsewhere. And yet *Verus* had his share
of

of those Trusts his Prince could with Freedom and Judgment bestow ; and a share too with him, of being unjustly Re- proach'd for the indefatigable discharge of his Duty. The Death of *Augustus* deter- min'd, in many Instances, the Vigour of his most forward Friends, but confirm'd *Verus* to be still the same. Let *Corvus* (fatten'd equally on the Ruines and Repairs of his Country) value his Word at it's intrinsic worth, the weight of the Breath that forms it! *Verus* despises the Art of Tricking ; and acts like himself, constantly serving the Publick in the Rank his Birth has plac'd him, without being indebted to Fortune, or her Minion. Such is *Verus*, Great by Birth, by Inclination, and by Services ! But Greater yet by a just Neg- lect of any of the Rewards of Virtue, in- consistent with it self.

F I N I S.

BOOKS lately printed for E. Curll, at the Peacock without Temple-Bar, and E. Sanger, at the Post-house at the Middle Temple-Gate, Fleet-street

1 SIR Roger L' Estrate's Translation of the Works of *Flavius Josephus* faithfully abridg'd, and the whole History preserv'd entire, and made more useful, by avoiding all tedious and unnecessary Digressions; with a Continuation of *Josephus's* History (from the most Authentick Authors both Ancient and Modern) to this present Time. Printed on a very fine Paper, and adorn'd with Maps and Sculptures, curiously engraven, and every way suited to the Author, in 2 Vols. in 8vo. Price 12 s.

2 A General History of all Voyages and Travels throughout the old and new World, from the first Ages to this present Time, Illustrating both Ancient and Modern Geography. Containing an accurate Description of each Country, its Natural History and Product; the Religion, Customs, Manners, Trade, &c. of the Inhabitants, and whatsoever is curious and remarkable in any kind. An account of all Discoveries hitherto made in the most remote Parts, and the great Usefulness of such Attempts, for Improving both Natural and Experimental Philosophy; with a Catalogue of all Authors that have ever described any Part of the World, and an impartial Judgment and Criticism on their Works for discerning between the Repurable and Fabulous Relaters; and an Extract of the Lives of the most considerable Travellers, by Monsieur *Du Perier*, of the Royal Academy. Made English from the *Paris* Edition. Adorn'd with Cuts, in 8vo. Price 6 s.

T H E
C H A R A C T E R S ;

O R,

Manners of the Age.

I Borrow'd the subject Matter of this Book from the Publick, and I now restore what it lent me. Indeed having finish'd the whole Work, with the utmost regard to Truth that I was capable of, 'tis but just I should make it Restitution. The World may here view the Picture I have drawn of it from Nature, and if I have hit on any defects, which it agrees with me to be such, it may at leisure correct them. This is what a Man ought chiefly to propose to himself in Writing, tho he can't always be sure of Success. However, as long as Men distaste Vice so little as they do, we should never give over reproaching them: They would perhaps be worse, were it not for Censure and Reproof, which makes Writing and Preaching of absolute necessity. The Orator and Writer can't stifle the Joy they feel when they are applauded, but they ought to blush in themselves, if they aim at nothing more than Praise, by their Discourses or Writings. Besides, that the most certain and least equivocal Approbation, is the change of

B

Manners

The Characters, or

Manners in their Readers or Hearers : We should neither write nor speak but for Instruction ; yet we may lawfully rejoyce, if we at the same time please those to whom we address, and by this means make the Truths we should advance, the more insinuating, and the better receiv'd. When any thoughts or reflections slide into a Book, which have neither fire, turn, nor vivacity agreeable to the rest, tho they seem at first to be admitted for variety, to divert our Minds, and render them more attentive on what is to follow, but otherwise are not proper, sensible, or accommodated to the capacity of the People, (whom we must by no means neglect) both the Reader and the Author ought to condemn 'em. This is one Rule: There's another, which my particular Interest obliges me to request may not be forgot, that is, always to have my Title in view, and to think, as often as this Book is read, that I describe *the Characters, or Manners of the Age* ; for tho I frequently take 'em from the Court of *France*, and Men of my own Nation, yet they cannot be confin'd to any one Court or Country, without losing a great deal of the compass and usefulness of my Book, and destroying the design of the Work, which is to paint Mankind in general, as the order of the Chapters, and a certain insensible connexion, which the reflexions that compose them, have one with another, do plainly demonstrate. After this so necessary a precaution, the consequences of which 'tis easie enough for any body to penetrate, I must protest against all Chagrin, Complaint, malicious Interpretation, false Application and Censure ; against the insipid Rail-lers, and the ill-meaning Readers. Men ought to know how to Read, and then hold their Tongues, or else to be able to relate what they have read,

and

and nothing more or less than what they have read; which if they are sometimes able to do, 'tis not enough, unless they have the Will to do it. Without these Conditions, which an exact and scrupulous Author has a right to require of some People, as the only Recompence of his Labour, I question whether he ought to continue Writing, if he prefers his private Satisfaction to the publick Good, and a Zeal for promoting Truth. I confess, from the year 1690, and before the publishing the 5th Edition, I was divided between an Impatience, to give my Book another Figure, and a better Form, by new Characters, and a Fear lest some People should say, Will these Characters never be finisht? Shall we never see any thing else from this Author? On one side, several Men of good Sense told me, the matter is solid, useful, pleasant, inexhaustible; live long, and treat on't without interruption as long as you live: What can you do better? The Follies of Mankind will every year furnish you with a Volume. While others, with a great deal of Reason, made me apprehend the capriciousness of the Multitude, and the levity of the People, (with whom, however, I have good cause to be content.) These were always suggesting to me, that for these thirty years past, few have read with any other intent, than for the sake of reading, and that to amuse the World, there ought to be new Chapters and a new Title; that this humour of indifference had fill'd the Shops, and stockt the Age with piles of dull and tedious Books, without Style or Meaning, Rules or Order, contrary to Decency or Manners, written in haste, read with precipitation, and only read for their Novelty. They added farther, if I could not enlarge a sensible Book, I had best sit still, and do nothing. I in some measure

took both their Advices, as opposite as they seem'd to be, and observ'd a medium which disagreed with neither. I did not scruple to add some new Remarks, to those which already had doubled the bulk of the first Edition of my Book, but that the Publick might not be oblig'd to read over what was done before, to come at what has been added since, and that they might immediately find out what they would only read, I took care to distinguish the second augmentation by a greater mark, and the first by a less, as well to shew the progress of my Characters, as to guide the Reader in the choice he might be willing to make. And lest he should be afraid that I shou'd never have done with these Additions, I added to all my exactness, the sincere promise to venture on nothing more of this kind. If any one accuses me with breaking my word, by adding in the three ensuing Editions a great many new Remarks, I confess ingenuously I had not the power to suppress 'em. He may perceive, by mingling what was new with what was old, without any mark of distinction, I did not so much endeavour to entertain the World with Novelties, as to deliver down to Posterity, a Book of Manners, more pure, regular and compleat. To conclude, what I have written are not design'd for Maxims; those are like Laws in Morality, and I have neither Genius nor Authority sufficient to qualify me for a Legislator. I know well enough, I have offended against the Custom of writing Maxims, which are deliver'd in short and concise Terms, like the manner of Oracles. Some of my Remarks are of this kind, others are more extended. We think of things differently, and we express 'em in a turn altogether as different: By a Sentence, an Argument, a Metaphor, or some other Figure,

a Parallel, a simple Comparifon, by a ftory at length, or a fingle Paflage, by a Description or a Picture, from whence proceeds the length or fhortnefs of my Reflections. Thofe who write Maxims, would be thought infallible; on the contrary, I allow any body to fay of me, my Remarks are not always good, provided he will himfelf make better.

Of Polite Learning.

WE are come too late, after above feven thoufand Years, that there have been Men, and Men have thought, to fay any thing which has not been faid already. The fineft and moft beautiful Thoughts concerning Manners have been carried away before our times, and we can do nothing now, but glean after the Ancients, and the moft ingenious of the Moderns.

* We muft only endeavour to think and fpeak juftly our felves, without aiming to bring others over to tafte and fentiments; that would be too great an Enterprize.

* 'Tis as much a Trade to make a *Book*, as to make a Clock; there's fomething more than Wit neceffary to make an Author. A certain Magiftrate was advancing by his Merits to the firft Dignities of the Gown, a Man Subtle and Practic'd in Buſinefs; he printed a Treatiſe of Morality, that was extraordinary for its Ridiculouſnefs.

* 'Tis not fo eaſie to raiſe a Reputation by a compleat Work, as to make an indifferent one valu'd by a Reputation already acquir'd.

* A Satyr or a Libel, when 'tis handed privately in Manuscript from one to another, with strict charge of Secresie, if 'tis but mean in it self, passes for wonderful; the Printing is what ruins it.

* Take away from most of our Moral Discourses, the Advertisement to the Reader, the Epistle Dedicatory, the Preface, the Table and the Commendatory Verses, there will seldom be enough left to deserve the name of a Book.

* Several things are insupportable if they are but indifferent, as Poetry, Musick, Painting and Publick Speeches.

What a cruel Punishment is it to hear a Dull Declamation deliver'd with Pomp and Solemnity, and bad Verses rehears'd with the Emphasis of a wretched Poet!

* Some Poets in their Dramatic Pieces are fond of big Words and sounding Verses, which seem strong, elevated and sublime; the People stare, gape, and hear them greedily; they are transported at what they fancy is rare, and where they understand least, are sure to admire most; they scarce allow themselves time to breathe, and are loth to be interrupted by Claps or Applauses: When I was young, I imagin'd these passages were clear and intelligible to the Actors, the Pit, Boxes and Galleries; that the Authors themselves understood 'em, and that I was in the wrong to know nothing of the matter after much attention: But I am now undeceiv'd.

On the Academy's Dictionary. * There hardly was ever seen any Piece excellent in its kind, that was the joyn't Labour of several Men: *Homer* writ his *Iliads*, *Virgil* his *Ieneids*, *Livy* his *Decades*, and *Cicero* his *Orations*.

* As there is in Nature, so there is in Art, a point of Perfection. He who is sensible of it, and is toucht with it, has a good taste: He who is not sensible of it, but loves what is below or above that point, has a vicious taste. Since then there is a good and bad taste, we may with reason dispute the difference.

* Men have generally more Fire than Judgment; or, to speak more properly, there are few Men whose Wit is attended with a solid Taste, and a judicious Criticism.

* The Lives of Heroes have enrich'd History, and History has adorn'd the Actions of Heroes: So that 'tis difficult to tell who are most indebted, the Historians to those who furnish 'em with such noble Materials, or the Great Men to their Historians.

* 'Tis a sorry commendation that is made up of a heap of Epithets; Actions alone, and the manner of relating 'em, speak a Man's praise.

* The chief Art of an Author consists in Defining and Painting well. † *Moses, Homer, Plato, Virgil and Horace*, excel other Writers mostly in their Expressions and Images. Truth is the best Guide to make a Man write forcibly, naturally and delicately.

* We should do by Stile, as we have done by Architecture; we have banish'd entirely the *Gothick* Order, which the *Barbarians* introduc'd in their Palaces and Temples, and have recall'd the *Dorick, Ionik and Corinthian*: That which was only to be seen in the Ruins of ancient *Rome* and old *Greece*, now become Modern, shines in our Portico's and Peristils; so in Writing, we can never arrive at perfection, or surpass the Antients, if such a thing is possible, but by imitating them.

How many Ages were past, before Men could come back to the taste of the Antients in the Arts and Sciences, or recover at last the Simple and the Natural.

We nourish our selves by the Antients and Ingenious Moderns; we squeeze, we draw from 'em as much as we can, we rifle their Works, and when at last we become Authors, and that we think we can walk alone, and without help, we oppose our Benefactors, and treat 'em like those Children, who, grown pert and strong with the Milk they have suckt, turn themselves against their Nurfes.

Perrault.

'Tis the practice of a Modern Wit to prove the Antients inferiour to us by two ways, Reason and Example. He takes the Reason from his particular Opinion, and the Examples from his own Writings.

He confesses, the Antients, as unequal and incorrect as they are, have a great many good Lines; he cites them, and they appear so fine, that for the sake of these, his Criticisms are read.

*Messieurs
Racine,
and Des-
preaux.*

Some learned Men declare in favour of the Antients against the Moderns: But we are afraid they judge in their own Cause; for their Works are so exactly made after the Model of Antiquity, that we except against their Authority.

* An Author should be fond of reading his Works to those who know how to correct and esteem 'em.

He that will not be corrected or advis'd in his Writings, is a Pedant.

An Author ought to receive with equal Modesty the Praises and the Criticisms which are past on his Productions.

* Amongst

* Amongst all the different Expressions which can render any one of our Thoughts, there is but one good; we are not always so fortunate as to hit upon't in Writing or Speaking. However, 'tis true that it exists, that all the rest are weak, and will not satisfy a Man of Sense, who would make himself understood.

A good Author, who writes with care, when he meets with the Expressions he has searcht after for some time, without knowing it, finds it at last the most simple and the most natural, and fancies it ought to have presented it self to him at first, without search or enquiry.

Those who write by Humour, are subject frequently to revise their Works, and give 'em new touches: And as their Humours are never fix'd, but vary on every slight occasion, they grow indifferent for those Expressions and Terms they were so very fond of at first.

* The same true Sense, which makes an Author write a great many good things, makes him fear that they are not good enough to deserve to be read.

A Man of little Sense is ravish'd with himself, and thinks his Writings Divine: a Man of good Sense is harder to be pleas'd, and wou'd only be reasonable.

* One, says *Aristus*, engag'd me to read my Book to *Zoilus*: I read it, he was satisfy'd, and before he had leisure to dislike it, he commended it coldly in my presence; since that he takes no notice on't, nor says a word in its favour; however, I excuse him, I desire no more of an Author, and even pity him the hearing so many fine things, which were not his own making.

Such

Such as by their Circumstances are free from the Jealousies of an Author, have other Cares and Passions to distract 'em, and make 'em cold towards another Man's conceptions: 'Tis difficult to find a Person, who by his Mind, Inclination and Fortune is in a Condition freely to Relish all the Pleasure that a compleat piece can give him.

* The pleasure of Criticising takes away from us the pleasure of being sensibly charm'd with the finest things.

* Many Men who perceive the Merit of a Manuscript, when they hear it read, will not declare themselves in its favour, till they see what success it has in the World when 'tis printed, and what Character the Ingenious give it: They will not hazard their Votes before its Fortune is made, and they are carry'd away with the Crowd, or engag'd by the Multitude. Then they are very forward to publish how early they approv'd that Work, and how glad they are to find the World is of their Opinion.

These Men lose a fair Opportunity to convince us, they are Persons of capacity and insight, that they can make a true Judgment of that which is good, and that which is better. A fine Piece falls into their hands, the Authors first Work, before he has got a Name, or they are yet prepossess'd in his behalf; he has not endeavour'd to make his Court to, or flatter the Great, to engage their Applause; 'Tis not requir'd of you, *Zelotes*, that you shou'd cry out, *This is a Master-piece: Humane Wit never went so far; We will judge of nobody's Opinion, but in proportion to what thoughts he has of this Book;* extravagant and offensive Expressions, which smell of the Pension, or the Abbey, and are injurious to what is really comanendable: but why can-

cannot you only say 'tis a good Book? 'Tis true, at last you say it, when the whole Kingdom has approv'd it; when Foreigners, as well as your own Country men are fond of it; when 'tis printed all over *Europe*, translated into all Languages, but then it is too late, and the Author is not oblig'd to you.

* Some having read a Book, quote certain Lines which they don't understand, and rob 'em of their value by what they put in of their own: And these Lines so broken and disguis'd that they ate indeed their proper Stile and Thoughts, they expose to censure, maintain 'em to be bad, and as they cite 'em, the World readily agrees with them: But the Passage they pretend to quote, is never the worse for their Injustice.

* Well, says one, What's your Opinion of *Hermedorus's* Book? That 'tis bad, replies *Anthymus*; That 'tis bad, what do you mean, Sir? That 'tis bad, continues he; 'tis not a Book, or at least, it does not deserve to be taken notice of. Have you read it? No, says *Anthymus*: Why does he not add, *Fulvia* and *Melania* have condemn'd it without reading, and I am a Friend to *Fulvia* and *Melania*?

* *Arsenes*, from the Altitudes of his Understand-*Treville*.
ing, contemplates Mankind, and at the distance from whence he beholds them, seems affrighted at their Littleness: Commended, exalted and mounted to the Skies, by certain Persons who have reciprocally covenanted to admire one another: Contented with his own Merit, he fancies he has as much Wit as he wants, and more than he ever will have: Possess'd with his high Thoughts, and full of sublime Ideas, he scarcely finds time to pronounce some certain Oracles: Elevated
by

by his Character above humane Judgments, He leaves it for common Souls to value a common and uniform Life, being answerable for his inconstancy to none but his particular Friends, who have resolv'd to Idolize him: They alone know how to judge or think: They alone know how to write, and only ought to write. There is no Work, tho never so well receiv'd in the World, or universally lik'd by Men of Wit and Sense, which he does approve, nay, which he would condescend to read; Incapable of being corrected by this Picture, which will not be so happy as to be seen by him.

*L' Abbe de
Dangeau.*

* *Theocrines* is very well acquainted with what is trivial and unprofitable; He is very singular in all his Sentiments, and always less profound than methodical; he makes no use of any thing but his memory, is reserv'd, scornful, and seems continually laughing to himself at such as he thinks do not value him. By chance I once read him something of mine, he heard it out with impatience, then presently talkt of his own: But what said he of yours? say you: I have told you already, He talkt to me of his Own.

* The most accomplisht Piece which the Age has produc'd, would fail under the hands of the Criticks and Censurers, if the Author would hearken to all their Objections, and allow every one to throw out the passage that pleas'd him the least.

* Experience tells us, if there are ten Persons who would blot a Thought or an Expression out of a Book, there are a like number who would oppose it: These will alledge, For what would you suppress that Thought? 'Tis new, fine, and handsomely express'd. Those, on the contrary, affirm it should be omitted, at least they would have given it another turn. In your Work, says one, there is

a Term exceeding witty, it points out your meaning very naturally; methinks, says another, that word is too bold, and yet does not signifie so much as you wou'd have it. 'Tis the same word, and the same lines these Criticks differ so much about, and yet they are all Judges, or pass for such. What then shall an Author do, but follow the advice of those who approve it?

* A serious Author is not oblig'd to trouble his Head with all the extravagant Banter and bad Jest which are thrown on him, or to be concern'd at the impertinent Constructions which a sort of Men may make on some passages of his Writing, neither ought he to give himself the trouble to suppress 'em. He is convinc'd, that let a Man be never so exact in his manner of Writing, the dull Raillery and wretched Buffoonry of certain worthless People are unavoidable, since they make use of the best things only to turn 'em into ridicule.

* What a prodigious difference is there between a fine Piece, and one that's Regular and Perfect! I question whether there is any of the last kind, it being less difficult for a rare Genius to hit upon the Great and Sublime, than to avoid all Errors. The *Cid* at its first appearance was universally admir'd; It liv'd in spite of Policy or Power, which attempted in vain to destroy it; The Persons of Quality and the People, tho' always divided in their Sentiments, united themselves in favour of this Tragedy, and agreed to learn it by heart, that they might be beforehand with the Actors in repeating it. The *Cid*, in short, is one of the finest Poems which can be made, and one of the best Criticisms which ever was written on any Subject, is that on the *Cid*.

Boursaut.

* *Capys*, who sets up for a Judge of *Stile*, and fancies he writes like *Boubours*, or *Rabutin*, opposes himself to the Voice of the People, and is the only Person that says *Damis* is not a good Author: *Damis* gives way to the Multitude, and affirms ingeniously with the Publick, that *Capys* is a dull Writer.

Boileau.

The Author
of the Works
of the Learned
of Paris,
&c.

* 'Tis the business of the Journalist to inform us when a Book is published, for whom 'tis printed, for *Cramoisy*, or for whom else, in what Character, how Bound, and on what Paper, and at what Sign the Bookseller lives. This is his Duty; 'tis his folly to pretend to Criticism.

The highest reach of a News-writer is an empty Reasoning on Policy, and vain Conjectures on the publick Management.

The News-writer lies down at Night in great Tranquility, relying upon some false News, which perishes before Morning, and which he is oblig'd to abandon as soon as he awakes.

* The Philosopher wastes his Life in observing Men, and exposing Vice and Folly; if at any time he makes his Thoughts publick, 'tis not so much from the vanity of being an Author, that he does so, as to set some Truth he has found out in a proper Light, that it may make the Impression he designs. Yet some Readers think they do very well by him, if they say with a Magisterial Air, they have read his Book, and that there is some Sense in it; but he returns them their Praises, which was not the design of his Labours and Elucidations: He has higher Aims, and acts upon a more noble Principle: He requires from Mankind a greater and more extraordinary success than Commendation, or even Rewards. He requires Amendment and Reformation.

* A Fool reads a Book, and understands nothing in it; a Little Wit reads it, he fancies he is presently Master of it all without exception; a Man of Sense sometimes does not comprehend it entirely, he distinguishes what is clear from what is obscure, whilst the *Beaux Esprits* will have those Passages dark which are not, and can't understand what is really intelligible.

* An Author endeavours in vain to make himself admir'd by his Productions. A Fool may sometimes admire him, but then 'tis but a Fool: And a Man of Sense has in him the Seeds of all Truths and all Sentiments, nothing is new to him. He admires little; He approves.

* I question if 'tis possible to find in Letters more Wit, a better Manner, more Agreeableness, and a finer Stile than we find in *Balzae's* and *Voiture's*. 'Tis true, they are void of those Sentiments which have since taken amongst us, and were invented by the Ladies. That Sex excels ours in this kind of Writing; those Expressions and Graces flow from 'em, which are in us the effects of tedious Labour, and troublesome Enquiry; they are happy in their Terms, and place them so justly, that every one presently lights upon their meaning; As familiar as they are, yet they have the Charm of Novelty, and seem only design'd for the use they put 'em to; They only can express a whole Sentence in a single word, and render a delicate thought in a turn altogether as delicate: We find in all their Letters an inimitable connexion continu'd thro' the whole, very naturally, and only linkt together by the Sense. If the Ladies were more correct, I might affirm, that they have produc'd some Letters, the best written of any thing in our Language.

* *Terence*

* *Terence* wanted nothing but warmth : What Purity, what Exactness, what Politeness, what Elegance, and what Characters ? *Moliere* wanted nothing but to avoid Jargon, and to write purely. What Fire ? What *Naivete* ? What a Source of good Pleasantry ? What Imitation of Manners ? What Images ? What Satyr ? What a Man might be made of these two Comick Writers ?

* I have read *Malherbe* and *Theophile* : They both understood Nature, with this difference. The first, in a plain, uniform Stile, discovers at once something noble, fine, simple and natural, like a good Painter, or a true Historian. The other, without Choice or Exactness, with a loose and uneven Pen, sometimes loaden with Descriptions, grows heavy in particulars, and gives you an Anatomy ; sometimes he feigns, exaggerates, and goes so much beyond the natural Truth, that he makes a Romance.

* *Ronsard* and *Balzac* have each in their kind good and bad things, enough to form after 'em very great Men in Verse or Prose.

* *Marot* by his turn and stile, seems to have written since *Ronsard*. There is little difference between the first and us, but the alteration of a few Words.

* *Ronsard* and his Contemporaries were more prejudicial than serviceable to Stile. They kept it back in the way to perfection, and expos'd it to the danger of being always defective. 'Tis surprizing that *Marot's* Works, which are so easie and natural, had not made *Ronsard*, otherwise full of Rapture and Enthusiasm, a much greater Poet than *Ronsard* and *Marot* ; and that on the contrary, *Beleau*, *Jodelle* and *Du Bartas*, were so soon follow'd by a *Racan*, and a *Malherbe* ; or that

that the *French* Language, e're it was scarce corrupted, should be so quickly recover'd.

* *Marot* and *Rablais* are inexcusable, for scattering so much Ribaldry in their Writings; they had both Genius and Wit enough to have omitted it, without striving to please such as would rather meet matter of Laughter than Admiration in an Author. *Rablais* is incomprehensible; his Book is an inexplicable *Ænigma*, a meer *Chimera*; 'tis a Womans Face, with the Feet and Tail of a Serpent, or some Beast more deform'd: 'Tis a monstrous Collection of fine and ingenious Morality, with a mixture of Beastliness: Where 'tis bad 'tis abominable, and fit for the diversion of the Rabble; and where 'tis good 'tis exquisite, and may entertain the most delicate.

Two Writers in their Works have condemn'd *Montaigne*: I confess he sometimes exposes himself to censure; but neither of these Gentlemen will allow him to have any thing valuable. One of 'em thinks too little, to taste an Author who thinks a great deal, and the other thinks too subtilly to be pleas'd with what is Natural. La Motte
le Payer
and Mal-
branch.

* A grave, serious, and scrupulous Stile will live a long while: *Amyot* and *Coeffeteau* are read, and who else of their Contemporaries? *Balzac* for his Phrase and Expression is less old than *Voiture*. But if the Wit, Genius and Manner of the last is not Modern, nor so conformable to our present Writers, 'tis because they can mote easily neglect than imitate him, and that the few who follow'd could never overtake him.

* The *Mercure Gallant* is a trifle below nothing, and there are many Works of the same importance; there is as much invention in Men to grow rich by dull Books, as there is want of Sense in

buying them; 'tis Ignorance of the Peoples Judgment, which makes Men sometimes fearful to venture abroad a great many dull Pieces.

* An Opera is the Sketch of some magnificent Shew, of which it serves to give one an Idea.

I wonder how 'tis possible that the Opera, with all its Musick and Magnificence, should yet so successfully tire me.

There are some places in an Opera which make us desire more, and others that dispose us to wish it all over, according as we are pleas'd or offend- ed with the Scenes, the Actions, and the things represented.

An Opera is not even to this day a Poem, 'tis Verses; nor a Shew, since Machines have disap- pear'd, by the dextrous management of † *Amphion* and his Race. 'Tis a Confort of Voices assisted by Instruments. We are cheated by those, who tell us, Machines are the amusements of Children, and proper only for Puppet Plays. It encreases and embellishes the Fiction, and keeps the Spectators in that sweet illusion, which is the highest plea- sure of the Theatre, especially where it has a mix- tuie of Marvellous. There is no need of Wings, or Carrs, or Metamorphoses, in Tragedy: But they are necessary in the Opera, its chief design being to hold the Mind, the Eye and the Ear in an equal Inchantment.

* The Criticks, or such as would be thought so, will ever have the decisive Voice at all Publick Shews: They canton and divide themselves into Parties, o' both sides push'd on by a particular Interest, opposite to that of the Public, or Equity, admiring only such a Poem, or such a piece of Musick, and condemning all the rest: They are sometimes so warm in their prejudices, that they

are

are at a loss how to defend 'em; and injure the Reputation of their Cabal by their visible Injustice and Partiality. These Men discourage the Poets and Musicians, by a thousand Contradictions, regarding the progress of Arts and Sciences, depriving several Masters of the Fruit they would draw from Emulation, and the World of many excellent Performances.

* What's the reason that we laugh so freely, but are ashamed to weep at the Theatre? Is Nature less subject to be soft'n'd by Pity, than to burst out into Laughter at what is Comical? Is it the alteration of our looks that prevents us? That is greater in an immoderate Laughter, than in the most bitter Grief, and we turn away our Faces to laugh as well as to weep, in the presence of People of Quality, or such as we respect. Is it reluctance to be thought tender, or shew any emotion at a false subject, where we fancy we are impos'd on? Without naming some grave Men, or persons of sound Judgments, who think there is as much weakness shewn in laughing excessively as in weeping; what is it that we look for in Tragedy? Is it to laugh? Does not Truth reign there as lively by its Images, as in Comedy? And does not the Soul imagine things true in either kind before it suffers itself to be mov'd? Or is it so easie to be pleas'd, that verisimilitude is not necessary towards it? As therefore 'tis thought no odd thing to hear the whole Amphitheatre ring with an Universal Laughter, at some passage of a Comedy; but on the contrary, implies that something was pleasantly said, and naturally perform'd; so the extreme violence which every one offers to himself in constraining his Tears, and disguising 'em with affected Grimaces, clearly prove that the Natural Effect

of Good Tragedy is to make us Weep with all freedom, and in concert in one anothers sight, and without any other disturbance than wiping our Eyes; tho' after we have agreed to indulge our Passion, 'twill be found there's often less room to fear we shou'd weep at the Theatre, than be tir'd or shock'd there.

* Tragedy engages the Soul in the very beginning, and gives it no time afterwards to wander from what 'tis employ'd about. If a Man gets a little release, 'tis only to be plung'd in new abysses, and into fresh alarms; it conducts him by Terror to Pity, and reciprocally by Pity to Terror; It leads him thro' Tears, Sighs, Incertitudes, Hopes, Fears, Horrors and Surprizes, to the Catastrophe: It should not then be a Collection of pretty Thoughts, tender Declarations, gallant Discourses, agreeable Pictures, soft Words, or sometimes pleasant Jest, follow'd indeed at last with a † Scene of Mutineers, who right or wrong knock some unfortunate Man on the Head, and so make a clear Stage.

† A common Catastrophe on the French Stage.

* 'Tis not sufficient that the Manners of the Stage ought not to be bad, they should be decent and instructive. Some things are so low, so mean, so dull and insignificant in themselves, that the Poet is not permitted to write, nor the Audience to be diverted by 'em. The Peasant or the Drunkard may furnish out some Scenes for the Farce-Writer; they must never enter into true Comedy: for since such Characters cannot answer the main end, they should not be the main Action of the Play. Perhaps you will say they are natural; so is a Lacquey whistling, or a Sick Man on his Close-Stool; by the same Rule you may bring them on the Stage, or the Drunkard snoring and vomiting;

is there any thing more natural? 'Tis the property of an Effeminate fellow to rise late, to pass the best part of the day at his Toilet, to adjust himself at his Glass, to be Perfum'd and Powder'd, to put on his Patches, to receive and answer his *Billets*: When this part is brought to the Stage, if 'tis continu'd two or three Acts it may be the more natural, and conformable to the Original, but 'tis the more dull and insipid.

* Plays and Romances, in my opinion, may be made as useful as they are prejudicial to such as read 'em: there are so many great examples of Constancy, Virtue, Tenderness, and Disinterest; so many fine and perfect Characters, that when a young Person turns his Prospect thence on every thing about him, and finds nothing but unworthy Objects, very much below what he came from admiring, I wonder how he can be guilty of the least weakness for them.

* *Corneille* cannot be equall'd where he is Excellent, he is then an Original and unimitable, but he is unequal; his first Plays are dry and languishing, and gave us no reason to hope he would afterwards rise to such a height; and his last Plays make us wonder how he could fall from it. In some of his best pieces there are unpardonable faults against the Manners; his declamatory Stile puts a stop to the Action, and makes it languish; there are such negligences in the Verse and Expression, that we can hardly comprehend how so great a Man could be guilty of 'em. The most eminent thing in him is his sublime Genius, to which he is beholden for some of the happiest Verses that ever were read, and for the Conduct of his Plays, where he often ventures against the Rules of the Antients: he is admirable in unravelling his
C 3 Plots,

Plots, and in this does not always subject himself to the judgment of the *Greeks*, or their great simplicity: On the contrary, he loads the Scene with events, and most commonly comes off with success; He is above all to be admir'd for his great variety, and the little agreement we find in his designs, amongst the great number of Poems he compos'd. In *Racine's* Plays, there is more likeness, they lead more to the same thing: but he is even and every where supported, as well in the Design and Conduct of his Pieces, which are just, regular, full of good sense, and natural, as in the Versification, which is rich in Rhimes, elegant, numerous, harmonious, and correct. He is an exact imitator of the Antients, whom he follows religiously in the simplicity of Action. He wants not the Sublime and the Marvellous; and where 'tis proper he is Master of the Moving and the Pathetick, as well as his Predecessor *Corneille*. Where can we find greater tenderness than is diffus'd thro' the *Cid*, *Polieucte*, and the *Horaces*? What greatness of Soul is there in *Mithridates*, *Porus*, and *Burrhus*? They were both well acquainted with Terror and Pity, the favourite Passions of the Antients, which the Poets are fond of exciting on the Theatre. As *Orestes* in the *Andromache* of *Racine*, the *Phedra* of the same Author, and the *Oedipus* and the *Horaces* of *Corneille* sufficiently prove. If I may be allow'd to make a comparison, or to shew the Talent of both the One and the Other, as 'tis to be discover'd in their Writings, I should probably say, that *Corneille* subjects us to his Characters and Ideas; *Racine's* are more conformable to our own: The One paints Men as they ought to be; the Other describes 'em as they are. There is in the first more of what we

admire, and ought to imitate; and in the second more of what we know in others, and approve in our selves. *Corneille* elevates, surprizes, triumphs, and instructs. *Racine* pleases, affects, moves, and penetrates. The former works on us by what is fine, noble, and commanding: The latter insinuates himself into us by the delicacy of his Passions. One is full of Maxims, Rules and Precepts: the other of pleasing and agreeable sentiments: we are engag'd more at *Corneille's* Pieces, at *Racine's* more soften'd and concern'd. *Corneille* is more Moral, *Racine* more Natural. The one seems to imitate *Sophocles*, the other *Euripides*.

* Some Persons have a facility of speaking alone, and a long time, join'd with extravagant Gestures, a loud Voice, and strong Lungs: this the People call Eloquence. Pedants confine Eloquence to publick Orations, and then cannot distinguish it from a heap of Figures, from the use of great Words, and the roundness of Periods.

Logick is the Art to make Truth prevalent; and Eloquence a gift of the Soul that renders one Master of the Sense and Hearts of other Men, by which we perswade and inspire 'em with what we please.

Eloquence may be found in all Discourses and all kind of Writings; 'tis rarely where we seek it, and sometimes where 'tis least expected.

Eloquence is to the Sublime, what the whole is to its part.

What is the Sublime? It do's not appear that any body has defin'd it; Is it a Figure? Is it compos'd of one or more Figures? Does the Sublime enter into all sorts of Writing? Or are great subjects only capable of it? Is it not in Eclogues, a fine Wit and a natural Simplicity; in familiar Letters and Conversation a great Delicacy; or rather is not Wit and Delicacy the Sublime of those

Works where they make the Perfection? What is this Sublime, and in what does it consist?

Synonyma's are several Dictions or different Phrases that signifie the same thing. An Antithesis is the opposition of two Truths, which give light to each other. A Metaphor, or Comparifon, borrows from a strange thing the natural and sensible Image of a true one. An Hyperbole expreffes things above Truth; to reduce the mind to understand it better. The Subline paints nothing but the Truth; only in a noble Subject, it paints it all entire in its Causes and Effects: 'Tis the Expression or Image most worthy the dignity of the Truth it treats of. Little Wits cannot find the proper single Expression, and therefore use Synonyma's. Young Men are dazl'd with the Lustre of an Antithesis, and generally make use of it. True Wits, and such who delight in Images that are exact, are for Metaphors and Comparifons. Quick Wits, full of fire, and whom a vast imagination carries beyond either Rules or Justice, are never satisfy'd without an Hyperbole. As for the Sublime, 'tis even among the greatest Genius's only the most elevated that are capable of it.

* Every one who would write purely, should put himself in the place of his Readers, examine his own Work as a thing that is new to him, which he never read before, where he is not at all concern'd, and which the Author had submitted to his Criticism. He should not suppose another Man will understand his Writings, because he understands 'em himself, but because they are in themselves really intelligible.

An Author should not only endeavour to make himself understood, but he must strive to inform us of such things as deserve to be understood. He ought, 'tis true, to have pure Language and a chaste

Expression; but they also ought to express lively, noble, and solid thoughts, full of good Sense and sound Reason. He prostitutes Chastity and Clearness of Style, who wastes it on some frivolous, puerile, dull and common Subject, that has neither Spirit, Fire, nor Novelty; where the Reader may perhaps easily find out the meaning of the Author, but he is much more certain to be tir'd with his Productions.

If we aim to be profound in certain Writings: if we affect a Polite turn, and sometimes too much Delicacy, 'tis meerly from the good opinion we have of our Readers.

* We have this disadvantage in reading Books written by Men of Party and Cabal; we seldom meet with Truth in 'em; Actions are there disguis'd, the reasons of both sides are not alledg'd with all their force, nor with an entire exactness. He who has the greatest patience must read abundance of hard and scurrilous reflections on the gravest men, who make a personal quarrel about a point of Doctrine, or matter of Controversie. These Books are particular in this, that they deserve not the prodigious Sale they find at their first appearance, nor the profound Oblivion that attends 'em afterwards: When the fury and division of Parties cease, they are forgotten like an Almanack out of date.

*The Je-
suits
and Janse-
nists.*

'Tis the Glory and Merit of some Men to write well, and of others not to write at all.

* For this last twenty years we have been regular in our Writings: We have faithfully observ'd Construction, and enrich our Language with new words, thrown off the Yoke of *Latinism*, and reduc'd our stile to a pure *French* Phrase: We have almost found again the numbers which *Malherbe* and

and *Balzac* hit upon first, and so many Authors after 'em suffer'd to be lost. We have, in short, brought into our Discourses all the order and clearness they are capable of, and this will insensibly lead us at last to add Wit.

* There are some Artists and Skilful Men, whose Genius is as vast as the Art or Science they profess: They pay with Interest, by their Contrivance and Invention, what they borrow from its Principles. They frequently break through the Rules of Art to enoble it, and thwart the common Roads, if they don't conduct 'em to what is great and extraordinary; They go alone, they leave their company a long way behind, whilst they are by themselves mounting high, and penetrating far into the secrets of their profession: Embolden'd by their success, and encourag'd by the advantages they draw from their irregularity. Whilst Men of ordinary, soft and moderate parts, as they can never reach 'em, so they never admire 'em; they can't comprehend, and much less imitate 'em; they live peaceably within the compass of their own Sphere, aiming at a certain point, which makes the bounds of their insight and capacity; They go no farther, because they see nothing beyond it; They are at best but the first of a second Class, and excellent in Mediocrity.

* I may venture to call certain Wits Inferior or Subaltern, they seem as if they were born only to collect, register and raise Magazines out of the productions of other Genius's; They are Plagiaries, Translators, or Compilers; They ne're think, but tell you what other Men have thought: And as the good choice of thoughts proceeds from Invention, having none of their own, they are seldom just in their Collections, but choose rather to
make

make them large than excellent: They have nothing original of their own, they know nothing of what they learn, and learn what the rest of the World are unwilling to know, a vain and useleſs Science, neither agreeable nor profitable in Commerce or Con- verſation: Like falſe Money, it has no currency; for we are at once ſurpriz'd with their Reading, and tir'd with their Company and Writings: However, the Great ones and the Vulgar miſtake 'em for Men of Learning; but wiſe Men know very well what they are, and rank 'em with the Pedants.

* Criticiſm is commonly a Trade, not a Science; it requires more Health than Wit, more Labour than Capacity, and Habit than Genius. If a Per- ſon pretends to it, who has leſs diſcernment than reading, and engages himſelf in ſome Subjects, he will corrupt his own Judgment as well as his Rea- der's.

* I wou'd adviſe an Author, born only to Copy, who in extreme Modeſty works after another Man, to chuſe for his Patterns ſuch Writings as are full of Wit, Imagination, and even good Learning: If he does not reach his Originals, he may at leaſt come ſomewhat near 'em, and may make himſelf read: He ought, on the contrary, to avoid, as he would deſtruction, any deſire to imitate thoſe who write by humour, who ſpeak from their paſſion, which inſpire them with Figures and Terms, and draw, if I may ſay it, from their very Entrails, what they expreſs on their Paper. Theſe are dan- gerous Models, and will infallibly make him write meanly, dully and ridiculously. Beſides, I ſhould laugh at a Man who would ſeriously endeavour to ſpeak in my tone of Voice, or be like me in the Face.

* A man born a Christian and a *Frenchman*, is confin'd in Satire: The great Subjects are forbidden him, he attempts 'em sometimes, and then turns off to the little things which he raises by the beauty of his Genius and his Style.

‡ *Varillas.*
 || *Main-
 bourg.*

* Every one should avoid the empty and puerile Stile, for fear of being like † *Dorilas* and || *Handburg*: on the contrary, in one sort of Writing, a man may be sometimes bold in his Expressions, use Transpositions, and any thing which paints his Subject to the Life; pitying those who are not sensible of the pleasure which there is in this liberty to such as use and understand it.

* He who regards nothing more in his Works than the taste of the Age, has a greater value for his Person than his Writings: He should always aim at Perfection; and tho his Contemporaries refuse him Justice, Posterity will give it him.

* We must never put a Jest in the wrong place: it offends instead of pleasing, and vitiates our own Judgments as well as other Men's. The Ridicule is only proper when it comes in with a good Grace, and in a manner which both pleases and instructs.

* *Horace* or *Boileau*, have said such a thing before you. I take your word for it, but I said it as my own, and may not I think a just thought after them, as others may do the same after me?

Of Personal Merit.

* **W**H O is there that is not convinc'd, he is but a uselefs Person, tho he has never so many good Qualities, and never such an extraordinary

dinary Merit ; when he considers that at his Death, he leaves a World which is not like to miss him, and where there are such numbers to supply his Place.

* All the worth of some People lies in their mighty Names ; Look but near 'em, and that which we took for Merit disappears. 'Twas only the distance which impos'd on us before.

* Tho I am very well perswaded that those persons, who are chose for different Employments, every Man according to his Genius and Profession, acquit themselves well, yet I shall venture to say, that there are in all the World a great many Men, known or unknown, who are not employ'd, that would acquit themselves altogether as well. And this I'm inclin'd to think from the strange success of some people, whom Fortune only has thrown into Posts, and from whom, 'till then, no great matters were expected.

How many admirable Men and fine Genius's are dead without ever being talk'd of? And how many are there living, that neither now, nor ever will be talk'd of?

* How difficult is it for a Man, without Cabal or Party, who is engag'd with no Society, or Body of Men, but who stands alone, and has nothing but a great deal of Merit for his Recommendation ; how difficult, I say, will it be for him to make his way thro his Obscurity, and come to stand upon a Level with a Coxcomb in great Reputation!

* 'Tis seldom that one Man, of himself, finds out the Merit of another.

Men are so employ'd about themselves, that they have not the leisure to distinguish and penetrate into others ; which is the Cause that a great Merit,
join'd

join'd to a great Modesty, may be a long time before 'tis discover'd.

* A Genius and great Abilities are sometime wanting, sometimes only Opportunities. Some deserve Praise for what they have done, and others for what they could have done.

* 'Tis not so hard to meet with Wit, as with people that make a good Use of their own, or another Man's.

* There are more Tools than Workmen, and of the last more bad than good : What think you of him that takes up his Plain to Saw with it, and wou'd needs Plain his Work with his Saw?

* There is not in the World so toilsome a Trade as that of pursuing Fame : Life concludes before you have gone thro' with the rough part of your Work.

* What's to be done with this *Egesippus*, who sollicit for an Employment? Shall he have a Post in the Exchequer or in the Army? 'Tis indeed perfectly indifferent, which of 'em he has : nor can any thing but Interest decide it, for he's ev'n as good an Accomptant, as he is a Souldier. Oh! but his Friends say, he's capable of any thing : that is, He has a Talent for no one thing more than an other, and that is, in other terms is, he's capable of nothing. Thus 'tis with most Men : They bestow their Youth entirely upon themselves ; They debauch themselves with Idleness and Pleasure, and then falsely think when they are Old or Poor, the Commonwealth is bound to relieve 'em ; never regarding that important Maxim, which says, That Men ought to employ the first years of Life to become so qualify'd by their Studies and Pains, that the Commonwealth may have occasion for their

their Knowledge or Industry ; That they may be like necessary Materials in the Fabrick of the Commonwealth, and so the Publick in Interest and Honour stand oblig'd to Advance them.

'Tis our Duty to render our selves perfectly well qualify'd for some Employment : the rest does not concern us. 'Tis the business of others.

* To owe our Merit to our selves alone, without any dependance on others, or to renounce our pretensions to Merit, is an inestimable Maxim, and of infinite advantage in the World. 'Tis favourable to the Weak, the Virtuous, and the Witty, whom it either renders Masters of their Fortune, or their Ease : but pernicious to the Great, whom it would abridge of their Attendants, or rather of the number of their Slaves ; wou'd mortifie their Pride with the loss of some share of their Authority, and wou'd reduce 'em almost to their own Equipage. This wou'd deprive 'em of the Pleasure of being courted, prest, sollicited, of the satisfaction of being attended, or of refusing, of promising and not performing. This wou'd thwart 'em in the humour they have sometimes of bringing Coxcombs into play, extenuating Merit when they chance to discern it. This wou'd banish from Courts, Intrigues, Caballings, ill Offices, Flattery, Baseness and Deceit. This wou'd, of a tempestuous Court, full of Plots and Contrivances, make it to resemble one of the ordinary Representations of the Theatre, where the wise are never but Spectators. This wou'd restore Dignity to the several conditions of Men, and Serenity to their Looks, enlarge their Liberty, and revive in 'em, together with the natural Talents, the habit of Labour and Exercise. This wou'd excite 'em to Emulation, to a Desire of Glory, to a Love of Virtue ; and instead of vile, unquiet or
lazy

lazy Courtiers, burthenfome often to the Commonwealth, wou'd teach 'em Prudence in the Conduct of their Families, or in the management of their Estates, or make 'em upright Judges, or good Officers, or great Commanders, or Orators, or Philosophers; and all the Inconvenience of this to any of them wou'd be perhaps to leave their Heirs not so vast an Estate as an excellent Example.

* There is occasion for a great deal of Resolution, as well as Greatness of Soul, to refuse Posts and Employments, and to rest content with retirement, and doing nothing. There are few who have Merit enough to play this part handsomely, or know how to pass their leisure hours, without that which the Vulgar call Business. There is nothing wanting to the Idleness of a wise Man, but a better name, and that his Meditation, Discourse, Reading and Repose, should be call'd Employment.

* A Man of Merit and in Place is never uneasy and out of humour thro' Vanity. The Post that he is in does not puff him up so much, as a greater, which he thinks he deserves, and which he has not, makes him humble. He is more subject to be disturb'd, than to be haughty or disdainful; 'tis at himself alone that he is concern'd.

* 'Tis a great deal of trouble for a Man of Merit to make his Court assiduously; but not for the Reason which some may presently imagine. He has more Modesty than to think that he does the least Pleasure to a Prince, to stand constantly in his Passage, to post himself just before him, and make himself taken notice of; He is more apt to fear that he's importunate; and all the Reasons drawn from Custom and Duty, are hardly sufficient

sufficient to perswade him to make his appearance. While on the contrary, another who has a good Opinion of himself, and one whom the Vulgar cry up for a brisk Man, takes a Pride to shew himself, and makes his Court with the greater Confidence, because it cannot enter into his Head, that the Great, by whom he is seen every day, should think otherwise of him, than he does of himself.

* The Pleasure, which a Man of Honour takes in being conscious to himself of having perform'd his Duty, is a Reward he pays himself for all his Pains, and makes him the less to regret the applause, esteem and acknowledgments, which he is sometimes depriv'd of.

* If I durst make a Comparison between two Conditions of Life vastly different, I would say, that a Man of Courage applies himself to the Execution of his Duty, almost in the same manner, as a Tyler goes about his Work : Neither the one nor the other seeks to expose his Life, so neither of 'em is diverted by Danger. Death is an Inconvenience that happens in both their Callings, but is never an Obstacle. The first is not more vain for having appear'd in the Trenches, mounted a Breach, or forc'd a Retrenchment, than the other is, for having climb'd to some desperate height, or to the top of some Steeple. 'Twas the endeavour of both these to do well, while the Coward only endeavours to get it said that he did so.

* Modesty is to Merit what Shades are to the Figures in a Picture. It gives it Strength and Heightning.

That simplicity of outward appearance, which in vulgar Men, seems to be their proper Cloaths, shap'd and fitted to their Size, is the ornamental

Habit of those Persons whose Lives have been full of great Actions. I compare 'em to the Beauty, that is more Charming for being Negligent.

Some People, who in themselves being very well satisfy'd with the tolerable Success of some Action which they have done, and having heard that Modesty becomes great Men, affect the natural Air and Simplicity of the truly Modest; Like those People, who tho' they are none of the tallest, stoop when they come under a Door, for fear of striking their Heads against the top of it.

¶ Mr De * Your || Son lisps, think not of making him
Harley, A- mount the Tribunal; your Daughter too looks as
vocate if she were made for the World, never confine her
General. among the *Vestals*. † *Xanthus* your Freed-man is
timorous and feeble, make no delay, but take him
out of the Legions presently. You say, you would
advance him, Heap Wealth on him then, load him
with Lands, Titles and Possessions. Make use of
your Time, for now we live in such an Age, when
they will do him more Credit than Virtue. But
this will cost me too much, you reply. Ah, || *Crassus*!
do you now speak seriously? Why! 'tis no more
for you to enrich *Xanthus*, the Person whom you
Love, than 'tis for you to procure a Drop of Water
from the *Tiber*, and by that means to prevent the
ill Consequences which must certainly attend his
present Engagement in an Affair which he is abso-
lutely unfit for.

* 'Tis Virtue which should determine us in the
Choice of our Friends, so 'tis that alone, which
we should always regard in 'em, without enqui-
ring into their good or ill Fortune; and when we
find we have resolution enough to follow 'em in
adversity, then we ought boldly, and with assu-
rance,

† Mr De
CORLIAN-
VAUX.

¶ Mr Lon-
ony.

rance, to cultivate their Friendship in their greatest Prosperity.

* If 'tis common to be toucht with things that are scarce and rare, how comes it that we are so little toucht with Virtue?

* If 'tis a Happiness to be nobly Descended, 'tis no less to have so much Merit, that no body enquires whether we are so or no.

* There has appear'd in the World from time to time, some admirable extraordinary Men, whose Virtue and eminent Qualities have cast a prodigious † Lustre; like those unusual Stars in the Heavens, † *The Cardinal's* the causes of which we are ignorant of, and know *Offic.* as little what becomes of them after they disappear. These Men neither have Ancestors, nor Posterity: They alone compose their whole Race.

* Right Reason discovers to us our Duty, and the Obligation we lye under to perform it. If Danger attends it, to perform it in spite of Danger. It either inspires us with Courage, or serves us instead of it.

* The Man that is single and free in the World, if he has Wit, may live and make a Figure above his Fortune or Quality. Which is not so easily done, if he's confin'd. Marriage seems to range every Body in their proper Rank and Degree.

* Next to personal Merit, it must be own'd, *The Arch-* that eminent Dignities and Titles give the great *bishop of* *Rheims.* Distinction and Lustre to Man, and that the Person who does not know how to be an *Erasmus*, is in the right to endeavour to be a Bishop. Some, to encrease their Fame, heap Dignity upon Dignity, one Honour on another, are created Peers, Knights of the Order, Primates, and what not. They may

|| Cardinal
Camus.

want the *Tiara*; but what occasion has || *Trophimus* to be made a Cardinal.

|| Lord Staf-
ford.

* You tell me that the Gold in || *Philemon's* rich Cloaths makes a glittering show, but does it not do the same thing at the Lace-man's? His Cloaths are made of the finest Stuffs, but are those same Stuffs less fine in the Shops, or in the whole Piece? But then the Embroidery and other Trimming make 'em still more magnificent. Do they so? I think for that his Taylor's Fancy is to be commended. Ask him what a Clock 'tis, he pulls out a Watch, which for the Workmanship is a Master-piece; he has an Onix for the Handle of his Sword, and on his Finger he wears so large and bright a Diamond, that it dazles your Eyes to look on't; he wants none of all those curious Toys, which are worn more out of Ostentation than Service; and is as Extravagant in his Dress, as a young Fellow that has marry'd a rich Widow. Well, at last you have given me the Curiosity to see at least all this Finery; but, do you hear, send me hither *Philemon's* Cloaths and Jewels, and I'll excuse you for his Person.

Thou art mightily mistaken, *Philemon*, with that glittering Coach, that number of Rascals behind it, and before it, and those six Horses to draw thee in State, if thou thinkest to be esteem'd a whit the more: No, we make our way thro' all that Train, which is not properly thine, to come directly to thy self, whom we find to be a Coxcomb.

Not but 'tis true, the Man is to be forgiven who fancies himself the greater Wit, and the more Nobly descended, because of his rich Coaches, Cloaths and splendid Equipage, for indeed 'tis but
the

the same Opinion which he reads in the Faces and Eyes of those who address him.

* You have seen at Court, and often in the City, one with a long Silk Cloak, or a very fine Cloath one, a large Surcingle ty'd high upon his Breast, Shoes of the finest Turkey Leather, and a little Cap of the same, a starcht Band, and Hair most nicely curl'd, and set in great order, with a fair, ruddy Complexion, who has talkt of Metaphysical Distinctions, of the Light of Glory and Visibility of God, &c. This thing is call'd a Doctor. Another † is humble, has been bury'd alive in his Closet, has study'd, searcht, enquir'd, disputed, read, or writ all his Life time. This is the Man of Learning.

† *Pere Mabilles.*

* 'Tis with us the Business of the Souldier to be brave, and for one of the Long-Robe to be Learned; we proceed no farther. With the Romans, the Gown-man was brave, and the Souldier Learned. A Roman in one Person united both these Professions.

* The Hero seems only to be a Souldier, while the Great Man is of all Professions, a Scholar, a Souldier, a Statesman and Courtier; put 'em together, they are not both worth one honest Man.

* In War the distinction between the Hero and the Great Man is very nice. All the Military Virtues go to the making up of both their Characters. The first seems to be young, daring, bold, venture-some and dauntless. The other excels him in a profound Sense, a vast Foresight, a great Capacity, and a long Experience. Perhaps Alexander was but a Hero, and Cesar was the Great Man.

† *Æmilius* receiv'd all these Qualities at his Birth, to which the greatest Men do not arrive, without abundance of Rules, Study, and Applica-

† *The last Prince of Cond.*

tion; He had no more to do in his tender years, but to give up himself entirely to the Conduct of his own happy Genius; He did, he acted several things before he knew 'em, or rather he knew those things which he had never been taught. Shall I say it? Several Victories that he gain'd; were the Plays and Diversions of his Infancy. It would make a Life, attended with long Success and Experience, illustrious, only to have perform'd the Actions of his Youth. All the Occasions which have since offer'd, he has embrac'd, and has come off Victorious; His Virtue and his Stars have created Occasions on purpose for him; He was admir'd for what he could have done, as well as for what he had done. The People look'd on him as a Man, for whom it was impossible, to yield to the Enemy, to give ground either for Numbers or Difficulty. They regarded him, as one having a Soul of a Superiour Order, which by its Light and Knowledge, saw farther than any Man did before. To behold him at the head of the Legions was a sure Prefage of Victory, and his single Person accounted more valuable than many Legions. He was great in Prosperity, greater by the Opposition of Fortune. The raising a Siege, a Retreat, have gain'd him more Honour than a Triumph. They were esteem'd next to Battels won, and Towns taken. He was at once full of Glory and Modesty. He has been heard to say, *I fled*, with the same Grace that he said, *We beat them*. He was devoted to the State and his Family, sincere to God and Man, as passionate an Admirer of Merit, as if he had not been so well acquainted with it himself. True, unaffected, magnanimous; one in whom none of all the Virtues were wanting, but those which were not Extraordinary.

* The Race of the Gods, if I may express my ^{Sons,} self so, are exempt from the Rules of Nature. ^{Grandsons} They are like the Exceptions from her General ^{of Kings.} Rules: They wait not for Time or Age. Merit in them prevents Years; They are instructed as soon as born, and arrive at the perfect State of Manhood, before ordinary Men get out of their Infancy.

* Short-sighted People, I mean such who have but streight Imaginations, which never extend beyond their own little Sphere, cannot comprehend that Universality of Talents which is observable sometimes in the same Persons. They exclude Solidity from any thing that's agreeable; or when they discover in any one the Graces of the Body, Activity, Dexterity, Address, they will not allow them the Endowments of the Mind; Judgment, Prudence, Wisdom. Let History say what it will, they will not believe that *Socrates* ever danc'd.

* There are few Men so accomplisht, or so necessary, but have some failings or other, which will make their Friends bear the loss of 'em with the greater Patience.

* 'Tis not impossible for a Man of Wit, but of a Character Plain and Sincere, to fall into a Snare. He thinks no body would lay one for him, or pick him out to make a Bubble of. This confidence of his makes him less cautious, and the *Buffoons* are very smart in their Raillery upon his Security. They who attempt him a second time will certainly pay for all. He is Cheated but Once.

I would, as it is but Justice, carefully avoid the offending any Person, but above all, a Man of Wit, if I had no regard in the World but to my own Interest.

* There are those manners and peculiar ways in Men, which will appear, and discover what they are, let them be never so close, or let 'em use never so much cunning, or care to conceal 'em. A Blockhead neither comes, nor goes, nor fits, nor rises, nor is silent, nor stands upon his Legs, like a Man of Sense.

† The Abbot
St Pierre.

* I came to know † *Mopsus* from a visit he made me once, tho he had no acquaintance with me before: But 'tis common with him to desire some whom he does not know, to bring him acquainted with others to whom he's equally unknown; and to write to a Woman, whom he only knows by sight; He introduces himself into a conversation of People, that deserve the last distinction and respect, tho he is a perfect Stranger to every one of 'em; and there, without waiting till he's askt, or without perceiving that he's troublesome, he falls a talking after his manner, that is, both a great deal, and ridiculously. At another time, he comes into a publick Assembly, and sits down any where, without any regard to others or himself; He is remov'd out of a place which was reserv'd for some Minister of State, and he goes and seats himself in one that belongs to a Duke; He is the Diversion of the Croud, yet so grave himself, that he is the only person there who does not laugh; He is like the Dog, drive him out of the Kings Chair, up he jumps in the Preachers Desk. He looks on the Reflections of the World, without any manner of concern or blushing. For Modesty, the Blockhead and he may very well go together.

† The Baron of Breceuil, Envoiy to Mantua.

† *Celsus* is but of mean Condition, yet those of the best Quality entertain him; He has no Learning, yet he has Business with the Learned; He has little Merit himself, yet he is acquainted with those who

who have a great deal ; He has no Abilities, but a Tongue that serves just to make him understood, and Feet that carry him from one place to another. He is a fellow made to run backwards and forwards on Errands, to hear Proposals, and report 'em ; to make some of his own, and exceed his Commission, and then to be disown'd in it ; to reconcile People, that fall out again the first time they see one another ; to succeed in one Affair, and fail in a thousand ; to attribute all the Honour of a Success to himself, and cast all the Odium of a Miscarriage on others. He is inform'd of all the News and little Stories about Town ; He acts nothing himself, but only hears and repeats what others do ; He is acquainted with the Secrets of Families, and concern'd in the deepest Mysteries ; He tells you the Reason why such a one was discarded, and another recall'd, and in Favour ; He knows the Ground and Causes of the Difference between those two Brothers, and of the Rupture of those two Ministers. Did not he foretel at first, what would be the sad Consequence of their misunderstanding ? Did not he say, that their Intimacy would not last long ? Was not he present when such and such words were spoken ? Did not he negotiate that Affair ? Would they believe him ? Was it minded what he said ? To whom do you talk at this rate ? Who has had a greater hand in all the Intrigues of the Court than *Celsus* ? And if it were not so, if he had not thought on't, and consider'd it very well, would he offer to make you believe it ? or else, how do ye think he should come by that grave and politick Air, which makes him look so like one newly return'd from an Embassy ?

† *Menippus* is the Crow that is made fine with other Birds Feathers : He neither speaks nor thinks
 † *The Duke de Ville-roy.*
 him.

himself, but repeats other Peoples Thoughts and Discourse. 'Tis so natural for him to make use of their Wit, that he is the first himself that's deceiv'd by it; for thinking to give his own Judgment, or express his own Conception, he does but Echo the last Man he parted with. He's pretty tolerable for a quarter of an hour, but then immediately he flags, and when his shallow Memory begins to fail him, grows downright insipid; He is of himself the only Person that's Ignorant how far he is from being Sublime and Heroick, as he affects, and is very unfit to judge of the Extent of Wit, since he very innocently believes, that he has himself, as much as 'tis possible for any Man to have, and accordingly assumes the Air and Management of one that neither desires any more, nor envies others. He is often in Soliloquy, which he so little endeavours to conceal, that you may meet him gabbling and arguing to himself, as if some great Matter were under his Deliberation. If you salute him at such a time, you put him into a strange perplexity, to know whether he shall return your Salutation or no; and before he comes to a Resolution, you are got quite out of sight. 'Tis his Vanity that has elevated him, and made him the Man of Honour which he is not naturally. To observe him, you would conclude it was his whole Employment to consider his own Person, Dress and Motions; that he fancy'd all Mens Eyes were open only to behold him, and that as they pass along, he thought they only reliev'd one another to admire him.

* He that has a Palace of his own, with his two Apartments, one for the Summer, and the other for the Winter, yet takes up with an uneasy Lodging in the *Louvre*, does not do this out of

Modesty. Another, who, to preserve his fine Shape, abstains from Wine, and eats but one Meal a day, is neither Sober nor Temperate. A Third, who, at the Importunity of his poor Friend, gives him some Relief, may be said to buy his Quiet; but by no means to be Liberal. 'Tis the motive, the inducement, that makes our Actions meritorious; and they are then perfectly so, when we do 'em without Interest or Design.

* False Greatness is unfociable, inaccessible, as if 'twere sensible of its weakness, and strove to conceal it. 'Twill not be seen, except just so much, as may carry on the Deceit, but dares not shew its Face, for fear of discovering how really little and mean it is. True Greatness, on the contrary, is free, complaisant, familiar, popular, suffers itself to be touch'd and handl'd, loses nothing by being view'd near at hand, is rather more known and admir'd for't. It stoops out of Goodness to its Inferiours, and returns without constraint to its self again; Sometimes it is all loose and negligent, lays aside all its advantages, yet never loses the power of resuming 'em, and commanding Reverence; It preserves Dignity in the greatest Liberties of Laughing, Playing, Trifling; We approach it at once with freedom and awe. Its Character is Noble and Humane, inspiring Respect and Assistance. This makes us to consider Princes, as exalted to the heighth of Greatness, without making us to reflect with Mortification, on the lowness of our own Condition.

* The Wise Man is cur'd of Ambition by Ambition; he aims at such great things, that Riches, Preferment, Fortune and Favour cannot satisfy him. He sees nothing good and solid enough in such poor Advantages to engage his Heart, to deserve his
his

his Care or his Desire; He uses some Violence with himself not to despise 'em too much. The only good that is of Temptation to him, is that kind of Honour, which is deriv'd from pure and unmixt Virtue, but that Men will very rarely afford, and so he's content to go without it.

* He is good that does good to others. If he suffers for the good he does, he's better still; and if he suffers from them, to whom he did good, he is arriv'd to that height of Goodness, that nothing but an increase of his Sufferings can add to it; If it proves his Death, his Virtue can ascend no higher; 'Tis Heroism compleat.

Of Women.

* **T**IS seldom that the Merit of a Woman is universally agreed on by both Sexes; their Interests are too different. The Women are displeas'd with those very same Beauties in another, which render 'em agreeable to the Men. A thousand Charms which inflame us with the most violent and tender Love, move in them quite contrary Passions, Aversion and Malice.

* The Greatness of some Women is all artificial: It consists in the Motions of their Eyes, the Toss of their Head, a Stately Mien, and a Superficial Wit, that passes on those who understand no better. There is in others an easie, natural Greatness, nothing beholden to Motions, Looks or Gesture, but springs from the Heart, and is the happy
Con-

Consequence of their noble Extraction : A Merit, not Noisy or Ostentatious, but Solid, accompany'd with a thousand Virtues, which, in spite of all their modesty, break out and shine to all who have but Eyes to discern 'em.

* I could wish to be a Woman, that is, a Beautiful Woman, from Thirteen to Two and twenty ; but after that Age to be a Man again.

* Nature has been very kind to some young Ladies, but they are not sensible of the Happiness : They Spoil by Affectation, those Gifts which they enjoy by the distinguishing Favour of Heaven. The Tone of their Voice, their Mein are not their own : They study, they consult their Glasses, how to Dress themselves as much out of Nature as they can ; and 'tis not without a great deal of Trouble, that they are able to make themselves less agreeable.

* If 'tis the Ambition of Women only to appear Handsome in their own Eyes, they are in the right without doubt, to take what course they please to Beautify themselves, and in the Choice of their Dress and Ornaments, to follow their own Caprice and Fancy : But if 'tis the Men whom they wou'd charm, if 'tis for them they Wash and Paint ; I have told their Votes in that case, and I do assure them from all the Men, or from the greatest part, that, the White and Red they use, makes 'em look hideous and frightful ; that they hate as much to see Women with Paint on their Faces, as with false Teeth in their Mouths, or Balls to plump out their Cheeks ; that they solemnly protest against all Art, which indeed does but make 'em ugly, and is the last and infallible means that Heav'n takes to reclaim Men from their Love.

If Women were form'd by Nature, what they make themselves by Art; if they were to lose in a minute all the freshness of their Complexion, and were to have their Faces as thick with Red and Paint, as they lay 'em on, they would look on themselves as the most wretched Creatures in the World.

* A Coquet is one that is never to be perswaded out of the Passion she has to please, nor out of a good Opinion of her own Beauty: Time and Years she regards as things that wrinkle and decay other Women; forgets that Age is writ in the Face, and that the same Dress which became her when she was young, does but make her look the older now. Affectation attends her ev'n in Sickness and Pain; She dies in a High head and Colour'd Ribbons.

* *Lyce* hears another Coquet laugh at for her pretending to Youth, and for wearing those Dresses which do not agree with a Woman of Forty; *Lyce* is no less herself, but Years with her have not twelve Months, nor do they add to her Age; that is, she thinks so; and when she looks in the Glass, and lays on the Paint on her own Face, and sticks on the Patches, she confesses there is an Age, when 'tis not decent to affect to appear youthful, and that *Clarice* indeed with her Paint and Patches is very ridiculous.

* Women, when they expect their Lovers, make great preparation in their Dress; but if they are surpriz'd by 'em, they forget that they are undress'd. In the presence of indifferent Persons, what disorder they're sensible of, they rectifie with ease, and before 'em make no scruple to adjust themselves, or else disappear for a moment, and return dress'd.

* A fine Face is the finest of all Sights: and the sweetest Musick is the sound of her Voice whom we love.

* Agreeableness is Arbitrary: Beauty is something more real and independant on Taste and Opinion.

* There are Women of such perfect Beauty, and such transcendent Merit, that tho'tis impossible for us not to love 'em, yet we dare not encourage our Passion to hope for any greater Favour, than that of seeing 'em, and conversing with 'em.

* A Beautiful Woman that has the Qualities of an Accomplisht Man, is, of all the Conversations in the World, the most delicious. In her is to be found all the Merit of both Sexes.

* Every little, kind, accidental thing, that comes from the Fair, is strangely moving and perswasive to the Persons in whose Favour 'tis intended. 'Tis not so with the Men; their Caresses, their Words, their Actions, are sincere and soft, and transported, yet are not half so perswading.

* Caprice is inseparable from Women, that it may be the Counter-poyson of their Beauty. It prevents the damage which their Beauty would otherwise do the Men, who without some remedy, are never cur'd of Love.

* Women are engag'd to Men by the favours they grant 'em: Men are disingag'd by the same favours.

* When a Woman no longer loves a Man, she forgets him so much, as not to remember the favours he has receiv'd from her.

* A Woman that has but one Gallant, thinks she's no Coquet: She that has more thinks herself but a Coquet.

* A

* A Woman may avoid the Reputation of being a Coquet, by an Engagement to one particular Person, who yet passes for a Fool for having made a bad Choice.

* An old Gallant is of so little Consideration, that he must give way to a new Husband; and a Husband is of so short Duration, that a new Gallant juffles him out of place.

* An old Gallant either fears or despises a new Rival, according to the Character of the Person he serves.

An old Gallant often wants nothing but the Name, to be a very Husband; He is oblig'd to that Circumstance, or else he would have been discarded a thousand times.

* Few Intrigues are secret; a great many Women are not better known by their Husbands Name, than by the Names of their Gallants.

* A Woman of Gallantry is Ambitious of being belov'd; 'tis enough for a Coquet, that she's thought lovely and passes for handsome. The Business of one is to make an Engagement, of the other to make a Conquest. The first passes successively from one Engagement to another, the second has a great many Amusements on her hands at once. Passion and Pleasure are predominant in one, Vanity and Levity in the other. Gallantry is a weakness in the Heart, or perhaps a vice in Complexion; Coquetry is an irregularity of the Mind. The Gallant Lady makes herself fear'd, the Coquet hated. From these two Characters might be form'd a third, which would be the worst of all Characters.

A weak Woman is one, that, being Reproach'd with a Fault, Reproaches herself; Whose Heart is in a perpetual War with her Reason; She
would

would fain be cur'd of her folly, but never will be cur'd; at least 'tis very long first.

* An inconstant Woman, is one, that is no longer in Love: a false Woman is one, that is already in Love with another Person: A Fickle Woman is she that neither knows whom she loves, nor whether she loves or no: and an Indifferent Woman's one who does not love at all.

* Treachery in Women is an Art of disposing every Word and Action, of managing Oaths and Promises in the best manner to deceive; the last of which it costs 'em no more to break, than it did at first to make 'em.

A faithless Woman, if known for such by the Person concern'd, is but Faithless; if believ'd Faithful, she's Treacherous.

This Good we get from the Perfidiousness of Women, that it cures us of our Jealousie.

* Some Women, in their Course of Life, have a double Engagement to maintain, which to break, or to dissemble, is equally difficult; In one there's nothing wanting but the Ceremony of the Church, and in the other nothing but the Heart.

* To judge of that Lady by her Beauty, her Youth, her Severity, and her Pride, you would swear none but a Hero could one day succeed with her: At last, she has made her Choice, and what is it? A little Monster, that has not one Grain of Sense.

* Women that are past their Prime, seem naturally to be the Refuge of Young Fellows, who have no great Estates; tho' for my part, I can't tell whose Misfortune is most to be lamented: That of a Woman advanc'd in Years who stands in need of a Spark; or that of a Spark who stands in need of an Old Woman.

* One, that is the Refuse of the Court, in the City is receiv'd into the Withdrawing Room. There he triumphs; the Magistrate he routs, tho he's drest like a Beau; and the Citizen, tho he's got his long Perruque and Sword on: He beats 'em all out of the Field, and possesses himself of the place; he alone is regarded and belov'd; There's no holding out against a Gold Scarf and a white Plume, no resisting a Man that talks to the King, and visits the Ministers. The Men and Women are jealous of him; he is admir'd and envy'd: four Leagues off, he is despis'd and pity'd.

* A Citizen appears to a Woman that was never out of the Country, what a Courtier does to another of the Sex, that never had but City breeding.

* A Man that is vain, indiscreet, a great Talker and a Buffoon; one who speaks impudently of himself, and contemptibly of others; who is extravagant, haughty, impertinent, without Morality, Honesty or Sense; such a Man, I say, wants nothing to be ador'd by abundance of Women, but a few tolerable Features and a good Shape.

* Is it from Secrecy, or from what strange Distraction, that such a Lady loves her Footman, another a Monk, and *Dorinna* her Physician?

|| *Baron the Actor.* * || *Roscins* treads the Stage with admirable Grace. Yes, † *Lelia*, so he does: I'll tell you too, his Legs are well made, he Acts well, and very long Parts; he declaims with so much Ease; that as they say, 'tis only for him to open his Mouth to do it to perfection. But is he the only person of his Profession that is agreeable; or is his Profession indeed the noblest and most honourable in the World? However, *Roscins* is not for you: He is † *Clau-*
 † *Madam de la Ferté.* dia waits for him till he's disgusted with || *Messali-*
 † *The Duchess of Bouillon.* † *Clau-*
 † *The Marechal de la Ferté.* dia waits for him till he's disgusted with || *Messali-*

na. Take † *Bathyllus* then, *Lelia*; where will † Preconr. you find, I don't say among the Rank of Gentlemen, whom you despise, but among the very Players, one that rises so high in a Dance, or cuts a Caper to compare with him? Or what think you of † Boas- *Cobus* the Tumbler, who turns himself quite round champ. in the Air before he lights upon the ground? But perhaps you know that he is old; and for *Bathyllus* you say, that the Crowd about him is still too great; he refuses more Women than he can gratifie. Well then, you shall have † *Draco*, none of † Filbers. all his Profession swells a pair of Cheeks with so much decency as he does, when he gives breath either to the Flute, the Hautboy or the Flagelet, for 'tis an infinite number of Instruments that he has skill in; so Comical he is too, that he makes sport for the silly Women and Children: Who eats or drinks more at a Meal than *Draco*? He drinks down the whole Company, and is the last Man that falls. You sigh, *Lelia*: Is it because *Draco* is fixt in his choice, or that you are unfortunately prevented in him? Is he at last engag'd to † *Cesonia*, who has so long pursu'd him, and for whom † Madame de Bouillon. she has sacrific'd such a train of Lovers, I may safely say, all the Flower of *Rome*? to *Cesonia*, who is herself of a *Patrician* Family, is Young, Beautiful and Grave. Well, I pity your misfortune, since you, I see, are toucht with that Contagion which reigns in our *Roman* Ladies, of doating on these publick Men, as they are call'd; whose condition of Life exposes 'em to the common view; what will you do now since the best of that kind are taken up? There's *Brontes* left still, the Executioner, every body talks of his Strength and Dexterity: He's black, a *Negro*, but the Fel-

low is young, has broad Shoulders, and a brawny Back.

* The Women of the World look on a Gardiner as a Gardiner, and a Mason as a Mason: Your Recluse Ladies look on a Mason as a Man, and a Gardiner as a Man: every thing is a Temptation to them who fear it.

The Dut-
chefs of
Austonia.

* Some Ladies are Benefactors to the Church as well as to their Lovers, and being both Gallant and Charitable, are provided with Places within the Rails of the Altar, where they read their *Billets Doux*, and where for any thing you can see of 'em, you would think them at their Prayers to Heaven.

* What is this Woman that is *directed*, as they call it? Is she a Woman that is more dutiful to her Husband, kinder to her Servants, more careful of her Family and her Concerns, more zealous and sincere to her Friends? Is she less a Slave to her Humour, less govern'd by Interest, and less in love with the Conveniences of Life? I do not ask if she makes large Presents to her Children that have no need of 'em, but if having Wealth enough and to spare, she furnishes 'em with what is necessary, and gives 'em what's their due; Is she more exempt from the love of herself, or further from loving others, or freer from all worldly engagements? No, say you, none of all these things. I insist upon it then, and ask you what is this Woman that is *directed*? Oh! I understand you, she's a Woman that has a † *Director*.

† Priests
or Fryars
who in-
trude

themselves into Families, and take upon them to give directions for the Conduct of their Lives.

* 'Tis

* 'Tis not so much a Woman's business to provide herself with a *Director*, as to live so discreetly as not to need one.

* If a Woman should tell her Confessor, among the rest of her weaknesses, that which she has for her *Director*, and what time she mis-spends in his Company, perhaps she might be enjoyn'd leaving her *Director* for Penance.

* If I had the liberty which I could wish, I would certainly cry out, as loud as I were able, to some of those Holy Men who have formerly suffer'd by Women, Fly Women, do not you direct 'em, but let others, that will, a Gods Name, take care of their Salvation.

* 'Tis too much for a Man to have a Wife both a Coquet, and a Bigot; one of these qualities at once is enough in Conscience.

* I have deferr'd a long time, saying something, which, for all my struggling to suppress, must out at last, and I hope my freedom may be of some Service to those Ladies, who not having enough of a Confessor to instruct 'em, use no manner of Judgment in the choice of their *Directors*. I admire, I stand amaz'd to behold some People that shall be nameless: I gaze, I look fixtly on 'em: they speak, I listen, I enquire, I inform my self of certain Matters, I collect 'em; yet after all, cannot I comprehend for my Life, how these People, whom I think in all things to be diametrically opposite to right Reason, good Sense, all Experience of the World, Knowledge of Mankind, Religion and Morality; how, I say, they can presume that Heaven shou'd in their Persons renew in our Days the Miracle of the Apostleship, in making them, poor, mean, ignorant Wretches, capable of the Ministry of Souls; which of all Offices is the No-

blest and most Sublime. But if, on the contrary, they fancy themselves born fit for so high and difficult a Function, that few are qualify'd for it, and perswade themselves, that in undertaking it, they do but exercise their Natural Gifts, and follow it like some Ordinary Calling, I confess I comprehend it still less.

I see very well; 'tis the Satisfaction of being privy to the Secrets of Families, of being necessary in making Reconciliations, of procuring Employments, or helping 'em to Servants; 'tis the pleasure of finding all the Doors open to them at Noble Mens Houses, of eating frequently at good Tables, of being carry'd up and down the Town in a fine Coach, of making a delicious Retreat in the Country, of seeing Persons of great Rank and Quality concern themselves in their Life and Health, and of managing for others and themselves all worldly Interests: I see very well, that 'tis for the sake of these things only which makes 'em take up the laudable and specious pretence of the Care of Souls, and has propagated in the World that incredible Swarm of *Directors*.

* Devotion comes upon some People, but especially upon the Women, either as a Passion, or as one of the Infirmities of Age, or as a Fashion which they are oblig'd to follow: Formerly they reckon'd the Week by the Employments of the several Days; there were their Days of Gaming, of going to the Play, the Confort, the Masquerade, and to Church. On *Mondays*, they threw away their Money at *Ismena's*, on *Tuesdays* they threw away their Time at *Climenes's*, and on *Wednesdays* their Reputation at *Celimene's*; they knew overnight what was to be done the next morning; they enjoy'd at once the present pleasure and the future;

future; they only wish'd that 'twere but possible to unite 'em both in one day; nothing troubl'd 'em, nothing griev'd 'em, but that when they were at the Opera, they cou'd not be the same moment at the Play. Other Times, other Manners: Now they are extravagant in their Austerity and Retirement, so demure they hardly open their Eyes, or make any use of their Sences, and what is indeed incredible, they speak little; They think tho, and that very well of themselves, and ill enough of others; They Emulate one anothers Virtue and Reformation, with a kind of Jealousie: The Pride of outvying one another, continues still in this new course of Life, which reign'd in that, which either out of Policy or Disgust they lately quitted: Their Intriguing, Luxury and Sloth Damn'd 'em before very gayly; now their Presumption and Envy Damn them as surely, tho not so merrily.

* What, *Hermas*, if I shou'd marry a Covetous Woman, she will be sure not to ruin me: or if I shou'd marry one that Games, she may enrich me: or a Woman of Learning, she will know how to instruct me: or one that's Precise, she will not be Passionate: or one that's Passionate, she will exercise my Patience: or a Coquet, she'll endeavour to please me: or a Woman of Gallantry, she will perhaps be so Gallant as to love me in my turn: or suppose one of your devout Ladies. But then tell me, *Hermas*, what ought I to expect from her, who would deceive Heaven, and who really deceives herself.

* A Woman is easily govern'd, provided a Man gives himself the trouble: One Man often governs a great many; he cultivates their Wit and Memory, fixes and determines them in their Religion, and undertakes to regulate their very Hearts: They

neither approve nor disapprove, commend or condemn, till they have consulted his face and Eyes; He is the Confident of their Joys, their Grievs, their Desires, their Jealousies, their Aversions and their Amours: He makes 'em break with their Gallants, embroils and reconciles 'em to their Husbands, and makes his advantage of the Intervals: He takes care of their Concerns, sollicitis their Law Suits, and visits the Judges for 'em: Recommends to 'em their Physician, their Tradesmen and Workmen: He takes upon him to provide 'em Lodgings, to furnish 'em, and order their Equipage; He is to be seen with 'em in their Coaches, in the Streets and Walks, as well as in their Pew at Church, and their Box at the Play: He makes the same Visits with 'em, waits on 'em to the Bath, the Waters, and in their Journeys: He has the best Apartment at their Houses in the Country: He grows old without falling from his Authority: Having a little Wit and a great deal of Leisure, he wants nothing more to preserve it. The Children, the Heirs, the Daughter in-law, the Niece, the Servants, all depend on him. He began by making himself esteem'd, and ends by making himself fear'd. This old and necessary Friend dyes at last without being regretted, and ten or a dozen Women, over whom he was a very Tyrant, come to Inherit their Liberty by his Death.

* Some Women have endeavour'd to conceal their Conduct, under an exteriour form of Modesty, but the best Character they have got by the closest and most constant Dissimulation, has been to have it said, *One would indeed have taken her for a Vestal.*

* 'Tis a strong proof that a Woman has a fair and establish'd Reputation, when 'tis not blam'd by

by the familiarity of those who do not resemble her; and when, for all the propensity of People to make ill constructions, they are forc'd to have recourse to some other reason for this intimacy, than that of agreement of Manners.

* An Actor exceeds Nature in the Parts he plays: a Poet exaggerates in his Descriptions: A Painter, who draws after the Life, heightens the Passion, the Contrast and the Postures; and he that copies him, unless he measures exactly the sizes and proportions, will make his Figures too big, and give more scope to all the parts, thro the disposition of the whole Piece, than they have in the Original: 'Tis the same with the Precise or Formal, they are but the imitators of the Wise.

There is a false Modesty, which is Vanity; a false Glory, which is Levity; a false Grandeur, which is Meanness; a false Virtue, which is Hypocrisy; and a false Wisdom, which is Formality.

The Formal Lady is all Shew and Words, the Conduct of the Wise Woman is better than her Words: One follows her Humour and Fancy, the other her Reason and Affection: This is precise and austere, the other is on all occasions exactly what she ought to be: The first hides her Failings under a plausible outside, the second covers a rich Treasure of Virtues under a free and natural Air: Formality puts a constraint on the Wit, and yet does not hide Age or Wrinkles; it gives cause to suspect 'em often; Wisdom, on the contrary, palliates the Defects of the Body, and ennobles the Mind: It renders Youth more charming, and Beauty more dangerous.

* Why should Men be blam'd because Women have no Learning? What Laws, what Edicts have they publish'd, to prohibit 'em from opening their
Eyes,

Eyes, from Reading, Remembring, or making their advantage of what they've read, when they write, or when they converse? Is not, on the contrary, this Ignorance of theirs owing to a custom they have introduc'd themselves; or to the weakness of their Nature; or to laziness, that they will not use their Wit; or to an inconstancy, that will not let 'em prosecute any long Study; or to a Genius and Talent which they have only to employ their Fingers; or to a natural aversion for all things serious and difficult; or to a Curiosity very far from that which gratifies the Mind; or to a quite different pleasure than that of exercising the Memory. But whatever cause it is, to which Men are oblig'd for this Ignorance of the Women, 'tis certain they are happy, that as Women have such Preeminence over 'em in so many things they shou'd have this advantage the less.

*Madam
Scudery.*

A Woman with Learning, we look on, as we do on a fine Arms: the Workmanship of it is rare, 'tis engrav'd most curiously, and kept wonderfully bright; but then 'tis only fit to adorn a Closet, to be shown them who admire such things; 'tis of no more use or service, either for the Camp, or for Hunting, than a Manag'd Horse, let him be never so well taught.

Where I find Learning and Wisdom united in any one Person, I never stand to enquire the Sex, but fall to admiration; and if you tell me, that a Wise Woman is seldom Learned, or a Learned Woman seldom Wise, 'tis a sign you have forgot what you read just before; that the reason why Women were diverted from Science, was upon the account of certain Defects: Now do you judge your self, if they who have the fewest Defects, are not most likely to be the wisest; and so consequently

frequently a Wise Woman bids fairest for Learning; and a Learned Woman cou'd never be such, without having overcome a great many Defects, which is an infallible proof of her Wisdom.

* 'Tis a difficult point to maintain a Neutrality, when two Women, who are equally our Friends, fall out upon Interests, in which we are not at all concern'd: we must be often oblig'd to take one side or the other, or we lose 'em both.

* There are those Women in the World who love their Money better than their Friends, and their Lovers better than their Money.

* 'Tis strange to see Passions in some Women, stronger and more violent than that of their love to Men, I mean Ambition and Play: Such Women make the Men Chaste, and have nothing of their own Sex but the Cloaths they wear.

* Women are all in extreams: they are either better or worse than Men.

* Most Women have no Principles. They are led by their Passions, and those whom they love form their manners.

* Women exceed the generality of Men in Love; but in Friendship we have infinitely the advantage.

The Men are the occasion, that Women do not love one another.

* Mocking is of ill consequence. *Lyce*, who is something in years, to make a young Woman appear ridiculous, makes herself so deform'd, that she is frightful: To imitate her, she uses such Grimaces, and puts herself in such distorted Figures, that now she's grown so horribly ugly, that the Person whom she mocks cannot have a better Foil.

* In the City, they will have it, that there are Idiots, both Men and Women, who have some Wit: At Court, they will have it, that there are abundance of People who want Wit, tho they have a great deal. These last Criticks will hardly allow a Beautiful Woman to have as much Wit as the rest of her Sex.

* A Man is sooner to be trusted with another Persons Secret than his own; a Woman, on the contrary, keeps her own Secret, tho she keeps no body's else.

* Let Love seem never so violently and so entirely to possess the heart of a young Woman, there's room enough still left for Ambition and Interest.

* There is a time when the richest Women ought to Marry; they seldom let slip an opportunity at first, but it costs them a long Repentance, the Reputation of their Fortune seems to decay along with their Beauty. On the contrary, every thing is favourable to the young of that Sex, even the Mens opinion, who are fond of giving 'em all the advantages possible to render 'em still more desirable.

* To how many Women has a great Beauty been of no service at all, but to make 'em hope for a great Fortune?

* Lovers, who have been ill us'd, have their revenge at last. They commonly see their Mistresses, tho Beautiful, throw away themselves on Ugly, Old, or undeserving Husbands.

* Most Women judge of the Merit and good Mein of a Person, by what impression they make on them, and very rarely allow them either, if they are not sensibly toucht themselves.

* He that is in doubt to know what alteration his Age has made in him, needs only to consult the
Eyes

Eyes of the Fair One he addresses to, and the tone of her Voice as she talks with him; he will learn there what he fears to know! But oh, how hard a Lesson!

* The Woman that has her Eyes constantly fixt on one particular Person, or whose Eyes you may observe constantly to avoid him; tho they are two different motions, they make us conclude but one and the same thing of her.

* The Women are not at so little trouble to express what they never feel, as the Men are to express the real sentiments of their Heart.

* Sometimes it happens that a Woman conceals from a Man the Passion she has for him, while he only feigns the Passion he professes for her.

* Suppose a Man indifferent, but who designs to persuade a Woman of a Passion which he has not; the Question is, whether it is not more easie for him to deceive a Woman who loves him, than one who loves him not?

* A Man by feigning an Inclination may deceive a Woman, but then he must have no real Engagement elsewhere.

* A Man for the present Rails and Curses at a Woman whom he no longer cares for, and quickly forgets the loss of her. A Woman is not so outrageous for being left, but the regret lasts a long time.

* Idleness in Women is cur'd either by Vanity or Love. Tho, on the contrary, in Women of a brisk and sprightly Temper, 'tis the presage of Love.

* 'Tis certain, that a Woman who writes with *Madness* warmth is agitated, tho 'tis not so certain that she's *Villidien* truly sensible. A Passion that is sincere and tender, is more likely to be pensive and silent; and for a
Woman

Woman who is no longer at liberty, it seems to be more her Interest to be well assur'd of her Lovers Affection, than to be too forward to convince him of her own.

* *Glycera* does not love her own Sex, she hates their Conversation and their Visits; she orders her self to be deny'd to 'em, often to her very Friends, who are not many: She's reserv'd to 'em, allows of nothing but bare friendship from 'em; is uneasy with 'em, answers them in Monosyllables, and seems to get all occasions to get rid of 'em; she affects to be alone and retir'd at her own house; her Gate is more strictly guarded, and her Chamber more inaccessible than a Minister of State's; there is one that is expected, admitted at all hours, *Corinna*, who is embrac'd a thousand times, caress'd and whisper'd with, tho' they're alone in the Closet, there's such attention given to all she says, that both Ears are hardly sufficient to listen to her Discourse; she is assur'd again and again, that every body else is troublesome, and is inform'd of all passages, tho' she learns no News, for she is the Confident of both Parties. Sometimes *Glycera* is to be seen abroad, at the Ball, the Theatre, the Walks, on the Road to *Venouse*, where they eat Fruit early in the Season; sometimes alone in a Chair on the way to the *Grand Faubourg*, where she has a delicious Orchard, or at *Canida's* door, who professes so many rare Secrets, who promises second Husbands to young Wives, and tells 'em the time when, and all the circumstances; she appears commonly in Night-cloaths, loose and negligent, in a plain *Dishabille*, without Stayes and in Slippers; she is charming in this Dress, and wants nothing but a little Colour. 'Tis observ'd tho', that she wears a very curious Jewel, which she takes special

special care to conceal from her Husband's Eyes ; him she careffes, is fond of, and every day invents some new, pretty name for him ; has no other Bed but that of her dear Husband's, and would not lye from him for the World. The morning she spends at her *Toilette*, and in writing some necessary Billets ; a Servant enters and speaks to her in private, 'tis *Parmeno*, her Favourite, whom she supports in spite of his Masters aversion, and his Fellow Servant's envy. He deserves it indeed, for who delivers a Message or brings back an Answer better than *Parmeno* ? Who has a greater Gift of Secrecy for those things which are not to be spoken of ? Who understands how to open a private door with less noise ? Who is a better Guide up a back pair of Stairs, or can more cleverly convey the person down again the same way ?

* I cannot conceive how a Husband, who gives himself up to his ill humour and temper, who conceals none of his ill qualities, but on the contrary, exposes them all ; is covetous, slovenly, surly, rude, neglectful and sullen ; I cannot conceive, I say, how such a Man can hope to defend the heart of a young Woman from her Gallant's Attempts, who uses Dressing, Magnificence, Complaisance, Care, Assiduity, Presents and Flattery, to win her.

* A Husband seldom has a Rival whom he does not make himself, and whom he does not, as it were, present to his Wife ; he is always praising him before her for his handsomeness, for his fine Teeth ; he receives his visits and encourages his assiduity, and next to what comes off his own Ground, nothing relishes better with him, than the Fowl and Fruit his Friend sends him. He makes a Treat, and bids his Guests fall to on such a thing ;

'Tis

'Tis *Leander's*, says he, and it cost me nothing but thanks.

* There is a certain Lady who seems to have bury'd her Husband before his time: That is, he is not so much as mention'd in the World; 'tis doubted whether such a Man is alive or no. In the Family he is a Cypher, and of no use, except it be to show an example of perfect Submission, Fear and Silence; he has nothing to do with Portion and Settlement: If it were not that he does not lye in, one would almost take him for the Wife, and her for the Husband; they may be a quarter of a year in the house together without any danger of meeting one another; they live as if they were only Neighbours. He pays the Butcher and Cook, but 'tis my Lady that gives the Treat; they have nothing in common, neither Bed nor Board. They have not so much as the same Name; They live after the *Roman* and *Greek* manner. She has her Name and he his, and 'tis a long time, and not before one is well acquainted with the language of the Town, that one comes to know at last that Mr || *B.* and Madam † *L.* have been Man and Wife this Twenty Years.

|| *Le Prestre de Boquemare.*
† *La Presidente D'Orsambray.*

* There are some Wives, who if they brought no other Plague with 'em, are vexatious enough to their Husbands upon the account of their great Birth, Alliances, Fortune, Beauty, Merit, and that which some people call *Virtue*.

* There are few Wives so perfect, who do not give their Husbands cause once a day to repent of their Marriage, or at least to envy a Man that is unmarried.

* Silent, stupid Grief is out of fashion; Women now adays are very talkative in their Sorrow; they are so much toucht with their Husband's

band's death, that they do not forget to tell you, and repeat to you every circumstance of it.

* Is it a thing impossible for a Man to discover the Art of making his Wife love him?

* The Woman that is insensible, is one that has not yet seen the person whom she is to Love.

In *Smyrna* there liv'd a young Lady of extraordinary Beauty, call'd *Emira*, who yet was not more famous for that, than for the severity of her Manners; and above all, for a strange indifference that she had for all Men, whom as she said, she beheld without any danger, or any other concern, than what she felt for her Friends or her Brothers; she could not believe the thousandth part of all the Follies, which, she was told, Love in all times had been the cause of; and those which she saw her self, she could not comprehend. Friendship was the only thing she had any notion of, and that she made the first experiment of in a young and beautiful person of her own Sex: She found in her Friendship something so very soft and pleasing, that her only Study was how to continue it; never imagining that any other inclination could arise, which should make her less to cherish that Esteem and Confidence which she then priz'd so much; her Discourse was only of *Euphrosina*, which was the Name of that faithful Friend, and the Discourse of all *Smyrna* was only of *Euphrosina* and her; their Friendship became a Proverb. *Emira* had two Brothers, both so young and so handsome, that all the Women of that City were in love with em, and whom she lov'd herself, as became a Sister. One of the Priests of *Jupiter* had access to her Fathers house, and being ravisht with her Beauty, ventur'd to declare his Passion to her, but came off only with Scorn and Contempt. An old Man,

F

who,

who, relying on his great Birth and Estate, had the same assurance, met with the same success. She Triumphs on this; she was surrounded by her Brothers, a Priest, and an Old Man, and could boast herself Insensible; but these were not the greatest Tryals that Heaven had reserv'd for her; yet they too, had no other effect but to render her still more Vain, and to confirm her in the Reputiati^on of being a person that was not to be toucht with Love. Of three Lovers, whom her Charms had gain'd her one after another, and all whose Passions she was not afraid to see and slight, the first in an amorous Transport stabb'd himself at her Feet, the second in despair of ever succeeding, went to seek his death in the Wars of *Crete*, and the third ended his days in a miserable Languishment and Distraction. The Man that was to revenge all these had not yet appear'd. The old Spark, who was so unfortunate in his Amours, was cur'd at length, by reflecting on his Age, and on the Character of the Person to whom he made his Addresse. However, he was desirous to visit her sometimes, and had her permission. One day he carry'd along with him his Son, a Youth of a most agreeable Aspect, and of a noble Mein. She beheld him with a more than ordinary concern, but observing him very silent, as he was, in the presence of his Father, she made a judgment of his Wit from thence, not much to his Advantage; she could have wisht he had more. He saw her afterwards alone, and then he talkt to her sufficiently, and wittily too; but when he regarded her less, and talkt to her less about her self and her Beauty than she expected, she was surpriz'd, and had, as it were, some Indignation, that a Man who was so well made, and had so much Wit, should be so little

little Gallant : Her Friend had express'd a desire to see him, and was in company when she entertain'd him : 'Twas for *Euphrosina* alone that he had Eyes, and her Beauty alone which he commended : This made *Emira* from being Indifferent to become Jealous; and then she perceiv'd, that *Ctesiphon* was sensible of what he said ; and that he not only was capable of Gallantry, but of Tendernefs. From that time she grows reserv'd to her Friend, yet is desirous to see 'em together once more. The second Interview more than satisfy'd her in all her fears, her doubt was turn'd into certainty. She now flies from *Euphrosina*, no longer knows that merit which charm'd her before, she loses all relish of her conversation, she loves her no longer ; and this alteration made her sensible that it was Love, which in her Heart had supply'd the place of Friendship. *Ctesiphon* and *Euphrosina* see one another every day. They love mutually, they agree to marry, they are marry'd. The News is spread about the Town, and people publish it the more for the rarity of it, that two persons who love so well should be blest in Enjoyment. *Emira* hears of it, and is all enrag'd, she feels then to what height her Passion was grown ; she seeks out *Euphrosina* again, only for the pleasure of one sight of *Ctesiphon* : but that young Husband has not yet quitted the Lover : In a new Wife he finds all the Charms of a Mistress, looks on *Emira*, but as on the Friend of her that's dear to him. This compleats the poor Lady's Misfortune ; she can take no rest, refuses all Sustainance, her Body grow's weak and her Mind disturb'd ; she mistakes her Brother for *Ctesiphon*, and speaks to him as a Lover ; she recollects herself, and blushes for her Distraction, yet relapses into greater, which she does not blush for ; she knows not what she

does. Then is the apprehensive of Men, when 'tis too late; 'tis her folly now. She has her Intervals of Reason, but 'tis of Reason that she most complains. In this condition she lies so sad and miserable, that the Youth of *Smyrna*, who before had seen her so proud and insensible, now think Heaven has punisht her but too severely.

Of the Heart.

* **P**ure Friendship is something, which none can attain to the taste of, but those who are well born.

* There may be a Friendship between persons of different Sexes, which may subsist without Enjoyment; yet a Woman always looks upon a Man as a Man, and so will a Man still look upon a Woman as a Woman. This Engagement is neither pure Love nor pure Friendship. 'Tis something of another kind.

* Love seizes on us suddenly, without giving us time to consider, and our Disposition or our Weakness favours our surprize; one Look, one Glance from the Fair, fixes and determines us. Friendship, on the contrary, is a long time in forming, and that by degrees, by a long Acquaintance and Familiarity. How much Wit, good Nature, Affection, how many good Offices and Civilities are there among Friends to do that in many years, which sometimes a fine Face, or a fine Hand does in a minute.

* Time that strengthens Friendship, weakens Love.

* Love,

* Love, as long as it does last, subsists of it self, and sometimes by those very means, which should seem rather to extinguish it, Severity, Cruelty, Absence, Jealousie. Friendship, on the contrary, stands in need of all helps, Care, Confidence and Complaisance; if not supply'd with these, it expires.

* 'Tis not so hard to meet with Love in excess, as with perfect Friendship.

* Love and Friendship exclude one another.

* He that has had the Experience of a great and violent Love, neglects Friendship; and he that has consum'd all his Passion upon Friendship, is nothing advanc'd towards Love.

* Love alone begets Love. We commence but cold Lovers, when we have but just quitted the dearest and most affectionate Friendship.

* Nothing more resembles the strongest Friendship, than those Engagements which we make for the Interest and Security of our Love.

* We never love heartily but once, and that's the first time we love. The Inclinations that succeed are less involuntary.

* Sudden Love is the longest to be cur'd.

* Love, that grows slowly and leisurely, is too like Friendship ever to be a violent Passion.

* He who loves to that degree, that he wishes he were able to love a thousand times more than he does, yields in Love to none, but to him, who loves more than he wishes for.

* If I should grant, that 'tis possible for a person transported with a great and violent Passion, to love another better than himself, who should I most oblige? They that love, or they that are lov'd?

* Men are sometimes inclinable enough to be in Love, but can't succeed in their Desire; they seek all occasions of being conquer'd, but escape still; if I may be allow'd the expression, they are bound to continue free.

* The Couple who love too violently at first, contribute each of 'em to their loving one another less in a short time, and at length to their hating one another. Who has the greatest share in this Rupture, the Man or the Woman, is not easily to be decided. The Women accuse the Men of being wild and roving; and the Men say, they are false and inconstant.

* As nice as we are in Love, we pardon more faults in Love, than in Friendship.

* 'Tis a sweet Revenge to a Man that loves passionately, by all his Conduct and Carriage to an ungrateful Mistress, to make her appear extremely ungrateful.

* 'Tis but an unpleasant thing to love, when we have not a Fortune great enough to render those we love, as happy as they themselves can desire.

* The Woman that makes no return to our present Passion, whatever important services she may afterwards do us in the residue of our Life, will hardly meet with any thing from us but Ingratitude.

* When we are very grateful, 'tis a sign that we have a great Inclination and Affection for the Person that has oblig'd us.

* To be but in Company of those we love satisfies us: It does not signify whether we speak to 'em or not, whether we think on them or on indifferent things, to be near 'em is all.

* Hatred is not so remote from Friendship as Antipathy.

* We make a Confidence of our Secret in Friendship, but in Love it escapes from us.

'Tis possible to have some people's Confidence, and yet not to have their Hearts: But he who has the Heart has no need of Confidence; every thing is open to him.

* In Friendship we only see the faults which may be prejudicial to our Friends. In those we love we see no faults, but those by which we suffer our selves.

* 'Tis the first disgust in Love only, as well as the first fault in Friendship, which we are able to make a good use of.

* If a Suspicion that is unjust, fantastical and groundless, has been call'd Jealousie, methinks that Jealousie, which is a Sentiment, just, natural, founded on Reason and Experience, should deserve some other Name.

'Tis not always a great Passion that is the cause of Jealousie; our natural Temper has some share in it, yet 'tis a Paradox for a violent Love to be without Nicety.

Our Nicety often disturbs none but our selves: Jealousie makes us not only uneasy our selves, but disturbs others.

Those Women, who while they are not at the pains of dissembling with us, are not sparing to give us all occasions of Jealousie, would not indeed deserve our Jealousie, if we had the Power to regulate our selves, more by their Sentiments and Conduct, than by our own Affections.

* The coldness and disorders which happen in Friendship, have their causes; in Love there's hardly any other reason for our ceasing to Love, but that we are too well belov'd.

* 'Tis no more in our power to Love always, than 'tis not to Love sometimes.

* Love receives its Death's Wound from Disgust, and is burry'd in Oblivion.

* We are sensible of the beginning and declension of Love, by the perplexity we are in to find our selves alone.

* To cease from Loving, is a sensible Proof that Man is limited, and that the Heart has its bounds.

'Tis a Weakness to love: 'Tis sometimes another Weakness to attempt the cure of it.

We are cur'd of that, just as we are comforted for our afflictions: The Heart has not wherewithal always to grieve, or always to love.

* There ought to be in the Heart inexhaustible sources of Grief for some Losses. 'Tis seldom that either by our Virtue or force of Mind, we overcome a great Affliction: We weep bitterly, and are sensibly toucht; but at length, we are either so weak, or so inconstant, that we take up and are comforted.

* When an ugly Woman is belov'd, it must certainly be very desperately; for either it must proceed from a strange weakness in her Lover, or from some more secret and invincible Charm, than that of Beauty.

* Visits amongst Lovers are made for a good while out of Custom and Ceremony, to profess they love, by words, when it has been a long time that their Actions and Manners have declar'd the contrary.

* To endeavour to forget any one, is the certain course to think of nothing else. Love has this in common with Scruples, that 'tis exasperated by the Reflections, which are us'd to free us from

it. If 'twere practicable, there's nothing necessary to weaken our Passion, but never to think on't.

* We would have it in our power, that those whom we love might receive all their good, or else all their ill Fortune from our Hands.

* 'Tis a greater happiness, in comparison, to regret the loss of a Person we love, than to live with one we hate.

* How disinterested soever we may be in respect of those we love, we must sometimes constrain our selves for their sakes, and have the generosity to accept of what they present us.

He's fit to receive, who is toucht with as delicate a pleasure in accepting, as his Friend is sensible of in giving.

* To give is to act; we are not to be passive, to have our Benefits extorted from us, by the importunity or necessity of our Petitioners.

* If at any time we have been liberal to those we love, whatever happens afterwards, we ought by no means to reflect on our Benefits.

* It has been said in *Latin*, that it costs less to Hate than to Love; or if you will, that Friendship is more chargable than Hatred. 'Tis true, we are excus'd from Liberality to our Enemies, but is a Man at no cost to revenge himself? Or if 'tis so sweet and natural to do ill to those we hate, is it less pleasing or less natural to do good to those we love? Would it not be difficult and disagreeable to us not to do so?

* There is a pleasure to meet the Eyes of a Person that we have lately oblig'd.

* I do not know whether a Benefit which falls on an ungrateful Person, and so consequent-
ly

ly on one that's unworthy, does not change its Name, and whether it deserv'd any acknowledgement.

* Liberality consists not so much in giving a great deal, as in giving seasonably.

* If 'tis true that in our Pity and Compassion we have a regard to our selves, as we are apprehensive of being some time or other in the same Circumstances with the unfortunate, how comes it about then, that in their misery we so seldom relieve 'em?

'Tis better to expose our selves to Ingratitude, than to be wanting to the distress'd.

* Experience confirms it every day, that our Indulgence to our selves, and hard-heartedness to others, are but one and the same Vice.

* The churlish, moyling, laborious Man, that shews no mercy to himself, is not to be made indulgent to others, but by an excess of Reason.

* Tho' the charge of maintaining an indigent Person may be very burthensome to us, yet we cannot heartily relish the new Advantages which put him out of his Dependance on us: In the same manner, the pleasure which we take in the preferment of our Friend, is something abated, by a little sort of grudge we have, to see him advanc'd above us, or in an equal Condition with us. Thus we agree but ill with our selves. We would have others dependant on us, but to cost us nothing. We would have our Friends prosperous in the World, yet when their good Fortune comes, 'tis not always the first thing we do, to rejoyce at it.

* 'Tis nothing for People to make invitations to their House and Table, to make liberal offers of their Fortune and Services. To be as good as their word is the Charge.

* One faithful Friend is enough for ones self, and 'tis much to meet with such an one, yet we can't have too many for the sake of others.

* When we have done all that's possible to gain some sort of People, and we find it in vain, there's one Reserve still left, which is, ev'n to let 'em alone for the future.

* To live with our Enemies in such manner, as if they should one day be our Friends, and to live with our Friends as if they should some time or other become our Enemies, is at once against the Nature of Hatred, and the Rules of Friendship. It may be a good Maxim in Politicks, but 'tis a very bad one in Morality.

* We ought not to make those our Enemies, who being better known, we may be glad to have in the number of our Friends. We ought to make Choice of Persons of such Honour for our Friends as if they should ever cease to be so, will not abuse our Confidence, nor give us cause to fear 'em for Enemies.

* 'Tis extremely pleasant to frequent our Friends when we do it from Inclination and Esteem, but 'tis painful and troublesome to cultivate Friendship out of Interest. 'Tis solliciting.

* 'Tis more allowable to use Artifice to gain their Affections whom we design to oblige, than 'tis to gain their favour, from whom they have expectations of Advantage.

* We do not pursue our Preferment with the same eagerness, that we do the frivolous things we fancy. Our Imagination suggests to us a kind of Liberty in following our Whimfies; and on the contrary, a kind of Slavery in labouring how to make our Fortune. 'Tis natural to desire it very much, but to take little pains to procure it: To think,

think, in short, we deserve it without seeking for it.

* He that knows how to wait for what he desires, takes the course not to be excessively griev'd, if he chances to go without it. He, on the contrary, who desires a thing too impatiently, thinks the Success, when it comes, cannot recompence him for all the Pains he has been at about it.

* There are those People, who so ardently and passionately desire a thing, that out of fear of losing it, they leave nothing undone that may surely make 'em lose it.

* Those things which are most desir'd, either never are attain'd, or are attain'd with so much difficulty, after so many delays, and attended with such Circumstances, as quite spoil the enjoyment of 'em.

* We must laugh before we are happy, or else we may die before we ever laugh at all.

* If we cannot be accounted to live, but at such times as we enjoy ourselves, I'm afraid Life will be found to be very short; since if we were only to reckon the Hours which we pass agreeably, a great number of Years would not make up a Life of a few Months.

* How difficult is it to be perfectly satisfy'd with any one!

* Should such an ill Man die, we could not help finding some sort of pleasure in his death; we should then enjoy the Fruit of our hatred, and that pleasure is all the good we can hope for from him. He dies, but in such a conjuncture, that our Interest will not permit us to rejoice; in short, he dies either too soon, or too late.

* 'Tis hard for a haughty Man ever to forgive one that has caught him in a Fault, and whom he
knows

knows has reason to complain of him: His resentment is never mitigated, till he has regain'd the Advantage he lost, and made the other to do him equal wrong.

* As we endear our selves to the Persons we oblige, so we violently hate those whom we have extremly offended.

* 'Tis as difficult to stifle the Resentment of an Injury at first, as 'tis to preserve it for a great many years.

* 'Tis weakness which makes us hate an Enemy and seek Revenge, and 'tis Laziness that pacifies us, and makes us not to prosecute it.

* 'Tis from Laziness as much as from Weakness, that we suffer our selves to be govern'd.

There's no thinking of governing a Man all at once, and without some preparation, in an Affair, which perhaps may be of the last importance to him or his; he would feel you then presently, and the Ascendency you design'd to gain over him, he would throw off the yolk out of shame or frolick. No, let him at first be drawn to little things, so you will be certain not to fail when you shall attempt him in greater. There have been those in the World, who at first have had no greater influence over a Man, than that, perhaps of making him leave the Town or Country a day or two before his time, who at length have arriv'd to that Power, as to prescribe him what he should do in his Will, and make him disinherit his only Son.

To govern any one absolutely, and for a long time, 'tis necessary to carry a light hand, and to let him perceive, as little as possible, his Dependance.

Some people suffer themselves to be govern'd just so far, and no farther; beyond that they are intractable; 'tis impossible to move their Hearts or their Minds; neither rough nor gentle means, force nor industry can reduce 'em: 'tis with this difference tho, that some are thus made by Reason and Judgment, and others by Humour and Disposition.

There are those Men who will not hearken to Reason and Good Counsel, but deviate of their own Heads, purely for fear of being govern'd.

There are others, who yield to be govern'd by their Friends in indifferent things, and from thence presume a Right to govern them again in things of moment and consequence.

† The Count
de Ton-
nere, first
Gentleman
of the Bed
Chamber to
the Duke of
Orleans.

† Drances would fain pass for one that rules his Master, tho his Master believes it no mote than the World. For a Servant to talk to a Man of Quality incessantly, at such times and places as are least convenient, to be always whispering, or speaking to him in mysterious terms, to laugh loud in his presence, to interrupt him, to interfere in his Discourse with others, to treat with contempt those that come to make their Court to his Master, to express an impatience till they are gone, to seat himself next him, and in a posture of too great freedom, to pluck him by the Sleeve, to tread upon his Heels; in fine, to affect to be thus familiar, and to take these sorts of Liberties with him, are signs of a Coxcomb, rather than a Favourite.

A Wise Man neither suffers himself to be govern'd, nor attempts to govern others. 'Tis his Reason alone which he wou'd have always govern him.

If I had a Friend who was a Man of Reason, and whom I might confide in, I should not be against delivering up my self entirely to his Conduct; I should then be sure to do well, without being at the pains of deliberating, and should enjoy all the tranquility of a Person that is govern'd by Reason.

* All our Passions are deceitful, and as much disguis'd as possible. We do not only strive to conceal 'em from other People's Eyes, but our own. There is no Vice which has not the resemblance of some Virtue or other, and which does not make its advantage of it.

* We open a Book of Devotion, and it touches us; we open a Book of Gallantry, and that too makes its impression. Shall I say it? 'Tis the Heart alone that reconciles Contrarieties, and admits of things incompatible.

* Men don't so much blush for their Crimes, as for their Weaknesses and Vanity. Such a one makes no scruple openly, and with a bold face to be unjust, cruel, perfidious, a slanderer, yet conceals his Love or his Ambition upon no other account, but purely to conceal it.

* It rarely happens, that a Man is brought to own that he is Ambitious, or that he has been, or that he continues so; yet the time comes when we confess we have lov'd.

* Love begins and Ambition ends with us; so that we are seldom ever free from Passion till we dye.

* 'Tis nothing for our Passion to get the better of our Reason; Its greatest Triumph is, when it makes our Interest to submit.

* The best Conversation is that, in which the Heart has a greater share than the Head.

* There

* There are certain sublime Sentiments, certain noble and elevated Actions, which we owe more to the goodness of our Nature, than to the force of our Mind.

* There's no excess in the World so commendable as an excess of Gratitude.

* He must be a dull Fellow indeed, whom neither Love, Malice nor Necessity can inspire with Wit.

* There are some places which we admire: Others which we love.

For my part, I believe our Wit, Humour, Passion, Taste and Sentiments, depend on the places where we live.

* Those who are good, would be the only persons to be envy'd, if there were not a better course to be taken, which is to excel 'em; that is an agreeable revenge, and which our Jealousie ought to prompt us to pursue.

* Some people stand upon their guard against Loving and Rhiming, as two Weaknesses, which they dare not own; the one of the Heart and the other of the Head.

* There are some Pleasures to be met withal in the course of our Life, which are so dear to us, and some Engagements so soft and tender, that tho they are forbidden, 'tis but natural to desire at least that they were allow'd. Nothing can be more charming than they are, except it be the pleasure of knowing how to renounce 'em by our Virtue.

Of Society and Conversation.

TIS a very silly Character to have none at all.
* 'Tis a Fool's part to be troublesome: A Man of Sense perceives when he is agreeable or tiresome: he knows how to disappear the very minute before he would have been thought to have tarry'd too long.

* Buffoons are a sort of Insects which breed in all Countries; we can scarce step without treading on 'em. A pleasant Man is rarely to be met with; and a person, tho he is born so, must have a great deal of Delicacy to maintain the Character a long time; for commonly he that makes us laugh, is not sure to make himself esteem'd.

* There are abundance of obscene, a great many more railing and satyrical Wits, but very few delicate. A Man must have manners and politeness to trifle with a good Grace, and a copious Fancy to play handsomely on little things, to create matter of Raillery, and make something out of nothing.

* If we were to listen with attention to every thing that is said in common Conversation, we should be ashamed to speak, or to hear; we should perhaps condemn our selves to a perpetual silence, which is more injurious to Converse than unprofitable Discourses: we must therefore accommodate our selves to every man's capacity, we must suffer, as necessary evils, false News, rambling

bling reflections on the present Government, or on the Interest of Princes: We must hear with Patience the fine Notions some men are continually repeating; and permit *Aronces* to speak Proverbs, and *Melinda* to talk of herself, her Vapours, Megrimms, and want of Rest.

* In the company we keep, we shall often meet with Persons who offend us with their ridiculous jargon, with the Novelty and Impropriety of their terms and their quaint Expressions, which come from no body's mouths but their own, and were not design'd by the first Inventers to signify what they use 'em for. They observe neither Reason nor Custom, but speak according to their foolish Whimsies; are always fond of Pleasantry, and affect to distinguish themselves by a particular Cant, which becomes at length their natural Dialect; they speak in a counterfeit Tone, and accompany their words with odd gestures and grimaces. However, they are well contented with themselves, and their Wit, which they imagine very diverting. Indeed, we can't say they are entirely destitute of it; but of that little Wit they have we complain, and what is worse, we suffer it.

* Prithee, *Acis*, for the satisfaction of your Friends, endeavour to speak as they may understand you, for my part I do but guess at your meaning: if you would tell 'em, 'tis Cold, that it Rains, and it Snows; say 'tis Cold, it Rains, and it Snows; if you see them in good health, and would congratulate 'em upon it, tell 'em they look well: Oh! but, say you, that is so plain, and so conspicuous, any one might have said as much. 'Tis true, and what does that signify? besides, what harm is there, *Acis*, in being

intelligible, or speaking like your Neighbours? There is one thing, *Acis*, which you and some Gentlemen of your Complexion want very much; I know I shall surprize you, but there's certainly one thing wanting in you, which is Wit; tho' this is not all, there is something too abounding in you, and that is, The opinion that you have more than other Men. This is the Fountain of all your pompous Fustian, your big Words, and your perplext Phrases. The next time I find you accosting any body, I shall pluck you by your Sleeve, and tell you in your Ear, Don't affect to have Wit; don't pretend to't, Let that be your part; but, if you can, learn some plain unaffected Language, such as those speak, who you fancy have no Wit: then perhaps we may think you have some your self.

* Who, that keeps much Company, can promise himself to avoid meeting certain vain people, who are light, familiar and positive, who are the speaking Men in Conversation, and compel every one else to hear 'em; they are heard from the Anti-Chamber, and one may boldly enter without fearing to interrupt 'em: They continue their Story without any consideration for such as come in, or go out, or for the rank or quality of the people who make up the Company; they silence the Man that dares to begin a piece of News, that they may tell it after their own fashion, which to be sure is the best; they had it of *Zamet*, *Ruccelay* or *Conchini*, whom they name familiarly without their Titles, tho' they never knew 'em, or spoke to 'em in their Lives: they get themselves up sometimes to the best Man in the Company, to gratifie him with something new, which no body else knows;

they whisper it, and for a World will suffer none but him to partake on't; they hide Names to disguise the Story, and prevent Application: there are some things they must not tell, and some persons whom they cannot name; their words are engag'd to the contrary, 'tis a mystery, a secret of the last importance; should you ask it, you would request an impossibility; for whatever you imagin, they are equally ignorant of both Persons and Actions.

* *Arrias* has read and seen every thing, at least he would have it thought so; he gives himself out for a Man of Univerſial Knowledge, and had rather Lye than be ſilent, [or appear ignorant on any occaſion. A perſon talks at a certain Table of a Great Man in a Northern Court, he breaks in upon him, and prevents him telling what he knows; he diſcourſes of that diſtant Country as if he were born there; of the Manners of the Court, their Women, their Laws and Cuſtoms; he tells a hundred little Stories and Occurrences which happen'd there; he thinks 'em extream pleaſant, and is the firſt that laughs at 'em, and that very heartily. Some body preſumes to contradict him, and demonſtrates plainly that what he affirms is not true; *Arrias* is not troubl'd at that; on the contrary, he grows warm, and is angry with him; he ſays, I aver nothing but what I know to be true: I had it from *Sethon* the French Ambaſſador at that Court, who return'd thence ſome days ſince, and is my particular Acquaintance; he continues his Story with greater Confidence than he began it; till one of the Company aſſures him, that he was the very *Sethon* whom he ſpoke to, and but juſt then arriv'd from his Embaſſie.

* As we ought not to be backward in speaking, or to abstract our minds from the subject of the Conversation we are in, lest it occasion us to ask a great many untimely questions, and return as unseasonable answers; so we ought not always to give an over-curious attention to the least trifles that are said in Company, to reprove 'em, to refine upon 'em, to discover in 'em a mystery which the rest could not perceive, to make 'em subtle and politick, only that we may have an opportunity to shew our own policy and subtilty.

* Such who think they are extraordinary persons, and are fond of their own Merit, shew that they have indeed but very little, or none at all: Truly unhappy is he who is oblig'd to be much in their Company! What a parcel of whimsical Phrases must he endure? How many bold words, which come out suddenly, live a moment, then dye, and are forgotten? If they tell a piece of News, 'tis meerly for the honour of telling it, and to shew they can tell it handsomely; it grows a Romance under their management: They make Men think after their own manner, put their own trivial expressions in their Mouths, and they are all like themselves, very talkative; they fall at last into Parentheses which may pass for Episodes, and by this means the Speakers and their Hearers forget what they were about. What would become of both, should not some body else come in luckily to break up the Company, and put an end to the Story?

* † *Theodectus* is heard in the Anti-Chamber; † Mr De
the nearer he approaches the more he raises his *Aubigny,*
voice; he enters, he laughs, he stretches his Mouth *Brother to*
up to his Ears, he makes a noise; he is a meer *Madam de*
Mainienon.
Thunderer, and no less remarkable for what he

says, than the time he speaks in; he is never out of an extreme hurry, but to stutter out some of his own follies and vanities; he has so little consideration for the time, persons or decency, that each has his share of his Entertainment, tho he gives no attention to what he says; he no sooner sets himself down but he disobliges the whole Company by his disturbances; and he is ever so well pleas'd with himself, that he cannot perceive it. The Table spread, he is first in his place, and always at the upper end; the Ladies are at his right and left; he Eats, he Drinks, Talks, and Interrupts all at the same time; he has no respect for the Master or his Guests, but abuses the toleration they give him. Whoever makes the Feast, he has all the Authority of the Table, and 'tis more convenient to give him way, than to dispute it with him: Eating and Drinking add nothing to his Character. At play he wins, and raillys the loser so long that he's offended. The Laughter's are continually on his side, and there is no sort of folly which they do not pass by in him. In short, I give ground and must disappear, being not able to suffer *Theodotus* any longer, or those who suffer him.

* *Troilus* is very useful to such as have too much Wealth; he eases them of the trouble of their superfluity; and saves 'em the labour of hoarding up Money, making Contracts, locking Coffers, carrying the Keys about with 'em, or fearing a Domestick Thief; he assists them in their Pleasures, and in time becomes serviceable to 'em in their Passions, then regulates their Conduct; he is the Oracle of the House, he Triumphs in management, he sets every one his task, hears and decides; he says of this Slave he shall be punish'd, and he is whip'd; of another he shall be freed, and he is set

at liberty ; if a Parasite does not make him laugh, he must be dismiss'd, lest he should give him offence, and it goes well with the Master of the House, if he leaves him his Wife and Children : If he is at the Table, and says such a Dish is excellent, the Master and his Guests govern themselves by his Palate, are of his opinion, and fall to heartily ; if he says on the contrary, of some other Meat, that 'tis Insipid, whoever were eating it, spit it out, and dare not swallow it without *Troilus's* approbation ; every Eye is on him, observing his looks and carriage, before he pronounces Sentence on the Wine or Victuals before him ; he seldom stirs out of the Family where he is Governour, there he eats, drinks, sleeps and digests, quarrels with his Valets, receives his Work-men, and dismisses his Creditors ; he reigns and domineers in the great Hall, receives there the Homages of those Servants, who, more subtle than their Fellows, by *Troilus's* Mediation alone come at their Master. If a person enters, whose misfortune 'tis to have a Complexion disagreeable to his humour, he frowns, and turns away his Head ; if he comes up to him, he sits still ; if he sits down, he removes himself farther off ; if he talks, he is mute ; if he continues to talk, *Troilus* gets into another Chamber ; if he follows, he makes to the Stair-Case, and would rather leap down Stairs, or get out at a Window, than be accosted by a Man whose Face or Voice he dislikes ; he is himself happy in both, and they serve to insinuate, and win upon such as he has occasion for ; every thing at last is below him, and he scorns to preserve his favour, by the little ways he acquir'd it ; 'tis a favour if sometimes he sallies out of his Mediation and Silence to contradict, and to shew his Wit condescends to be a Critick ; instead of ex-

pecting he should hearken to you in his turn, or be complaisant, and commend your Judgment, you are not always sure he will permit your approbation, or suffer your complacency.

* Let the strange Gentleman talk a little whom you meet with by chance in a Stage Coach, at a Feast, or Publick Shew, you need not have any impatience to know who or what he is, for before he has done, he will himself inform you of his Name, his Seat, his Family, his Estate; you will soon enough be acquainted that he is Noble, has a Castle, fine Furniture, Retinue, and a Coach.

A sort of
People who
are affected to
be extremely
nice in their
Language.

* Some Men speak before they think, others tediously study for every thing they say; we must stay for these till they are deliver'd of their Notions, and assist at the Travel of their minds; they are made up of Phrases and little turns of Expression, conformable to their gesture and carriage; they call themselves *Puists*, and will not venture the least word, when it would have all the fine effect imaginable; nothing comes from them easie or happy; they speak properly, but very tiresomely.

* The Wit of Conversation consists more in finding it in others, than in shewing a great deal your self; he who goes from your Conversation pleas'd with himself and his own Wit, is perfectly well pleas'd with you. Most Men had rather please than admire you, and seek less to be instructed, nay, diverted, than approv'd and applauded; and the most delicate of pleasures is to please another.

* Too much fancy is not necessary in our Conversation or Writings; it begets vain and puerile Ideas, which tend neither to make us wiser nor better. Our thoughts should be produc'd by good Sense.

Sense and right Reason, and ought always to be the effect of our Judgment.

* 'Tis a sad thing when Men have neither Wit enough to speak well, nor Judgment enough to hold their Tongues; this is the foundation of all impertinence.

* To speak modestly on a good or bad subject, and to give the true reason for its being so, requires good Sense, and a happy Expression. 'Tis a much more ready way to pronounce in the decisive tone, that this thing is execrable, or that wonderful.

* There is nothing more displeasing to God or Man, than confirming the least things that are said in common Conversation by horrid Oaths and Imprecations. An honest Man, who says Yes or No, deserves to be believed; his Reputation swears for him, gains Credit to his Words, and procures him all manner of Confidence.

* He who continually says he is a Man of Truth and Honour, that he wrongs no Man, but wishes the Ills he has done others may fall upon himself, and swears, that he may be believ'd, does not know even how to counterfeit an Honest Man.

An honest Man, with all his Modesty, cannot hinder People saying of him, what a dishonest Man says of himself.

* *Cleon* talks uncivilly or unjustly, I am sure 'tis one or the other; but he says he can't help it, he was born so, and speaks as he thinks.

* There is speaking well, speaking easily, speaking justly, and speaking to the purpose: 'tis offending against the last rule, to speak of the Banquets you have made, before such as are reduc'd to want of Bread; of sound Limbs, before the Infirm; of Demesnes and Revenues and Furniture, before a Man that has neither Dwelling, Rents,

nor Moveables; in a word, to speak of your Prosperity before the Miserable; this Conversation is too strong for 'em, and the Comparison they make between their Condition and yours is hateful.

* As for you, says *Eutiphon*, you are rich, or ought to be so; ten thousand Livres a year good Lands: Ah! this is fine, lovely, and you are certainly happy. In the mean time, the Person who talks at this rate, has fifty thousand Livres a year, and thinks he has not half what he deserves; he reckons up your Taxes, what you are worth, and what your Expences come to; and if he should think you worthy of a better Fortune, and even of that he himself aspires to, he would wish it you. He is the only Man that makes such wretched Estimations and odious Comparisons, the World is full of *Eutiphrons*.

* A Person naturally a Flatterer, and fond besides of being in the Fashion, which obliges us to praise any one who has rais'd himself to Honour and Riches, congratulated † *Theodemus* on a Sermon which he had not heard, and which no body could then give him any account of. However, he extoll'd his Genius, his Manner, and above all, the Fidelity of his Memory; when in truth, *Theodemus* stopt in the middle of his Discourse, and forgot what he had design'd to say.

* || To speak and to offend with some People are but one and the same thing; their Disposition is sharp and bitter, their Language mingl'd with Gall and Wormwood; Railing, Injury and Insolence, run from their Lips like Spittle; it had been well for 'em had they been born stupid or mute; the little Quickness and Wit they have, prejudice them more than other Men's dulness: they are not always

† The
Abbot de
Roch.

|| The
L'abbé
Roch.

ways

ways satisfy'd with giving sharp answers, they attack frequently with arrogance; they strike whenever they speak, and wound the present and absent, at least in their Reputations; they bristle their Forehead's, and run at all like Rams; and since Impudence is as natural to them as Horns to a Ram, why should we hope by this Picture to reform Animals so rough, wild, and untractable; we had better, as soon as we see them afar off, run from them with all our might, without ever looking behind us.

* I know Men of such a Make and Character, that some People should be careful how they trust themselves with 'em: They must complain of 'em as little as possible, and against 'em 'tis not permitted for 'em to hope for Justice.

* When two Persons have had a violent Quarrel, one with Reason, and the other with none; 'tis the Custom of the Arbitrators, who are to make up the Difference, to condemn both, either fearing to make a perfect Decision on one side, or out of a temperament, which methinks is very ill plac'd. This is an important Lesson, and a weighty and indispensable Motive for one to fly to the East, when a Coxcomb is in the West, to avoid sharing with him the same disgrace.

* I hate a Man whom I cannot accost or salute, before he salutes me, without growing vile in his Eyes, or disturbing the good Opinion he has of himself. *Montaigne* would say, 'I will have Elbow-room: I will be courteous and affable, according to my Fancy, without fear or remorse. I can't strive against my Inclinations, nor go contrary to my Humour, which leads me to address my self to every one that makes towards me, if he is my Equal, and not my Enemy, I

Written in imitation of Montaigne.

' I anticipate his Reception, I ask him about his
 ' Health and Disposition, I offer him my Services,
 ' without any more ado, or trading and haggling
 ' for 'em, like some People who set a Price on
 ' their Favours. He displeases me, who by his
 ' custom or whimsies would rob me of this free-
 ' dom or liberty. How should I remember as soon
 ' as I see him afar off, to put on a grave and im-
 ' portant Countenance, and to let him know, that
 ' I think I am as good as he, and better? To affect
 ' this, I must call to mind all my good Qualities,
 ' and his bad ones, and compare 'em together; but
 ' this is too much trouble for me, I am not fit for
 ' such stiff and unexpected reception; and sup-
 ' posing I were capable to succeed therein once, I
 ' am sure I should miscarry the second time; I
 ' cannot put a force on my self, nor be constrain'd
 ' to be proud for any Man.

* A Man may have Virtue, Capacity, and good
 Conduct, and yet be insupportable; the Air and
 Manner, which we neglect as little things, are fre-
 quently what the World judge us by, and make
 them decide for or against us; a little care to appear
 obliging and polite before Men, will prevent their
 making a bad Judgment of us: The least thing in
 the World is enough to make People believe that
 we are proud, uncivil, disdainful and disobliging;
 but on the other hand, as little is requir'd to gain
 their Esteem.

* Politeness does not always inspire Generosity,
 Justice, Complaisance, and Gratitude; it gives a
 Man the appearances of those Virtues, and makes him
 seem that without, which he ought to be within.

We may define Politeness, tho' we can't tell
 where to fix it in Practice. It observes receiv'd
 Usages and Customs, 'tis bound to Times and
 Places.

Places, and is not the same thing in the two Sexes, or in indifferent Conditions; Wit alone cannot attain it; 'tis acquir'd and compleated by Imitation; some Dispositions are only Susceptive of Politeness, as others of great Talents and solid Virtue. 'Tis true, Politeness puts Merit forward, and renders it agreeable, and a Man must have eminent Qualifications, to support himself without it.

Politeness seems to be a certain Care to make us pleasing by our Discourses and Manners to our selves and others.

* He offends against Politeness, who praises anothers Singing or touching an Instrument, before such as he has oblig'd to Sing or Play for his Diversion, or commend's another Poet, in presence of one who reads him his Verses.

* In all the Feasts and Entertainments we give, in all the Presents we make, in all the Pleasures we procure for others, there is a way of doing it well, and of doing it according to their Inclinations; the last is the best.

* 'Tis rude to refuse indifferently all sorts of Praises; we ought to be sensible of those which come from good Men, who praise sincerely those things in us which are really commendable.

* A Man of Wit, who is naturally proud, loses nothing of his Pride or Stiffness for being poor; on the contrary, if any thing will soften him, and render him more soft and sociable, 'tis a little Prosperity.

* We must bear with some Peoples bad Characters, as we do with Copper Money, for the benefit of Commerce.

* To live with those Men, who are continually embroy'd, and make you hear reciprocally the Com-

Complaints of each side, is like living in a Court of Justice, and being oblig'd from Morning to Night to hear Pleadings and Declarations.

*Monfieur
Courtin,
and Mr St
Roman,
Councillors
of State.*

* Two Persons pass their days in a strict Union: their Goods were in common; they had but one dwelling, and were never out of one anothers sight: After fourscore years they saw 'twas time to part, and put an end to their intimacy; they had then but one day to live, and durst not attempt passing it together; they were in haste to break before death, and had not complaisance enough to stay till that hour; they liv'd too long for a good Example, a moment sooner they had dy'd good Friends, and left behind them a rare model of perseverance in Friendship.

* Families are often disturb'd by Mistrusts, Jealousies and Antipathy within, while they seem Content, Peaceable and Pleasant without, and we suppose they enjoy a quiet, which they seldom possess; there are very few who can bear an Examination. The visit you make suspends a domestic quarrel, which waits but for your absence to be reassum'd.

* In all Societies Reason yields first; the wisest Men are often led by one that is very foolish and capricious; they study his temper and weakness, and accommodate themselves to his Whimsies; they avoid running against him as much as possible, and give him his way; when he appears the least chearful they commend his good humour, they thank him almost for his not being always insupportable; he is fear'd, obey'd, and sometimes belov'd.

* None but such as have had old Relations, or such as have 'em, and are endeavouring to be made their Heirs, can tell what it costs to effect it.

* *Cleantes*

* *Cleantes* is a very worthy person, he has chose a Wife, who is the best and the most reasonable Woman in the World; they both in their several ways make all the pleasure and agreeableness in the Company they keep; one can seldom meet with more Politeness or greater Probity: They part to morrow, and the Deed of their Separation is already drawn up at the Notaries. Surely there must be some certain incompatible Virtues and Merits, which are not made to be together.

* A Man may be sure in his Accounts of the Partition, Joynture and Settlement of his Wife, but very uncertain as to the Peace of his Family; it depends on the frail agreement between the Mother-in-Law and the Daughter-in-Law, which often expires before the first year of the Marriage is out.

* A Father-in-Law loves his Daughter-in-Law, a Mother-in-Law her Son-in-Law, so both are reciprocal.

* The thing in the World which a Step-Mother loves the least, is her Husband's Children: The more she loves her Husband, the more she's a Step-Mother.

Step-Mothers make whole Towns and Villages desert, and people the Country with Beggars, Vagabonds, Servants and Slaves, more than Poverty it self.

* *G.* and *H.* are Neighbours, their Lands are contiguous, they inhabit a desert and solitary Country, far from Towns or Commerce; methinks solitude and the love Men have for Society, should force 'em to a mutual Correspondence; they are perpetually at variance, and 'tis hard to express the trifle that causes the difference, which renders 'em implacable, and continues their hatred in their descendants.

*Messieurs
Hervey,
and Ve-
deau,
Councillors
in the Par-
liament of
Paris*

scendants. Relations or even Brothers never differ'd about a thing of less moment.

Suppose there were but two Men on the whole Earth, who possess it entirely to themselves, and parted it between them; I am perswaded there would be quickly some cause of Rupture created, tho it were only about the limits of their Divisions.

* 'Tis often easier, as well as more advantageous, to conform our selves to other Mens opinion, than to bring them to our's.

* I am now approaching a little Town; I am already on a Hill from whence I discover it, seated in a pleasant Valley, a River washes its Walls, and then flows thro the loveliest Meadows; 'tis shaded by Woods and Hills, which cover it from cold Blasts and Northern Winds: I see it in so fair a day, that I count its Towers, Steeples and Turrets; I am so pleas'd with this Prospect, that I cannot forbear exclaiming, how pleasant it must be to live under so clear a Sky in so delicious a place! I descend into the Town, and have not lain there above two or three Nights, but I am like the other Inhabitants; I long to get out of it.

* There is a certain thing which never was seen under the Heavens, and all in likelihood never will be: 'Tis a little City without Faction and Parties; where the Families are united; the Relations see one another with confidence; where a Marriage does not raise a Civil War; where there are not every moment Disputes and Quarrels about Precedency; where Lying, Scolding, Prating and Gossiping are banisht; where the Mayor, and the Sheriffs, the Assessors and the people have a good understanding; where the Bishop lives well with the Dean, the Dean with the Canons, the Canons with the Parsons, and the Parsons with their Clerks.

* Country.

* Countrymen and Fools are apt to be angry, and fancy you despise or laugh at 'em. You must never venture the most innocent and inoffensive Raillery or Pleasantry, unless it be amongst Polite Men, and Men of Wit.

* Merit discerns and finds it self out reciprocally; he that would be esteem'd, must converse with Persons who are themselves estimable.

* He who thinks he is by his Dignity above a Jest, and will not take a Repattee, ought not to railly.

* We are not angry at being railly'd for some little defects, and we should make choice of Faults of the same kind when we railly others.

* 'Tis the Blockhead's privilege to laugh at a Man of Wit; he is in the World, what the Fool is at Court, of no consequence.

* Buffoonry is an Indigence of Wit.

* You believe a Man your bubble; if he only feigns himself to be so, who then is the greatest bubble, he or you?

* Observe those People who never commend any one, who are always railing, are content with no body, and you will find them Persons with whom no body is content.

* The Proud and Disdainful will find the contrary of what they expect, if by their Carriage they look for Esteem.

* The pleasure of Society amongst Friends is cultivated by a likeness of Inclinations, as to Manners, and by some difference in Opinion, as to Sciences: the one confirms and humours us in our Sentiments, the other exercises and instructs us by Disputation.

* Two Persons will not be Friends a long time, if they can't forgive each other little failings.

* How many fine unprofitable Reasons are laid before one in great Adversity to put him into a state of Tranquility. The things without, which we call Events, are sometimes too strong for Reason and Nature. Eat, Drink, don't kill your self with Melancholy, are insignificant Admonitions, and impossible to be put in practice when a Man is master'd by his Sorrows. Are you a Wise Man to disquiet your self so much? Is not this as much as to say, are you not a Fool to be unfortunate?

* Counsel, which is necessary in all affairs, in Society is sometimes hurtful to those who give it, and unprofitable to the Persons 'tis address'd to. You observe perhaps defects in Manners, which are either not confess'd, or perhaps esteem'd as Virtues. You blot out a passage in an Author's Writings which pleases him most, where he thought he surpass'd himself. By this means you lose the Confidence of your Friends, without making 'em better or wiser.

* Not long since certain Persons of both Sexes associated themselves together for Conversation and Witty Commerce: they left talking intelligibly to the vulgar; a thing said amongst 'em with a little clearness, drew after it another more obscure which they enrich with bad Enigma's, and crown'd with long Applauses: what they call'd delicacy, thought, turn, and fine Expression, was a faculty they had to be unintelligible to others and themselves. Good Sense, Judgment, Memory, or the least Capacity, were not necessary to furnish out their Discourse; some Wit was proper, tho' not the best sort, but that which is false, and where fancy has too great a share.

* I know, *Theobaldus*, you are old, but would you have me think you decline? That you are no longer

ger a Wit, a Poet, that you are as bad a Critick in all kind of Writings, as you are an Author; that you have nothing new, easie, natural and delicate in your Conversation? Your free and arrogant Mien perswades and assures me of the contrary: You are the same to day as you were fifty years ago, and perhaps better; for if you are so brisk and lively at this Age, what Name, *Theobaldus*, did you deserve in your Youth, when the Ladies were so charm'd with you, that they swore only by you, and took every thing upon your word, so that as often as you spoke, they presently cry'd out, *That's delicate, What did he say?*

* We frequently talk with Impetuosity in Company thro Vanity and Humour, rarely with the necessary Caution; desirous to reply, before we have heard out the Question, we follow our own Notions, and explain 'em without the least regard to the other Man's Reasons: we are far from finding the Truth, while we are not agreed upon what 'tis we seek after. Could a Man hear and write down these Conversations, he would see a great many good things spoken with little Consideration, and no Coherence.

* There was a sort of silly Puerile Conversation lately in fashion, which turn'd all on trivial Questions, concerning Tenderness and Passion; the reading of some Romances first introduc'd it amongst the well-bred People in Town and Court; it was there soon discarded, and the Citizens now entertain it with their Puns, Points and Quibbles.

* Some City Ladies are so nice, that they will by no means learn to speak the Names of Streets, Lanes, or publick Places, which they fancy are not noble enough to be known. They say nothing plainly but the *Louvre* and the *Place Royal*; they

use Terms and Phrases for the Names of some other Places; or if by chance they let such a word slip, they will excuse it as if it were criminal; in this much more unnatural than the Court Ladies, who having occasion to speak of the Market-place, the Prison, or the like, say, the Market-place and the Prison.

* If we pretend sometimes to forget certain Names which we think obscure, and break 'em in the Pronunciation, 'tis through the good Opinion we have of our own.

* You speak often, in a good Humour, or in the Liberty of Conversation, several silly things which you speak as such, and will please only for their extream Ridiculousness. This is mean Pleasantry: It belongs to the People, but has already infected the Youth of the Court; 'tis true we need not fear 'twill go very far there, for 'tis too rude and insipid a Diversion to make any Progress in a Country which is the Centre of Politeness and good Sense. However, it should be expos'd as much as possible; and render'd odious to those who practise it; for though they are never serious when they speak it, yet it accustoms them to remember Trifles, and with-holds their Minds from something better, and more decent.

* Between speaking bad things or speaking such good things which every body knows, and putting 'em off for new, there is so little Difference, that I don't know which to choose.

* *Lucan has said a pretty thing; There's a fine Expression in Claudian; There's such a passage in Seneca*: and then a long scrawl of *Latin*, which is quoted often before those, who, tho they pretend to understand it, are ignorant of every word that's cited. This is intolerable, if we had Wit and Sense
enough

enough of our own, either we might despence with the reading of ancient Authors, or else after having read 'em with care, we should chuse the best, and quote 'em to the purpose.

† *Hermagoras* knows not who is King of *Hungary*, and wonders to hear any one talk of the King of *Bohemia*. Speak not to him of the Wars in *Holland* or *Flanders*, or at least, you must excuse him from answering the Questions you ask concerning 'em; he knows not when they began or ended; Battels and Sieges are all new to him; but he is very well inform'd of the Gyants Wars, he can relate 'em to the least circumstances, and omits not the least particular; he clears with the same ease the horrid Chaos of the *Babylonian* and *Assyrian* Monarchies; he is acquainted with the original of the *Egyptians* and their Dynasties. He never saw *Versailles*, nor ever will see it; but he has almost seen the Tower of *Babel*, he has counted the Steps, he has found out how many Architects were employ'd about that Building, and if requir'd can call 'em over by their Names. If he believes *Henry IV.* to be the Son of *Henry III.* 'tis more than I can affirm. 'Tis with extream neglect that he informs himself of the Houses of *France*, *Austria* and *Bavaria*; what Trifles are they, says he! While he can recite from his Memory the List of the Kings of *Media* and *Babylon*, with the Names of *Apronal*, *Herigebal*, *Noesnemordach*, *Mardokempad*, which are as familiar to him, as those of *Valois* and *Bourbon* are to us. He is yet to learn that the Emperor is married; but no body can inform him that *Ninus* had two Wives. You tell him the King enjoys a perfect health; he remembers then that *Thetmosis*, a King of *Egypt*, was healthy, and that he deriv'd his good Complexion from his Grand-father *Aliphmutosis*.

† Isaac
Vossius,
Mr Chev-
reaux or
Pezron,
Author of
the Anti-
quity of
Times re-
stored.

mutosifis. What does he not know? What in all Venerable Antiquity is there hid from him? He assures you *Semiramis*, or as some will have it *Serimaris*, talk'd so much like her Son *Ninyas*, that they were not to be distinguish'd by their Speech; but he dares not decide, whither the Mother had a manly Voice like her Son, or the Son an effeminate Voice like his Mother; he reveals to you that *Nimbrot* was left-handed, and *Sesoftris* ambidextre; that 'tis an Error to imagine one of the *Artaxerxes* was called *Longimanus*, because his Arms reach'd down to his Knees, and not because one of his Hands was longer than the other; he adds, there are some grave Authors who affirm 'twas his right Arm; but he believes he may with good ground maintain, that 'twas his left.

* Profound Ignorance makes a Man dogmatick; he that knows nothing, thinks he can teach others what he just now has learn'd himself; whilst he who knows a great deal, can scarce imagine any one should be acquainted with what he says, and speaks for this reason with more Indifference.

* Great things should be spoken simply, they are spoil'd by Emphasis; little things must be said Nobly; they can't be supported without the Expression, Tone, and manner of Delivery.

* We speak things generally more wittily than we write em.

* An honourable Birth, or a good Education, are almost the only things which render a Man capable of keeping a Secret.

* All Trust is dangerous if 'tis not entire; we ought on most occasions to speak all, or conceal all. We have already too much discover'd our Secrets to a Man, from whom we think we must conceal one single Circumstance.

* *Nicander* entertains *Elisa* on the sweet and complaisant manner in which he liv'd with his Wife, from the day of their Marriage to the hour of her Death; he has said before, he was sorry he had no Children by her, and now repeats it: He talks one while of his Houses in Town, another while of his Lands in the Country; he calculates the Revenue they bring him in; he lays down the Plan of his Buildings, describes the situation of his Seat, amplifies on the conveniency of the Apartments, as well as on the Richness and Neatness of the Furniture; he assures her he loves good Cheer and fine Equipages, and complains that his late Wife was too much averse to Play and Society. You are so Rich, says one of his Friends, who is plac'd for the purpose, why don't you buy such an Office, or make such an addition to your Income? Oh! Lord, Sir, replies *Nicander*, indeed you believe me richer than I am. He forgets not his Extraction and Matches: *The Lord Treasurer, who is my Cousin; The Chancellors Lady, who is my near Kinswoman;* this is his Stile. He tells her how he became discontented with his nearest Relations, and offended with his Heirs? Am not I wrong'd? Have I any great Reason to do well for them, says he to *Elisa*? and he desires her to be Judge. He then insinuates, that he is in a feeble and languishing state of Health, and speaks of the Vault where he designs to be Interr'd. He fawns, flatters, and is very officious to all those who have any interest in the Lady he courts. But *Elisa* has not courage enough to grow Rich at the Price of being his Wife. The minute he's talking to her in comes a Gentleman, whose Presence alone dismounts the Batteries rais'd by this Citizen; he gets up melancholy and disorder'd, and is now say-

ing the same things somewhere else, which he said to *Elisa*.

* Wise Men sometimes avoid the World, that they may not be surfeited with it.

Of the Goods of Fortune.

A Very rich Man may eat his Dainties, paint his Ceiling and Alcoves, regale himself at his Palace in the Country, and keep another in Town, marry his Daughter to a Duke, and buy a Title for his Son; this is just and within his Compass; but it belongs to other Men perhaps to live content.

* A high Birth, or a great Fortune set off Merit, and makes it the sooner to be distinguish'd.

* Some Excuse to an ambitious Coxcomb for his Ambition, is the Care he takes after he has rais'd his Fortune, to find out some Merit which he never had before, to render him as worthy in our Opinions, as he is in his own.

* As Riches and Favour forsake a Man, we discover he was a Fool, but no body could find it out in his prosperity.

* If it was not what we experience every day, we could not imagine the strange Disproportion a few, or a great many Pieces of Money, set between Men.

Those few or many Pieces of Money are what determine Men to the Profession of Arms, the Long Robe,

Robe, or the Church; there is scarce any other Call.

* Two Merchants, who were Neighbours, and drove the same Trade, had in the end a quite different Fortune: They had each an only Daughter, who were nurst together, and liv'd in a Familiarity suitable to Persons of the same Age and Condition: One of 'em, at last, to deliver herself from extream misery, endeavours to place herself abroad; she enters into the Service of a great Lady, one of the first rank at Court; her *quondam* Companion.

* If the *Financier* misses his aim, the Courtier says of him, he is a Citizen, worth nothing, a meer Scoundrel; if he succeeds, he sues for his Daughter in Marriage.

* Some Men in their Youth serve an Apprenticeship to a Trade, and exercise a very different one the rest of their Lives.

* A Man is ugly, ill shap'd, and a Fool; one whispers, and tells me he has has 50000 Livres a The Duke of Ventadour. year: That concerns him alone, and I shall never be the better nor the worse for it. How weak indeed were I, if I should begin to look on him with other Eyes, and cou'd not preserve my self Master of my own Reason?

* 'Tis in vain to pretend to turn a rich Block-head into ridicule; the Laughters are still on his side.

* N..... with a clownish rude Porter, with a Porch and an Anti-Chamber, obliges People to wait, and tire themselves with Attendance on him for the most trivial affairs: he appears afterwards with a grave Mien and regular Step; he hears 'em two or three words, and sends 'em going, without conducting them to the Door, or shewing them the least

least Civility; how little soever a Fellow he appears elsewhere, at home he will be thought a Person of some Consideration.

* The necessity I have of your Service, *Clitophon*, rouses me early from my Bed, and sends me forth to wait at your Door: wou'd to the Gods I had no occasion to sollicit or be troublesome to you: your Slaves tell me you are in your Closet, and 'twill be an hour at least before I can speak with you: I return much sooner than the time appointed, and they say you are gone out. What is it, *Clitophon*, you have to do of such consequence, in the inmost corner of your House, which should hinder you from seeing me? You file up your Papers, collate your Register, mark some particular Places, and Paraphrase others; I had but one thing to ask you, and you but one word to answer, *Yes* or *No*: If you would be Esteem'd, serve such as depend on you, you will get more Credit by it, than by making your self invisible. O thou important Man and loaded with Affairs, who in thy turn standest in need of my Assistance! Come, and welcome, to the innermost recesses of my Apartment, the Philosopher is accessible, I will not put you off till to morrow; you will find me turning over *Plato* on the Immortality of the Soul, or with Pen in hand, calculating the distance of *Saturn* and *Jupiter*, admiring the Works of the Creator, and endeavouring, by acquiring a perfect knowledge of the Truth, to rectifie my Mind, and become better; enter then, all my Doors are open, my Anti-Chamber is not made to tire yourself in, while you expect me, come forward till you find me, without the Ceremony of giving me notice: you bring me something more precious than Silver or Gold, if 'tis an opportunity to oblige you; speak what it is you would have me to do
for

or you? must I leave my Books, my Studies, my Writing, and the Line I have just begun? no matter, it is a happy interruption, if it can be of any use to you. The Man of Business is as unapproachable as a Bear, one can't see him ever at home, but with a great deal of trouble, or rather as soon as you once see him, 'tis to see no more of him: while on the contrary, the Man of Letters is seen of every body, at all hours, in all conditions, at Table, in Bed, Naked, Drest, in Sicknes or in Health; he is no Important Man, and is very glad he is not.

* Let us not envy some Men their great Riches, their Burthen would be too heavy for us; we could not Sacrifice, as they do, Health, Quiet, Honour and Conscience, to obtain 'em: 'Tis to pay so dear for 'em, that there is nothing to be got by the Bargain.

* The P. T. S. move in us all the Passions successively: we first despise them for their obscurity; we then envy 'em, and afterwards fear, hate, and sometimes esteem and respect 'em; we often live long enough to finish our Concern for them by Compassion.

* *Sofias*, from a Footman, got to be an under Farmer of the Revenue, and by Extortion, Violence, and abusing his trust, is now advanc'd, on the ruins of several Families, to a high Post. He is ennobl'd by his Station, and wants nothing now but Honesty.

* *Arfuria* us'd formerly to walk alone, unattended and afoot to the Cathedral, heard the Sermon from a corner of the Church, where she lost half the words, and saw but one side of the Preacher; her Virtue was obscure, and her Devotion as little known as her Person: Her Husband

is

The Partisans, Farmers of the Revenue.

Madam de Belizany.

is got into the Pay Office; what a prodigious Fortune has he made in less than six years! She never comes now to Church but in a Coach, her long Train is born up, the Preacher stops while she places herself she looks him in the Face, not a Word or Motion escapes her; the Priests quarrel who shall Confess her; every one strives to give her Absolution, but the Curate carries it from 'em all.

† Mr. Mont-
teron.

* † *Cresus* is carry'd to the Church-yard, and of all the Riches which he acquir'd by Rapine and Extortion, and spent in Riot and Luxury, there is nothing left to get him a decent Interment; he dy'd insolvent, without Goods, and consequently without Succour; Jallops, Cordials, Medicines, were not to be seen at his House, not the least Physician, nor even a Divine to assure him of his Salvation.

Mr. Mont-
nerot.

* *Champagne* rising from an extravagant Dinner, his Stomach charg'd, and his Head full of the sweet Fumes of delicious Wine, signs an Order which was presented him, that would have starv'd a whole Province, if it had not been revok'd; he is excusable, for how could a Man in the first hour of digestion comprehend that any one could die with hunger?

M. Gage
now Mr.
Daintaign
a Farmer
of the Re-
venue, Son-
in-Law to
the Mar-
quis of
Valence.

* *Silvanus* with his Money has acquir'd Birth and another Name; he is Lord of the Mannor where his Grandfathers were Vassals; he was not formerly good enough to be *Cleobulus's* Page, but he is now his Son-in-Law.

* *Dorus* is carry'd in a Litter along the *Appian* way, his Freed men and Slaves run before him to run off the People, and make way for him; he wants nothing but Lictors; he enters *Rome* with a Train of Coaches, where he seems to triumph over the Meanness and Poverty of his Father *Sanga*.

* No

* No one can put his Fortune to a better use than † *Periander*, it brings him Precedence, Credit and Authority; his Friendship is no longer degraded, but his Protection implor'd; he begins to say of himself, *A Man of my Condition*, and sometimes *Man of my Quality*, for he pretends to be such, and there are none who borrow Money of him, or sit at his Table, which is very delicate, that dare dispute it: his Seat is stately, the outside is Dock, 'tis no Gate, but a *Portico*; is it a Private house or a Temple? The people are at a loss to know which it is: He is Lord Paramount of all the neighbourhood; his Neighbours envy him, and would gladly see his fall; and Wife's Diamond-Necklace makes the Ladies his Enemies: Every thing agrees in him; he acts like himself in the Grandeur he has acquir'd, and for which he is indebted to no body. But why did not his feeble old Father die twenty years ago, before any mention was made of *Periander*? How shall he endure those odious Registers of Pedigrees, which decipher Mens Qualities, and frequently make the Widow or the Heir ashamed, and blush at their Preences? How shall he hide 'em from the Eyes of a Jealous, Malicious, Clear-sighted Town, and at the expence of a thousand People, who, for asserting their Precedence, will be at all Funerals and Publick Processions? What would you have him to do, shall he stile his Father Worshipful, who calls himself Right Honourable?

* How many Men are like those Trees, which being already tall and well grown, are transplanted into Gardens, where they surprize those who see them in those fine places, where they never saw 'em grow, and who know neither their Beginning nor Progress.

* If

* If some dead Men were to rise again, and see their Arms or Names born, their Lands, Castles, ancient Seats and Titles possess'd by those very Persons who were once their Tenants, what Opinion could they have of our Age?

* Nothing makes us better comprehend what little things God thinks he bestows on Mankind, when he suffers 'em to abound in Riches, Gold, Settlements, Stations, and other Advantages, than the Distribution he makes of 'em, and the sort of Men who are best provided.

* If you were to enter into the Kitchen, where all that Art and Method can do, are employ'd to flatter your Taste, and make you eat above what is necessary; if you examin'd the Particulars of all the Dishes which are prepar'd for you at a Feast; if you observ'd how many hands they go through, or what different Forms they pass before they become exquisite Meats, and arrive at that Neatness and Elegance, which charm your Eyes, puzzle your Choice, and force you to taste all; if you saw the whole Repast any where else than on a well spread Table, how would you be disgusted and offended? If you were to go behind the Scenes, and number the Weights, the Wheels, the Ropes, which make the Flights and Machines at the Theatre; if you were to consider how many Men are employ'd in the execution of their Motions, how they stretch their Arms and Extend their Nerves, you would exclaim, are these the Springs, the Movements of so fine a Shew, which seem'd animated and acted only by it self? You would cry out, What Efforts! What Violence! So with respect to the Framers of the Kings Revenues, enquire not too narrowly into their Fortune.

* This Youth so fresh, so flourishing and healthy, is Lord of an Abby, and ten other Benefices, they bring him in all together, one hundred and twenty thousand Livres a Year, which are paid him constantly in Gold. There are elsewhere one hundred and twenty Indigent Families, who have no Fire to warm 'em in the Winter, no Cloaths to cover their Nakedness, nor Bread to eat; their Poverty is extream and shameful: What Inequality? Does not this clearly demonstrate a Futurity?

* *Chryssippus*, a new Nobleman, and the first of his Race, wish'd thirty Years ago for two thousand Livres a Year, and this he said should content him; this bounded his Desires, this was the top of his Ambition; thus he then said, and there are many who remember it. Some time after he rose high enough, I know not by what means, to give as much for a Portion to his Daughter, as he had desir'd for himself during his Life; the like Sum lies counted in his Coffers for each of his Children, and he has many to be provided for. This is only something for the present, there is a greater Estate to be expected at his Death. He is still alive, advanc'd to a great Age, and employs the rest of his time in labouring to be richer.

* Let *Ergastus* alone, and he will demand a Duty from every one who drinks the River Water, or walks on dry Land; he knows how to convert Reeds, Rushes and Nettles into Gold; he hears all Advices, and proposes every thing he hears. The Prince gives nothing to any one, but at *Ergastus's* Expence; parts with no Favours but what are his due; he has an insatiable Hunger to have and to hold. If he was believ'd, the Prince would let to Farm Harmony it self, and he fancies that

the

*The Arch-
bishop of
Rheims.*

*Mr Lan-
geois, Fa-
ther in-
Law to the
Mareschal
de Tour-
ville.*

*The Baron
de Beau-
vais.*

the People would be so well pleas'd to see him Rich, to see his Hounds and Stables, that they would forgot the Musick of *Orpheus*, and be contented with his.

‡ Lully

* Have nothing to do with *Criton*, who never regards any Person's Interest, when his own is to be promoted: the Snare is always ready laid for those who deal with him: if you have a desire for his Lands, or what else is his, he will impose Conditions on you that are extravagant: there is no fair Dealing or Composition to be expected from a Man so full of his own Interest: 'tis a Bubble that he wants.

Monsieur Bertier, a famous Partisan or Farmer of the Revenue.

* *Brontin*, they say, retires and locks himself up eight hours a day with Saints; they have their Meditations, and he has his.

* The People have very often the pleasure of a Tragedy; and see on the Theatre of the World the most odious, infamous, and mischievous Actors come to wretched ends.

† Farmers of the Revenue.

† If we divide the Lives of the † *Partisans* into two parts, the first vigorous and active, is busy'd in afflicting the people, the second, bordering on Death, is spent in detecting and destroying one another.

Monsieur Fouquet.

* That Man who made your Fortune, and several others, has not been able to maintain his own, or secure his Wife and Children's after his Death: they live obscure and unhappy: though you are well inform'd of the Misery of their Condition, you have no thoughts of alleviating it; you have no time for it, being too much concern'd in building and keeping a good House of your own; yet in Gratitude you preserve your Benefactor's Picture, tho, 'tis true, it has been remov'd from the Closet

to the Anti-Chamber. Wonderful respect from thence it may be thrown into the Ward-robe.

* There is an obduracy of Temper, and another of Estate and Condition, from whence as much as from the first, we learn to be inflexible to the Miseries of others: I may say to the Misfortunes of our own Family: A good *Partisan* grieves not for his Friends, his Wife or his Children.

* Fly, Retire; You are not far enough: How? say you, I am under the other Tropick: get under the Pole into the other Hemisphere; mount to the Stars, if possible: I am there; very well, then your'e in safety. I look down on the Earth, and there discover a Man covetous, inexorable and insatiable, who sacrifice's every thing he meets in his way, whatever it costs his Neighbours, to provide for himself, enlarge his Fortune, and abound in Riches.

* To make one's Fortune is so fine a Phrase, and so very significant, that 'tis universally us'd; it pass'd from the Court to the City, brok its way into the Cloysters, scal'd the Walls of the Abbeys of both Sexes; there is no place sacred or profane, where it has not penetrated; it pleases Strangers and *Barbarians*; 'tis met with in all Languages, and there is scarce any one now who can speak, but has learnt to make use on't.

* He who has cunning enough to fill his Coffers, thinks presently he has a head fit for Government.

* To make one's Fortune, and especially a great Fortune, a Man ought to have one sort of Wit; but 'tis neither the good nor the fine Wit, the great nor the sublime, the strong nor the delicate; I cannot exactly tell which it is, and must stay till I'm inform'd.

Custom and Experience are more useful in making one's Fortune than Wit; we think of it too late, and when at last we resolve on't, we begin by those Faults which we have not always time to amend: Whence perhaps it proceeds, that Fortunes are so rarely acquir'd.

A Man of a little Genius may be fond of advancing himself; in such case, neglecting all things else, he will think on't from Morning till Night, and then break his Rest with contriving how to effect it; he begins early, and sets out in his Youth in the way to Preferment; if he finds any thing oppose his passage, he naturally turns his byas, and goes on the right hand or left, according as he sees it most convenient; if new Obstacles arise here, he returns into the old path he quitted, and disposes himself by the nature of the difficulties, sometimes to surmount 'em, sometimes to avoid 'em, or take other measures, as Custom, Interest and Opportunity direct him. Is so good a Head, and such great Talents, necessary for a Traveller to follow at first sight the great Road, and if that is full or crowded, to cross the Fields, and continue in a bye and a nearer way, till by this means he gets again at last into the former Road, and finishes his Journey? Is so much Sense requisite to attain his ends? Is it then such a wonder, for a Coxcomb to be Rich and in Reputation?

There are some stupid and weak men, who place themselves in fine Stations, and die Rich, yet we ought not to suppose they have contributed to it by the least Industry or Labour: Some body has directed 'em to the Fountain-head, or perhaps, Chance only led 'em to it. They have been then
askt,

askt, Would you have Water? Draw, and they have drawn it.

* When we are young, we are often poor; we have neither made Acquisitions, nor are our Inheritances falln yet into our hands: we become Rich and Old at the same time; thus 'tis rare that Men can unite all their Advantages. And if perhaps some Persons are so fortunate, they deserve not our Envy, since they may by death be so great Losers, that they deserve our Compassion.

* A Man must be thirty years old before he's fit to think of his fortune: 'Tis not 'completed before fifty; he goes to Building in his old Age, and dies by that time his House is in a condition to be Painted and Glaz'd.

* What is the fruit of a great Fortune? Unless it be to enjoy the Vanity, Industry, Pains, and Expence of those who went before us; and to Labour our selves in Planting, Building and Inlarging for our Posterity?

* Men open their Shops, and set out their Wares every morning to cheat their Customers, and shut 'em up at Night after having cheated all day.

In all Conditions the poorest Man is the nearest Neighbour to Honesty, and the rich as little distant from Knavery; Sense and Ability seldom get a Man excessive Riches.

A shew of Honesty is in all Trades the surest way to grow rich.

* The shortest and best way to make your Fortune, is to convince People 'tis their Interest to serve you.

* Men, prest by the Necessities of Life, or sometimes by a desire to acquire Riches or Glory, encourage themselves by Deceit, and cultivate

wicked Inclinations, and Knavish Practices, forgetting the Danger and Consequence; they quit 'em afterwards for a discreet Devotion, which was never seen in 'em before their Harvest was gather'd, and they were in possession of a well establish'd Fortune.

* There are Miseries which make People Cowards; some want even Food, they dread the Winter, and are afraid of living; others elsewhere are eating early Fruits, forcing the Earth and the Seasons, to please their Palates. I have known meer Citizens have the Impudence to swallow at a Morsel the Nourishment of a hundred Families: I will avoid these Extremities; and if I can I will neither be happy nor unhappy, that is, neither rich nor poor, but take sanctuary in an honest Mediocrity.

* The Poor are troubl'd that they want all things; and no body comforts 'em. The Rich are angry that they can want the least thing, or that any one should resist 'em.

* He is rich, whose Income is more than his Expences; and he is poor whose Expences are more than his Income.

There are some, who with an Annual Revenue of two Millions are poor by five hundred thousand Livres a year.

There is nothing keeps longer than a little Fortune, and no thing is sooner gone than a great one.

Great Riches are near Neighbours to Poverty.

If he is rich he wants nothing, a very wise Man is a very rich Man.

If he is poor who desires much, and is always in want, the Ambitious and the Covetous languish in extream Poverty.

* The

* The Passions tyrannize over Mankind, but Ambition suspends the rest, and gives 'em a little while the Appearance of Virtues. I once believ'd *Tryphon*, who is now guilty of every vice, sober, chaste, liberal, humble, and even devout; and I might have believ'd it still, if he had not made his Fortune.

* There is no end to a Man's desire of growing Rich and Great; the Cough seizes him, Death approaches, his Face is shrivell'd, and his Legs weak, yet he cries, *My Fortune, my Preference*.

* There is but two ways of rising in the World, by your own Industry, or by the Weakness of others.

* Features discover Complexion and Manners, but 'tis the Air that discovers the Goods of Fortune; 'tis written in a Man's Countenance, whether he has more or less than a thousand Livres a year.

* *Cryfantes*, a wealthy impertinent Man, would not be seen with *Eugenius*, who is a Man of Merit, but poor, lest he should dishonour him. *Eugenius* has the same Dispositions for *Cryfantes*; there's no great fear that they will often run against one another.

* When I see some Persons, who us'd to be before-hand with me in their Civilities, expect I should salute 'em first, and stand on their Punctilio's, I say to my self, very fine, I am glad things go so well with you; 'tis certain, this Gentleman is better provided for than formerly, that he is got into some Post or other, by which he has already considerably advanc'd his Fortune. Pray Heav'n it may go on with him, and that in time he may come e'n to despise me.

* If good Thoughts, good Books, and their Authors, depended on Riches, or such as have made a fair Fortune, what a hard Fate would the Learned lie under? What a Power would then be assum'd over them? With what Authority would they treat those poor Wretches, whose Merit has not advanc'd, or enrich'd 'em, and who make it their whole study to Think or Write Judiciously. We must confess, the present time is for the Rich, the future, for the Vertuous and Ingenious: *Homer* lives still, and will ever flourish, whilst a thousand Treasurers and Collectors are no more: They are forgot, and we may now ask if they ever have been? Are their Names or their Country known? Were there any *Artisans* in *Greece*? What is become of all those important personages who despis'd *Homer*, who were careful to avoid him, who never saluted him, or saluted him bluntly, who disdain'd to see him at their Tables, who look'd on him as one who was not rich, and had writ a Book? What will become of the † *Fauconets*? Will they go as far in Posterity as *Descartes*, who was born a *Frenchman*, and died in *Sweden*?

† *Messieurs*
Berthelot
Farmers of
the Kings
Revenues.

* The same Pride which makes a Man haughtily insult over his Inferiours, forces him to crawl vilely before those who are above him. The Property of this Vice, founded on Riches, Posts, Credit and useles Sciences, without personal Merit or solid Virtue, obliges a Man equally to despise those who are below him in Fortune, and to over-value those whose Circumstances exceed his own.

* There are some filthy Souls, fed by Nastiness and Ordure, who are inflam'd by Interest and Gain, as great Souls are fir'd by Glory and Virtue; sensible of no pleasure but one, which is getting,

getting, and never losing; covetous and exact to the last penny, busy'd wholly about their Debtors, restless and uneasy about the raising or lowering of the Coin, lost and immerg'd in Writings, Parchments, Titles and Covenants. These People are neither Relations, Friends, Citizens, Christians, or perhaps Men: they have Money.

* Let us first except those noble and courageous Souls, if there are any of this kind in being, who are helpful to such as are in want, who make use only of their Ingenuity to do good, whom no Necessities, Disproportion, or Malice can separate from those they have once chose for their Friends; and let us after this pronounce a Truth, sad and doleful to be imagin'd: There's not a Man in the World, whom Love, Inclination, and a long Society have engag'd to us, who has offer'd us a thousand Services, and sometimes done us a kindness, who has not yet in himself by the ties of his Interest, a Disposition to break with us, and become our Enemy.

* Whilst *Orontes* was increasing his Years, his Mr Dela- Wealth and his Revenue, a Girl was born in a rayoc. certain Family; she grew up, flourish'd, and enter'd into her sixteenth year: He at fifty, Courts this witty, young and fair Creature to marry him; and she prefers him, without Birth, Wit, or the least Merit, to all his Rivals.

* Marriage, which ought to be the Fountain of all good things, is often by the Disposition of Mens Fortunes, a heavy Load that suppresses 'em with its weight. And such it is, when Wife and Children are a Violent Temptation to Fraud, Falshood, and unlawful Gains for their Maintenance; strange Situation, when they find themselves hemm'd in between Indigence and Knavery!

To marry a Widow, is in plain terms to make one's Fortune, tho' it does not always prove as it signifies.

* He whose Portion with his Brethren would only maintain him like a tolerable Lawyer, is presently for being a Serjeant. The Serjeant would be a Judge, and the Judge a Chancellor; and thus it is with all conditions, in which men languish, frighten'd and indigent, after having attempted beyond their Fortune, and forc'd, as I may say, their Destiny; incapable at once not to desire to be Rich, and to continue Rich.

* Dine well, *Clearchus*, make a good Supper, sit by large Fires, buy you a Lac'd Cloak, hang your Chamber with Tapestry; what need you care who is to come after you? You have either no Heir, or you don't know him, or what is worse, you have no Love for him.

* When we are young, we lay up for old Age: when we are old, we save for Death. The Prodigal Heir pays for a pompous Funeral, and devours the rest.

* The Miser dead spends more in one day than when living he did in ten Years; and his Heir in ten Months, more than he could part with in all his Life.

* The Prodigal robs his Heir, the Miser robs himself. The middle way between both, is Justice to our selves and others.

* Children perhaps would be dearer to their Parents, and Parents to their Children, were it not for the Title of Heirs.

* 'Tis a bad Condition, and which makes Life distasteful; to watch, sweat, submit and depend for a little Fortune, which we expect from the last pangs of our nearest Relations: He who ma-

sters himself so far, that he does not wish his Father's death, is an honest Man.

* Complaisance is the Character of one who would be an Heir; we are never better flatter'd, better obey'd, more follow'd, more courted, more attended, and more carest, than by the persons who hope to get by our Death, and wish it may happen quickly.

* All Men, by different Posts, Titles and Successions, look on themselves as one anothers Heirs: And for this reason, are ever breeding and cherishing a secret desire for each others Death. He is the happiest Man, in each Condition, who has most things to lose by his Death, and to leave to his Successor.

* 'Tis said of Play that it equals all Conditions; but there is often such strange Disproportion, and such vast distance between this and that Condition, that our Eyes are choak'd and offended to see such extremities meet together. 'Tis like Discord in Musick, like Colours ill sort'd, like Oaths that offend the Ear, or Sounds and Noises which jar, and are ungrateful. In a word, 'tis overturning all Order and Decency. If any one tells me 'tis the practice of all the West, I answer, 'tis perhaps one of those things which render us barbarous to the other part of the World, and what the Eastern People, who come this way, remark of us in their Journals: I question not but they are as much disgusted with this excess of Familiarity, as we are shock'd with their *Zombay*, * and their other Prostrations.

* See the
Relation of
the Voyage
to Siam

* An Assembly of the States, or of the Courts of Justice in Capital Cases, shew nothing so serious and grave, as a Table of Gamesters playing very high; a melancholy Severity reigns in their Looks;

Looks ; implacable towards one another, and irreconcilable Enemies while the Meeting lasts ; they consider neither Friendship, Alliances, Birth nor Distinctions. Chance alone, that blind and wild Divinity, presides over the Circle, and decides Sovereignly there on all occasions ; they all adore her by a profound Silence and Attention, which they can never observe elsewhere : All the Passions seem suspended a while, to give place only to one ; the Courtier is at this time neither Gentle, Flattering, Complaisant, nor even Devout.

*Mr Morin
e famous
Gamesker.*

* We can't perceive in those people who have risen by Play and Gaming the least trace of their former condition ; they lose sight of their Equals, and associate only with persons of the first Quality : 'Tis true, the Fortune of the Dye, or *Lansquenet*, often sets 'em down where it took them up.

* I am not surpriz'd that there are so many Publick Gaming-Houses, which are like so many Snares laid for Men's Avarice, like Whirlpools, where some private Men's Money is sunk without hopes of return, like frightful Rocks, where such as play are lost, and dash'd in pieces ; that Sharpers have continually their Emissaries abroad to learn who comes laden from the Country with the price of an Estate lately sold, who has got a Suit at Law, which has brought him in a great sum, who has been successful at Play ; what Heir has leapt into a large Inheritance, or what Officer will venture his whole Cash on the turn of a Card. 'Tis true, 'tis a filthy Rascally Trade, and every one that deals with 'em are sure to be cheated ; but 'tis a Trade well known, very ancient, and a long while practis'd by the Men we call profest Game-

Gamesters ; They have a Sign at their Doors, and this may be the Inscription, *Here is cheating in an honest way* ; for I suppose they will not pretend to be unblameable. Every one knows that to enter, and to lose in these Houses is but one and the same thing ; but that they should have Bubbles enough to make a substance on't, is what I can't understand.

* How many thousands have been ruin'd by Gaming, and yet you say foolishly you can't live without it : What an excuse is this ? Is there any violent and shameful Passion which may not use the same Language ? Would we admit one to say, he can't live without Murders, Rapes and Robberies ? Is playing without bounds, without consideration or intermission, to the total ruin of your Adversary, whilst you, transported with a lawless desire of Gain, made outrageous by Losses, and inflam'd by Avarice, expose on a Card, or the chance of a Dye, your own, your Wives, and your Children's Fortune ; Is this allowable ? Is this a Sport you cannot live without ? And yet are there not often worse consequences than these at Play ? When entirely routed, you are oblig'd to part with your Cloaths, your Food, and the Provision of your Family, for this unreasonable Diversion.

*Mr the
President
Robert.*

I allow no body to be a Knave ; but I allow a Knave to play high. I forbid it an honest Man ; there is too much folly and puerility in exposing ones self to a great loss.

* There is but one affliction which is lasting, and that is the loss of an Estate ; Time, which sweetens all others, sharpens this ; we feel it every moment during the course of our Lives, while we miss the Fortune we have lost.

* The

* The Man who spends his Estate, without marrying his Daughters, paying his Debts, or laying it out to Advantage, may be well enough lik'd by every one but his Wife and Children.

* Neither the Troubles, *Zenobia*, which disturb your Empire, or the War, which since the death of the King your Husband, you have so heroically maintain'd against a powerful Nation, diminish any thing of your Magnificence. You have prefer'd the Banks of *Euphrates* to any other Country, and resolv'd to raise a stately Fabrick there. The Air is healthy and temperate, the Situation charming, that sacred Wood makes an awful shade on the West, the *Syrian* Gods, who sometimes dwell on Earth, could not chuse a finer abode; the Plain about it is peopl'd with Men, who are constantly employ'd in shaping or cutting, going and coming, transporring the Timber of *Lebanon*, Brass and Porphiry; their Tools and Engines are heard in the Air, and the Travellers, who pass that way to *Arabia*, expect in their return home, to see it finish'd with all the splendor you design to bestow on't, e're you, or the Princes your Children make it your Dwelling. Spare nothing, Great Queen, neither Gold, nor the Labour of the most excellent Artists, let the *Phidias's* and *Zeuxis's* of your Age, shew the utmost of their Art on your Walls and Ceilings; mark out vast and delicious Gardens, whose Beauty shall appear to be all Enchantment, and not the Workmanship of Man; exhaust your Treasures, and tire your Industry on this incomparable Edifice, and after you have given it the last perfection, *Zenobia*, some Grazier or other, who lives on the neighbouring Sands of *Palmyra*, enricht by taking Toll on your Rivers, shall buy with ready Money this

Royal

Royal Mansion, to adorn it, and make it worthy of him and his Fortune.

* This Palace, this Furniture, these Gardens, these rare Water-works charm you, and force you to cry out at the first sight of so delicious a House, on the extream felicity of him who possesses it: Alas he is no more, he never liv'd so peaceably and agreeably as your self; he never knew a serene day, or a quiet night; he sunk beneath the Debts he contracted in adorning this Structure with the Beauties which transport you; his Creditors drove him away from it, he turn'd back his head, and from far gave it the final view, which he was so concern'd at, that he dy'd that very instant.

* We see frequently in certain Families what we call the Caprice of Fortune: 'Tis at least a hundred years ago since some Families were talkt of, or even were in being. Heaven on a sudden opens it self in their favour, and showers down on 'em from all Quarters, Honours, Dignities and Stations, and they swim in Prosperity. *Eumolpas*, one of those Men that ne'r heard of their Grandfathers, had a Father who was elevated so high, that every thing he desir'd, during the course of a long Life, he attain'd, if it was to be attain'd: Did this proceed from an eminent Wit, or a profound Capacity, either in the Father or the Son, or was it only from certain favourable conjunctures? Fortune at last smiles on 'em no longer, she goes to sport herself elsewhere, and treats their Posterity as she did their Ancestors.

* What immediately causes the Ruin and Overthrow of Men of the Long Robe and the Sword, is, that their Professions alone, and not their Estates govern their Expences.

* If you have forgot nothing towards making your Fortune, how great was your Labour ! If the least thing, how long your Repentance !

* *Giton* has a fresh Complexion, a smooth Face, a steady and resolute Look, large Shoulders, a full Crest, a firm and deliberate Step ; he Speaks boldly, and must have every word repeated, that is spoken to him, and is but indifferently pleas'd with any thing : He displays a large Handkerchief, put it to his Nose, and blows hard enough for all to hear him ; he spits about the Room, and sneezes aloud ; he sleeps by Day, he sleeps by Night soundly, he snores in Company ; he takes up more room than any one else in walking, or at Table ; he takes the Wall of his Equals, he stops, they stop, he goes forward, they go forward ; all are govern'd by his motions ; he interrupts the person that speaks, but let him talk as long as he thinks fit, he is never interrupted, the Company is of his opinion, and his News is constantly the truest : If he sits down you see him in an Elbow-Chair, he crosses his Legs, wrinkles his Brows, pulls his Hat over his Eyes, and will see no body ; he raises himself afterwards, and discovers a proud and confident Forehead : He is merry, very gay, impatient, choleric, a Libertine and a Politician ; he believes himself a great Wit, and a great Genius : He is Rich.

Phedon has hallow Eyes, a red Face, a lean Body and a meagre Look : his Sleep is little, and his Slumbers light ; he is Pensive, Thoughtful and with good Sense, has the Air of one that's Stupid ; he forgets to speak what he knows, or to talk of those accidents with which he is acquainted ; if he speaks sometimes, he comes but ill off ; he is never hearken'd to, or taken notice of : he praises,
he

he laughs at others Jests, he is of their Opinions, he runs, he flies to do 'em little Services; he is a flatterer, complaisant, busie, mysterious in his affairs, superstitious, scrupulous, timorous, and sometimes a Lyar; he steps lightly and softly, he seems afraid to tread the ground; he walks with his Eyes downward, dares not raise 'em to look on those who pass by him; he never makes one in any of those Companies that meet on purpose to discourse, he puts himself behind him who speaks, hears but by stealth, and sneaks off if observ'd; he has no place, no room any where, he pulls his Hat over his Eyes, that he may not be seen, he folds and shuts himself up in a Cloak, there is no Street or Gallery so crowded or throng'd but he finds a way to get thro without jostling, and creeps along without being perceiv'd; if he is desir'd to sit, he seats himself on the edge of the Chair, he talks low in Conversation, and not very plain; however, he is free with the Publick affairs, angry with the Age, and but indifferently pleas'd with the Ministers and the Ministry; he seldom opens his Mouth but to reply; blows his Nose under his Hat, spits in his Handkerchief, gets into a corner to sneeze, that the Company may not perceive it, he costs no body a Complement, or a Salutation: He is poor.

Of the City.

AT *Paris* we meet as exactly without Appointment, as if it were some publick Affignation; we are punctual every Evening at the *Tuilleries* and the *Cours*, to observe all Faces there, and to like none.

We can't forbear even the Company of those Persons whom we hate and deride.

We wait for one another at these Meetings, and as we pass by are curious in examining Coaches, Horses and Liveries; nothing escapes our Eyes, which are, in these cases, very nice and malicious; we respect or disdain the people we meet, according to the Greatness or Smallness of their Equipage.

* Every body knows the Long-Bank which borders the River *Seine*, on that side where it receives the *Marne* at its entry into *Paris*. At the foot of the Bank the Men delight to bath themselves, during the heats of the Dog-days, we can see 'em at a little distance throw themselves into the Water, and return out of it: And 'tis observable, that the City-Women never walk that way till this Season comes, and when 'tis past, walk there no longer.

* In those Places of general Concourse, where the Ladies assemble only to shew their fine Silks, and reap the fruit of their Toilet, People don't walk with a Company for the benefit of Conversation,

tion, but couple together, to get a little Confidence, and embolden themselves against the common Reflections that are made there. They talk here, and say nothing, or rather talk to be taken notice of by such as pass by 'em, for whose sake they raise their Voices, cringe, bow negligently, and make several turns.

* The Town is divided into several Societies, which like so many little Republicks, have their particular Laws, Custom, Jargon and Jest: nothing is allow'd to be well done, which they had no hand in; those 'who have not been initiated in their Mysteries are contemn'd. A Man of Wit, and one who knows the World, whom Chance has thrown amongst them, finds himself in a strange Country, where he is ignorant of the Roads, Language, Manners and Customs; he sees here a sort of people, who sometimes make a noise, sometimes whisper, sometimes laugh aloud, and presently fall again into a doleful silence; he loses himself here, and can hardly tell how to put his words into any tolerable order, or get himself heard. Here is always some forward Coxcomb, who with insipid Jest, and wretched Buffoonry, makes himself the Hero of the Society: This Man is the Director of the others Merriment, and they always laugh at his Jest before he speaks. If at any time a Woman comes amongst 'em, who is not a Companion in their pleasures, the jolly Club wonders she should not laugh at those pretty things she does not understand, and appear insensible at the Trifles which they would not be pleas'd with, if they were not their own; they will neither forgive her, her Speech, her Silence, her Shape, her Complexion, her Dress, nor the Manner of her coming in, or going out. The same Club,

K

how.

however, never lives two years successfully; in the first there are always sown those Seeds of Division which break it the next, by Quarrels about some Beauty, disputes at Play, extravagant Feasts, which tho' modest in the beginning, soon degenerate into Pyramids of Victuals and costly Banquets, to the utter overthrow of their Commonwealth: thus in a little while there is no more talk of this People, than of the last years Flies.

* In the City there is the greater Robe and the less: The first of these revenge themselves on the other, for the Contempt and the Mortifications they meet with at Court: 'Tis not easily known where the greater ends, or where the less begins, there being a considerable body of those who refuse to be of the second Order, and who are not yet allow'd to be of the first: They will not however give place to the other: On the contrary, they endeavour by their Gravity and Expence to equal 'em in Magistracy, and will not yield it 'em without difficulty: They are often heard to say, that the Nobleness of their Employment, the Independency of their Profession, their Talent at Speaking, and their Personal Merit, balance at least the Bags of Money, which the Sons of *Partisans* or Bankers, paid for their Offices.

* You are unwise to sit idle in your Coach, or it may be to sleep there: Make haste, take up your Briefs and your Papers, read out, salute no body, not so much as people of the greatest Quality, and they will believe you a person of extraordinary Business: This Man, say they, is laborious and indefatigable; he reads, he's at work in the Street, and on the Road: Observe but the least Attorney, he would be thought overladen with his Affairs; he knits his Brows, muses most profoundly, as if he

he had something to do, and pretends so much Business, that he can't find time for Eating and Drinking: He is seldom seen about his House; he vanishes presently, and is lost in his Closet; he hides himself from the Publick, avoids the Theatre, which he leaves to those who run no risk to appear there, tho they have the leisure, to the *Gomons* and the *Dubamels*.

* There are a certain number of young Magistrates, whom Pleasure and Estates have associated to some of those who are call'd at Court, *little Masters*; they imitate them in all their Actions, and carry themselves much below the Gravity of their Robe; they believe themselves dispenc'd with their Age and their Fortune, from being discreet or moderate; they borrow from the Court what is worst there, and appropriate to themselves Vanity, Luxury, Intemperance and Libertinism, as if all those Vices belong'd to 'em; they affect a Character far distant from what they ought to maintain, and in the end, according to their desires, they become the true Copies of most wicked Originals.

The President de Meme and others.

* A Man of the Robe in the City, when he appears at Court, looks like another Person; when he comes home, he resumes the Manners, the Complexion, the Look, and the Gesture, he left there; he is not so much embarrass'd, nor so honest.

Messieurs Malo Officers of the Robe.

* The *Crispins* join their Families together, and club for the six Horses, which lengthen their Equipage, and with a swarm of Men in Liveries, to which each furnishes his part, they triumph at the Park, or at *Vincennes*, with as much Splendor as a new Bridegroom, or as *Jason*, who is ruining himself by his Vanity, or as *Thrasion*, who has dispos'd of his Estate, and now sets up for marrying a fortune.

Mr Le
Clerc. de
Lefeville.

* I have heard talk of the *Sannions*, the same Name, the same Arms; the elder House, the younger House, and the youngest Branch of the youngest House; the first bear their Arms plain, the second with a Label, and the third with a Bordure indented; they blazon the same Colours with the *Bourbons* and the same Metal, they bear as well as they, two and one: 'Tis true, they are not *Flower-de-Luces*, but they are satisfy'd, and perhaps believe in their Hearts, their Bearings as Noble; they have 'em in common with Persons of the first Quality; we see 'em in their Windows, in their Chapels, on the Gates of their Castle, on the Pillars of their Seat of Justice, where many a Man is condemn'd to be hang'd, who only deserv'd Banishment; we see 'em on their Moveables and Lokcs; they are sown up and down on their Coaches, and their Liveries are as remarkable as their Arms. But to be plain with the *Sannions*, I must tell 'em, they should have had a little Patience to have tarry'd till the next Age, for in this their Folly appears too palpable; in a few years those who knew their Grand-father must follow him to the Grave; they are old, they can't live long; and who then would be able to say, There he kept his Stall, and sold his Goods very dear?

The *Sannions* and the *Crispins* had rather be thought extravagant than covetous; they tell you a long story of a Feast or Collation they made at one time; of the Money they lost at Play at another; they speak in their mysterious Jargon of the Ladies of their Acquaintance; they have ever a thousand pleasant things to tell each other, and are always making new Discoveries, passing amongst themselves for Men of very great Intrigue. One of 'em coming home late to his Country-House,

goes

goes to Bed, gets up in the morning, puts on his riding Accoutrements, adorns himself with Ribbons, ties back his Hair, takes his Fuzee, and is a Sportsman, if he did but shoot well; he returns at night wet and weary, without finding the Game, tries again on the morrow, and in this manner passes every day in missing the Thrushes and Partridges.

Another of them with two or three couple of ^{Mr do} bad Dogs, takes a Pride in calling 'em *My Pack*: ^{Nonvax} He is sure to be inform'd of all Hunting Matches, ^{Post M.} and of the place of Rendezvous; he is ready at ^{ster Ge.} the time appointed, and one of the first that begins the Chace; he beats the Bushes, has a Horn by his side, mingles himself with the Huntsmen, and does not ask, like *Menalippus*, *Have I any Pleasure in this?* but believes he really has; a meer *Hippolitus*; he forgets Pleadings and Declarations; *Menander*, who saw saw him yesterday on account of a Suit he had in his hands, to day does not know his Judge: to morrow you may see him again at his Chamber, where a Weighty and Capital Case is to be try'd; encompass'd round with his Brethren, he informs 'em that 'twas not his Hounds which lost the Stag, that he is hoarse with hallooing after the Dogs, who were at a fault, or after the Hunter, who mistook the Game, and that he was in with the Dogs at the Death of the Stag; but the Clock strikes, and he has no more time to talk of his Hounds, or Hunting, he must then to his Seat, where with the rest, he is to administer Justice.

* How great is the madness of some particular Men, who being posselt of great Estates, which their Fathers got for them by Trade and Industry, form themselves after the manner of Princes, for their Wardrobe, and Equipage, and by ex

Expences, and ridiculous Statelines, provoke the Laughter of the whole Town, which they a while fancy is dazzl'd with their Lustre, till they ruin themselves in the end, with striving to make themselves ridiculous. Some of 'em have not even the advantage to spread their Follies beyond the Street they live in, or to be talkt of out of the Neighbourhood, which is alone the Theatre of their Vanity; 'tis scarce known in the *L'Isle de Palais*, that *Andre* makes a Figure, and scatters his Patrimony in the *Marais*: If he were at least known in the City and Suburbs, perhaps amongst so great a number of Citizens, who seldom judge rightly, there might some one of them be so far mistaken as to say *he is Magnificent*, or to give an account of the Banquets he made for *Xantus* and *Ariston*, or the Treats he gave *Elamira*: but he ruins himself obscurely; 'tis for the sake of two or three Persons, who have not the least esteem for him, that he's making this haste to be Poor; and though he rides at present in a Coach, in six months, you'll see, he will not have Means enough left to go handsomly a foot.

* *Narcissus* rises in the Morning to lye down at Night, has his hours of Dressing as regularly as a Woman, goes every day to Morning and Evening Prayer; he is good Company, and serves to make a third Man at Ombre; he sits four hours together at *Aracia's*, where he ventures his 5 or 6 Pistoles e'ry night; he reads exactly the *Dutch Gazette*, *Barbins News*, and the *Mercure Gallant*; he has read *Bergerac*, *De Marets*, *Lesclache*, and some Collections of Poetry; he walks with the Ladies in the Park or Meadows, and is religiously punctual in his Visits: He will do the same to-morrow, which he has done to-day, and did yester-

day. Thus he lives, and in this manner he will die.

* There is a Man, say you, I have seen some-where, and tho I have forgot where, I remember very well his Face. There are a great many others who do so too, and if possible, I'll in this assist your Memory. Was it at the *Tuilleries*, the Park, or in a Box at the Play-house? Was it at a Church, at a Ball, or at *Rambouillets*, or can you tell where you ever mist him? Where is he not to be met with? At a publick Execution or Fire-work, he appears in a Balcony; if there is a magnificent Cavalcade, you see him on a Scaffold; if the King receives an Ambassador, he sees the Procession, assists at the Audience, then thrusts himself into the Ranks upon the return; his presence is as essential at the renewing and swearing the Alliances with the *Swiss* Cantons, as that of the Lord Chancellor or Plenipotentiaries; he is at every Hunting Match, at every Review you see him on Horseback amongst the Officers; he has a great passion for War, Troops and Militia; he has been as far as the Fort *Bernardi* to make a Campaign. *Chanley* understands Marches, *Jacquier* Provisions, *Du Metz* the Artillery; but this Gentleman contents himself with seeing, and is by Profession a Spectator; he does nothing that a Man ought to do; but he boasts he has seen every thing that was to be seen, and now shall not regret to die. What a loss will that be to all the Town? Who then will, like him, inform us, that the Park-Gates are shut, that the Meads are marshy, and that one can no longer walk there? Who will acquaint us when there is a Confort, where a good Lecture, or a great Fair? Who will tell us *Beaumavielle* dy'd yesterday, that *Robois* has a Cold, and cannot Sing this eight days?

*The late
Prince of
Mecklen-
burg.*

Who will distinguish so well an Alderman by his Arms and Liveries? Who will acquaint us, that *Scapin* bears the *Flower-de-Luces*; who will pronounce with greater Vanity and Affectation the Names and Titles of some new dignify'd Citizen, or be better furnish'd with Ballads and Madrigals? Who will then lend the Ladies the Gentleman's Journals, and the yearly Miscellanies? Who will sing at Table a whole Dialogue of an Opera, or the furies of *Orlando* in one of their Apartments? To conclude, since there is in the City as well as elsewhere, so great a number of dull, lazy, ignorant, negligent Blockheads, who will so exactly agree with every one of 'em as he did?

* *Theramenes* was rich, and had Merit; he is now an Heir, and consequently is much richer, and has a great deal more Merit; the Women court him for a Gallant, and their Daughters for a Husband; he goes from house to house to make the Mothers hope that his intentions are for Marriage; is he sat down? they retire to give their Daughters all the liberty to charm, and *Theramenes* to make his declarations. Here he opposes the Cap of Authority, and there disputes with the Knights and Gentlemen, who would force him from his Interests. A gay, brisk, witty young Man could not be more passionately desir'd nor better receiv'd; they snatch him out of one anothers hands, and hardly have the leisure to smile on any other person that makes the same visit with him. How many Gallants is he like to defeat? How many hopeful Matches to ruin? How will he be able to satisfy so many Heiresses who endeavour to get him? He is not only the terror of the Husbands, but the dread of all such as desire to be so, and who expect from Marriage to make up their
broken

broken Fortunes. A Man so happy, and so full of Money, ought to be banish'd from a well govern'd City; and the fair Sex should be forbidden, on pain of Folly and Indignity, to treat him better than if he were a person who had nothing but Merit to recommend him.

* The foolishness of some City-Women in their wretched imitation of those of the Court, is more scandalous than the courtesies of ordinary Women, and the rudeness of Villagers; since to both these they add Affectation.

* What a subtle Invention 'tis to make rich Presents in Courtship, which are not paid for, but after Marriage are to be return'd in *Specie*!

* What an advantageous and laudable practice is it, to spend on the expence of your Marriage a third part of your Wife's Portion! To begin with impoverishing your selves by concert, and when you have heapt up abundance of superfluous things, to take from the main Stock to pay the Cabinet-maker and Upholsterer.

* What a handsome and judicious custom is it, which, preferring an impudent Ceremony before Modesty and Decency, exposes the new marry'd Bride on a Bed as on a Theatre, where she lies a Spectacle for the whole Town, Friends or Foes to view her in this posture for some days! Is there any thing wanting to make this custom entirely whimsical and incredible, but to Print it in some relation from *Mingrelia*?

* What a troublesome and unprofitable way of living is it for persons to be solicitous to come together, and impatiently bear a disappointment, yet when they are thus met to have nothing but trifles for their Entertainment, and to say those things alone which both were equally acquainted

with, or are of no importance to know; to enter into a Chamber purely to go out on't, and to go out after Dinner only to come home at night very well satisfy'd with seeing three or four *Swissers* in an Afternoon; to have seen one Woman whom we don't know, and another whom we don't love! Whoever will rightly consider the value of his time, and how far its loss is irreparable, would mourn bitterly over such misfortunes.

* They value themselves in the City on their rude indifference for Rural and Country Affairs; they can scarce distinguish Linseed from Hemp, Wheat from Rye, and neither of 'em from Barly; they content themselves with eating, drinking and dressing; you must not talk to 'em of Fallow Ground, Copses, Vine-sprigs or After Grass, if you design to be understood; they will not take it for their Mother Tongue. To some of 'em you should discourse of Weights, Scales, Books of Rates and Measures, to others of Appeals, Petitions, Decrees and Injunctions. They pretend to know the World, and tho' 'tis more safe and commendable, are ignorant of Nature, her Beginnings, Growths, Gifts and Bounties. This Ignorance is frequently voluntary, and founded on the conceit they have of their own Callings and Professions; there is never a vile Pettifogger, who Dreams and Smoaks in the corner of his Study, with his Head full of pernicious shifts and litigious Suits, but prefers himself to the Husbandman, that praises God, cultivates the Earth, sows in Season, and gathers his rich Harvest; and if at any time he hears talk of the first Men, or the Patriarchs, of their Country lives and good order, he blesses himself that they could live in those days without Officers and Commissioners, Presidents and Solicitors,

citors, and can't comprehend how they could then subsist without Registers, or Courts of Judicature, Coffee-houses and Ordinaries.

* The *Roman* Emperors never triumph'd so luxuriously, so commodiously, nor so securely over the Wind, the Rain, the Dirt and the Sun, as the Citizens of *Paris*, when they rattle in their Coaches from one end of the Town to the other: What difference, alas! is there between this custom and that of their Ancestors? they never knew how to deprive themselves of Necessaries to get Superfluities, nor to prefer Show to Substance; their Houses were never illuminated with Wax Candles, which were only to be seen on the Altar, or at the *Louvre*; they could warm themselves by a little Fire; they never rose from a bad Dinner to get into a Coach, but were convinc'd, that Men had Legs given 'em to walk on, and they us'd 'em: In dry Weather they kept themselves clean, in wet they damnify'd their Shoes and Stockings, and were as ready to cross a Street or Passage, as a Sportsman to skip over the plough'd Ground, or a Souldier to dirt himself in the Trenches: They had not then invented how to harness two Men, and put 'em to a Chair; there was then even Magistrates who walkt to the Chambers of Justice and Courts of Inquests, with as good a grace as *Augustus* us'd to foot it to the Capitol. The Pewter and Brass in those days shone on their Shelves and Cupboards, the Copper and Iron in their Chimneys, whilst the Silver and Gold lay safe in their Coffers. Women were then serv'd by Women, they had such to do their Offices even in their Kitchens. The fine Names of Governour and Governante were not unknown to our Forefathers, for they knew to whom the Children of Kings and great Princes were confided; but they

they divided the service of their Domesticks with their Children, and were content to be themselves their immediate Tutors. Every thing they did agreed with their circumstances; their Expences were proportion'd to their Income; their Liveries, their Household Goods, their Equipages, their Tables, their City and Country Houses, were all measur'd by their Revenues and Conditions: They had however those outward distinctions amongst themselves, that 'twas easie to distinguish the Wife of an Attorney from that of a Judge, and a Plebeian or a Valet from a Gentleman: Less studious to spend or enlarge their Patrimony than to keep it, they left it entire to their Heirs, and past from a moderate Life to a peaceable Death: there was no complaint then, *Tis a hard Age, the Misery is great, Money is scarce.* They had less than we have, and yet they had enough, Richer by their Oeconomy and Modesty than their Revenues or Demesnes: To conclude, in former days they observ'd this Maxim, that what is Splendor, Sumptuousness and Magnificence in people of Quality, is in private Men Extravagance, Folly and Impertinence,

Of the Court.

TIS in one Sense the most honourable Re-
proach we can lay on any Man, to say he
knows not the Court; there is scarce a Virtue
which we do not imply by giving him that Cha-
racter.

* A Man who knows the Court, is Master
of his Gestures, his Eyes and his Face; he is
profound and impenetrable; he dissembles when
he does ill Offices, smiles on his Enemies, puts a
constraint on his Natural Disposition, disguises
his Passions, acts against his Inclinations, speaks
against his Opinion: all this great Refinement is
nothing but the Vice we call Falshood, and is
sometimes as unserviceable to the Fortune of a
Courtier, as Openness, Sincerity and Virtue.

* The Court is like certain changeable colours,
which vary according to the Lights they are ex-
pos'd in; he who can define those colours may
define the Court.

* The Man who leaves the Court for a minute,
renounces it for ever: The Courtier who saw it
in the Morning must see it at Night, to know
it again the next Day; or that he may be known
himself there.

* A Man must be content to be little at Court;
and let him be never so vain, 'tis impossible to
prevent it; but his Comfort is, the evil is common,
and

and the great ones themselves are but little when they are there.

* The Country is the place in which the Court, as in its point of view, appears an admirable thing; if we approach it, its Beauties diminish, like those of a fine piece of Perspective which we view too near hand.

* 'Tis with difficulty that we accustom our selves to pass our Lives in an Anti-Chamber, a Court-Yard, or on a Stair Case.

* The Court gives not a Man content, but it hinders him from finding it elsewhere.

* 'Tis fit a Man of Honour and Honesty should make a trial of the Court; but he will discover as soon as he enters there that he is in a new World, which is wholly unknown to him, where Politeness and Vice equally reign, and where Good and Evil are useful for his Advancement.

* The Court is like a Marble Structure, I mean, 'tis compos'd of Men very hard, but very polish'd.

* A great many People go to Court only to come back again, and at their return to be taken notice of by the Nobility of their Province, or the Bishop of their Diocess.

* The Embroiderer and Confectioner would be superfluous, and make but an idle show of their fine things, if we were modest and temperate; Courts would be Desarts, and Kings left alone, if we were void of Vanity and Interest. Men are willing to be Slaves somewhere, to Lord it elsewhere. It seems as if that proud, stately, and commanding Air, was bought there by wholesale, which our Rulers retail in their Province. They do exactly what is done unto them, and are the true Apes of Royalty.

* There

* There is nothing disorders some Courtiers more than the Prince's presence; we can then scarce know 'em by their Features; their Looks alter and they appear perfectly contemptible: The more proud and the haughtier they are the more they are mortify'd, because they lose the more; whilst the civil and modest Man supports himself very well, having nothing to reform.

* The Air of the Court is contagious, 'tis caught at *Versailles*, as the *Norman* Accent is at *Rouen* and *Falaise*; we find it amongst the Harbingers, Grooms and Confectioners: A Man with a very little share of Wit, may make a great progress towards obtaining it: One of an elevated Genius and solid Worth, does not esteem this sort of accomplishment so necessary as to employ much time in studying it; he gets it without thinking on't, and troubles not himself to get rid of it.

N.... with a great noise comes up to the Kings Chamber, turns every body aside, forces 'em to make way, taps at the Door, almost knocks, tells his name; after some time he's admitted, but tis with the Crowd.

* There are in Court's certain Apparitions of bold and adventurous Men, of a free and familiar Character, who introduce themselves, pretend to great capacity, and are believ'd on their own Words. In the mean while, they make their advantage of the publick Error, or the Love which Men have for Novelty; they break thro' the Crowd, get up to the Ear of the Prince, with whom the Courier sees 'em talking, whilst he thinks himself happy out to be seen. In this, however, they make the Great Ones easy, that as they are suffer'd without consequence, so they're dismiss'd in the same manner: 'tis then they disappear, at once rich and discredit-
ed:

ed; and the Men who just now were deceiv'd by them, are ready to be deceiv'd by others.

* You see some Men, who as they pass by you, give you a light Salute, stretch out their Shoulders, and thrust out their Breasts like Women; they ask you a Question and look another way, speak in a high Tone, and think themselves above every one in their company; they stop and the Company comes about them; they have all the Discourse, are the Presidents of the Circle, persisting in this ridiculous and counterfeit Stateliness, till there comes by some great Man, whose presence throws 'em quickly down from their affected Elevation, and reduces 'em to their Native condition, which is less wretched.

Monfieur
de Lang-
lee and
others.

* Courts cannot subsist without a certain sort of Courtiers, who can flatter, are complaisant, insinuating, devoted to the Ladies, whose Pleasures they manage, study their Weaknesses, and sooth their Passions; they whisper 'em in the Ear with something sinutty, speak of their Husbands and Lovers in agreeable terms, guess at their disquiets, their maladies, and fix their Lyings in; they make all Modes and Fashions, refine upon Luxury and Extravagance; and teach the Ladies to consume immense Sums in Cloaths, Furnitures and Equipages; they wear nothing themselves but what is rich and shining, and will not live in an old Palace unless it be new built and embellisht; they eat delicately, and with reflection, there is no Voluptuousness but they are experienc'd in; they owe their Fortune to themselves, and they keep it with the same address as they rais'd it, disdainful and proud they scorn their Equals, they will have no converse with them, and scarce afford 'em common civility; they speak where every one else is silent, enter
boldly.

boldly, and thrust themselves into places where the greatest Lords dare not be seen; some who have liv'd long, have their Bodies cover'd with Wounds, and have fine Employments, with high Dignities, can't shew such assur'd Countenances and forward Faces. These Men have the Ears of the greatest Princes, are partakers in their Pleasures and Debauches; they never stir out of the *Louvre* or *Versailles*, but behave themselves there as if they were at Home, or amongst their own Domesticks: They seem to multiply themselves in a thousand places, and are always the first Faces that are seen by the new comers to Court: They embrace, and are embrac'd; they laugh, talk loud, tell Stories, are pleasant, agreeable, rich, but of no importance.

* Would not one believe that *Cimon* and *Clitander* be charg'd with the whole concerns of the State, and that they are only accountable for 'em? That one has at least the Management of the Land Affairs, and the other the Marine? Whoever shall pretend to represent them, must express Hastiness, inquietude, Curiosity and Activity, and Paint Motion it self. We never see 'em sitting, never fix'd or standing; whoever saw 'em walk? they are always running, they ask Questions running, speak running, and never stay for an Answer; they never stop, or come from any place, they are always passing and re-passing; stop 'em not in their precipitate course, you will dismount their Machines; never enquire any thing of 'em, or give 'em time to breathe and remember they have nothing to do, that they may stay with you, and follow you at what where ever you please to lead them. They do not, like *Jupiter's* Satellites, press about, and surround their Prince; but they go before him, and

L de-

declare when he is coming; they rush in impetuously on a crowd of Courtiers, and all they meet with are in danger; their Profession is to see and be seen, and they never go to Bed without acquitting themselves of an employment so serious, and so beneficial to the Commonwealth: they are, in short, acquainted with the rise of all indifferent Accidents, and know every thing at Court which one ought to be ignorant of; they have all the necessary Qualifications for a mean Advancement; they are very brisk and quick-sighted about any thing they think for their advantage, a little bold, light and inconsiderate. In a word, they two seem ty'd to the Chariot of Fortune, but are never likely to sit on it.

The Duke de Bouillion. * A Courtier who has not a name good enough for his Quality, ought to hide it under a better; but if 'tis one that he dares own, he ought then to insinuate that his name is the most illustrious, and his House the most ancient of all others, he ought to be descended from the Princes of *Lorraine*, the *Rohans*, the *Chatillons*, the *Montmorencies*, and if possible, from the Princes of the Blood; to talk of nothing but Cardinals, Dukes and prime Ministers; to usher his Grandfathers by Father and Mothers side, into all discourses, and place 'em amongst the Standard-bearers in the Crusadoes; to have his Hall adorn'd with Genealogies, Supporters with Escutcheons of six Quarters, the Pictures of his Ancestors, and their Allies; to value himself on their ancient Castles, the Seat of their Family, set out with Fanes, Towers and Battlements; to be always speaking of his Race, his Branch, his Name, and his Arms; to say of him *He is no Gentleman*; of her, *She is no Gentlewoman*; or if he's told that *Hyacinthus* has had the great Prize

in the Lottery, to ask if he is a Gentleman. If some Persons laugh at these Impertinencies, let 'em laugh on; if others divert themselves with him, let 'em go on; but let him stand to this, that he takes place after the Royal Family, and by repeating it often he shall be believ'd.

* 'Tis a simple thing not to be a Gentleman at Court, where there's no body but who pretends to be such,

* At Court they go to Bed, and rise up only for their Interest; 'tis that which employs 'em Morning and Evening, Night and Day; 'tis that which makes 'em think or speak, keeps 'em silent, or puts 'em on action; 'tis for this end they speak to some, and neglect others; that they mount or descend; 'tis by this Rule they measure all their Cares, Complacency, Esteem, Indifference or Contempt. Whatever steps any Person makes by Virtue towards Wisdom and Moderation, the first ambitious Temptation carries 'em away with the most covetous, who are the most ambitious, and the most violent in their desires. Can they stand still when every one is on the march, and putting themselves forward? Can they forbear following such as run before 'em? All Men believe they are accountable to themselves for their advancement, and making their Fortunes; and he who has not rais'd it at Court, is thought not to deserve it, and this Sentence is without appeal. What is then to be done? Shall a Man quit the Court without having got any Advantage by it, or shall he continue there without Favour or Reward? This Question, I confess, is so crabbed and hard to be decided, that an infinite Number of Courtiers have grown old between yes or no, and have at last dy'd in suspense.

* There is nothing at Court so contemptible and unworthy, as a Man who can contribute nothing to our Fortunes; I wonder how such a Person dares appear there.

* He who sees a Man far behind him, who was one of his own standing and condition, who made his first appearance at Court at the same time with himself, believes there are some substantial Reasons for his keeping behind him, and that he ought to think better of himself than of this other Person who stopt by the way, forgetting what he thought of those that went beyond him before his Advancement.

* 'Tis too much to expect from a Friend who is advanc'd to great favour, that he should own his former Acquaintance.

* If he who is in Favour makes Advantage of it before 'tis too late; if he makes use of the good Wind that blows fair for him to make his way; if he has his Eye upon all Vacancies, Posts, Abbeyes, and does but ask and obtain, and is stor'd with Pensions, Grants and Reversions, you then complain of his Covetousness and Ambition; you say that all is his own, his Friends or his Creatures, and that by the number of the various Favours bestow'd on him, he alone has made a great many Mens Fortunes. But what should he have done in his Post? If I were to judge, not by your Discourse, but by what you would have done your self in the same place, I should think he has done what he should have done.

We blame those who have made use of the Opportunities put in their hands to raise large Fortunes, because we despair by the Meannets of our own, to be ever in the same Circumstances, and to be expos'd to such a reproach; if we are like to
succeed

succeed them, we shou'd begin to think they have done less Injury than we imagin'd, and be more cautious in censuring them, for fear of Condemning our selves before-hand.

* We must never exaggerate things, nor lay crimes to the charge of the Court, which are not theirs; they attempt nothing worse against true Merit, than to leave it unrewarded; but they do not always despise it when they can better discern it: Though 'tis indeed at Court where 'tis most neglected, and where they do nothing, or very little, for those whom they very much esteem.

* 'Tis rare, if amongst all the Instruments a Man uses in the Structure of his Fortune at Court, some of 'em don't miscarry. One of my Friends, who promis'd to speak for me, says not a word; another speaks very faintly; a third mistakes my Interest and his own Intentions, and does me more harm than good. The one wants Good Will; the other Prudence and Capacity; neither of them would take pleasure enough in seeing me happy, to contribute with all their might towards making me so. Every one remembers what his own Preferment cost him, and the helps that clear'd his way to it. We should be always for justifying the Services we receive from some Men, by those which on the like occasions we render to others, if 'twas not our chief and only care, after our Fortunes are made, to think of our selves.

* Courtiers never employ their Wit, Address or Policy to serve their Friends, when they desire it; but only to find out Evasions and specious Pretextes, that 'tis not in their Power, and by that, think themselves acquitted on their side from all the duties of Friendship and Gratitude.

No Courtier will engage to speak first in your favour, but every one offers to second any body who will do it; because judging of others, by themselves, they think that no body will break the Ice, and that therefore they shall be excus'd from doing you any kindness: A soft and polite way of denying assurance to such who stand in need of it.

* How many Men almost stifle you with their caresses in private, and pretend to love and esteem you, and yet are perplex'd when they meet you in publick, and at the *Levee* or *Mafs*, turn away their Eyes from you, and do all they can to avoid you. There is but a small number of Courtiers, whose greatness of Soul, or confidence in themselves, qualifie them to do Justice to a Man of Merit, who is alone, and destitute of Employments.

* I see a Man surrounded and follow'd, but he is in Office: I see another whom every body courts, but he is in Favour: One is embrac'd and caress'd even by persons of the first Rank, but he is Rich: Another is gaz'd on and pointed at, but he is Learned and Eloquent: I perceive one whom nobody misses saluting, but he is a Knave. Where is the Man who has no other Title but that of a Good and Honest Man, who is courted?

* When a Man is advanc'd to a new Post, we break in upon him like an Inundation with our praises; the Court and Chapel are full of 'em; the Stair-case, the Hall, the Gallery, and the With-drawing-Room, resound with his Elogiums. He gets presently out of sight, and mounts so high, we can hardly keep him in view. There are not two different Voices in forming his Character; Envy and Jealousie speak now like Flattery; every one is carry'd

carry'd away by the torrent which forces 'em to say sometimes what they think, and sometimes what they do not believe, and often to commend a Man of whom they have no knowledge. Has he Wit, Merit or Valour, he is in an instant, a Genius of the first size, a Hero, a Demi-God; he is so prodigiously flatter'd in the Pictures that are made for him, that were he to set by any of 'em, he would appear deform'd; 'tis impossible for him to arrive to those things which Baseness and Complaisance would make him; he blushes at his own Reputation: But let him stagger never so little in the Post, to which he was advanc'd, the World easily change their opinion, and he entirely loses his credit. The Machines which lifted him so high by Applause and Encomiums, were built so high as to throw him down into the extremeest Contempt: And there are none then who disdain him more, are sharper in their censures, and say worse things of him than those who were most violent in their Praises, when Fortune smil'd on him.

* It may be said with reason of an eminent and nice Post, that 'tis got with more ease than 'tis maintain'd.

* We see a great many Men fall from a high Fortune, by the same Defects which rais'd 'em.

* At Court there are two ways of dismissing or discharging Servants and Dependants; to be angry with 'em, or make 'em so angry with us, that they resent it.

* At Court they speak well of a Man for two Reasons: The first, that he may know they have commended him; and the second, that he may do 'em the same favour.

* 'Tis as dangerous at Court to make any Advancements, as 'tis embarrassing not to make 'em.

* I am told so many ill things of a Man, and I see so few in him, that I begin to suspect he has a real but troublesome Merit, which is likely to eclipse the Merit of others.

You are an honest Man, and do not make it your Business either to please or displease the Favourites; are only loyal to your Master, and true to your Duty; you are a lost Man.

* None are impudent by choice, but by constitution; 'tis a Vice to be so, but 'tis natural; he who is not born so, is modest, and cannot easily pass from this extremity to the other: 'Twould be for his advantage to learn this Lesson, be impudent and succeed: a bad Imitation will not profit him, he will be quickly baff'd. A Man ought to have at least at Court a real native Impudence to be successful.

* We seek, we are busie, we intrigue, we torment our selves, we petition, are refus'd, we petition again, and obtain; but say we, without having ever ask'd for it, or so much as thought of it, and even when we had a quite different thing in view. This is the old Style, an innocent Lye, which now a days deceives no body.

* A Man sets up for an eminent Station, prepares his Engines, takes the right measures, and is just upon the succeeding to his wish, some pull a little back, whilst others push apace forward: The Bait is laid, and the Mine ready to be sprung, the Candidate withdraws from Court. Who dar'd suspect that † *Artemon* aim'd at so fine a Post, when they took him from his Lands or his Government, to settle him in't? A course Artifice and common Policy, which the Courtiers have so often made

† The Marquis of Vardes who put in to be Governour to the Duke of Burgundy.

use of, that if I would impose upon the World, and conceal from it my Ambition, I would always keep in sight of my Prince, to receive from his own hand those favours which I had sought after with the greatest Application.

* Men are not willing we should discover the prospects they have of their Advancement, nor find out the Dignity they aim at, because if they do not obtain it, they fancy there's some shame attends the being refus'd; and if they do, they persuade themselves 'tis greater Glory to be thought worthy by him that gives it 'em, than to shew they think themselves worthy by their Intrigues and Cabals; they would at once appear adorn'd with their Dignity and Modesty.

Which is the greater shame, to be refus'd a Post that we deserve, or to be put into one we do not deserve?

'Tis much more difficult to be worthy of a place at Court, than 'tis hard to get one.

A Man had better ask himself for what did he obtain such a Post, than why was it refus'd?

We see even at this day, that people stand publickly for a Place in the City; they do the same thing for a Place in the Academy; they did formerly the like to obtain the Consulship; why then should a Man be asham'd to labour the first years of his Life, to render himself capable of a great Employment, and then put in for it without Intrigue or Cabal, but publickly and with an entire confidence to serve his Country, his Prince, and the Commonwealth.

* I never saw a Courtier to whom a Prince gave a good Government, a fine Post or a large Pension, who either thro Vanity, or to shew himself Disinterested, was not said he was less pleas'd with the Gift than

than the manner with which 'twas given. That which is certain and indubitable in this is, that I say so.

'Tis clownish to give with a bad Grace. The most difficult part is the Gift it self, for what do it cost a Man to add a smile to it? There are however, many Men who refuse more handsome than others know how to give; and some who make us ask so long, give so coldly, and impose such disagreeable conditions, that the greatest favour they could do us, is to dispence with us from receiving it.

* Some there are at Court who are so covetous that they will put on any shape to promote the Interest; Governments, Commands, Benefices every thing agrees with 'em; they adjust themselves so well, that they become qualify'd for all sorts of favours; they are amphibious, living by the Church and the Sword, and are dextrous enough to joyn the long Robe to both of 'em. If you ask who these Men are, they are those who receive and envy every one to whom any thing is given.

* A thousand people at Court wear out their days in caressing and congratulating those who have receiv'd favours, and dye themselves without having any bestow'd on 'em.

* *Menophilus* borrows his Manners from one Profession, and his Habit from another; he goes mask'd all the year, tho his Face is bare; he appears at Court, in the City, and elsewhere, always under a certain Name, and the same disguise. We find him out, and know what he is by his countenance.

* There is a great and beaten Road, as they call it, that leads to Dignity and Honour, and there

There is a cross and bye way which is much the shortest.

* We run to see the Unhappy, we stare 'em in the Face, we make Lanes for 'em to pass by, we crowd to Windows on purpose to observe the Features, Looks and Behaviour of a condemn'd Man who knows he is going to die; an odious, vain, and inhumane curiosity. If Men were wise, the Scenes of Execution would be abandon'd, and it would be an establish'd maxim, that 'tis ignominious to see such Sight. If you are so very curious, exercise your curiosity on a noble subject. Behold the happy Man, contemplate him in the midst of his Advancement to a new Station, when he is receiving his congratulations, read in his Countenance thro an affected calm and feign'd Modesty, how much he is contented and pleas'd with himself; how serene what serenity the accomplishment of his desires spreads over his Heart and Countenance, how that he thinks of nothing more than Health and Long life; how at last his Joy bursts forth, and can be no longer dissembl'd; how he bends beneath the weight of his own Happiness; what a serious and negligent Air he preserves for such as are not now his Equals; he makes 'em no answers; he turns away his Head, and seems not to see 'em; he embraces and caresses of the great ones, whom he views now no more at a distance, begin to offend him; his Brains turn, and he begins to be distracted. You would be happy, and in favour; how many things are you to avoid.

* A Man, when once got into a place, makes no use of his Reason or Understanding, to guide him in his Duty and Conduct towards others; he borrows his measures from his Quality and Station,
and

and thence takes his forgetfulness, Pride, Anger, Stubbornness and Ingratitude.

* *Theonas* having been an Abbot thirty years grew weary of continuing so long in that Station. Others do less impatiently wait for the Purple than he did to wear a Golden Cross on his Breast and because the four great Holy-days in which the King uses to dispose of vacant Livings, made an alteration in his Fortune, he exclaim'd against the Iniquity of the present times, the ill Government of the State, and could foresee nothing but what was like to be unhappy from it; convinc'd in his Heart that Merit is useles, if not prejudicial in Courts, to a Man who will raise his Fortune, he was resolv'd to renounce the Prelacy: When somebody came to acquaint him that he was nam'd to a Bishoprick, fill'd with Joy and Confidence at the unexpected News, you shall see, says he to his Friend, I shall not stick here, I shall soon be an Archbishop.

* There must be Knaves at Court; the great Men and Ministers must have 'em always at hand; even those who are best inclin'd, cannot be without 'em. 'Tis a very nice thing to know when to set 'em a work: there are certain Times and Seasons when others can't do the Business. Honour, Virtue and Conscience are creditable Qualities, but frequently unprofitable; What would you, at some times, do with an honest Man?

* The minority of a Prince makes abundance of good Fortunes.

*The Duke of
Luxemburgh.*

* *Timantes*, still the same, and losing nothing of that Merit, which at first got him Reputation and Rewards, degenerated in the Opinion of our Courtiers; they were weary of esteeming him, saluted him coldly, forbore smiling on him, no longer

ger join'd with him, neither embrac'd him, nor
 k him into a corner to talk mysteriously of tri-
 l and indifferent things; they had, in short, no-
 ng to say to him, and nothing less than that
 sion or that new Place with which he is lately
 our'd, was requisite to revive his Virtues, al-
 st dead in their memories, and to refresh the
 a of 'em; now they treat him as they did at
 t, and even better.

How many Friends, how many Relations, are *This is*
 n to a new Minister in one Night! Some value *meant of*
 mselves on their former Acquaintance, their *the late*
 ng Fellow Collegiates or Neighbours; others *Duke de*
 a over their Genealogy, going back to their *Villeroy,*
 at Great Grandfathers, raking 'em together by *or Monsieur*
 ner and Mothers side, and some way or other, *Pellitier's*
 y one would be related to him. They say pre- *being made*
 ly, *He's my Friend, I am very glad at his Pro-*
vision, I ought to take part in't, he is my near Re-
on. Vain Men! True Votaries of Fortune! In- *General of*
 siderate Courtiers! Did you talk thus eight days *the Fi-*
 ? Is he since become an honest Man, or more *nance.*
 erving of the Favours his Prince has conferr'd on
 ? Or did you want this Circumstance to know
 better?

What Comforts and Supports me under the
 e Sights I suffer sometimes from my Betters
 my Equals, is what I say to my self; these
 n don't despise me; 'tis my Fortune, and they
 e Reason, for 'tis a very small one. They
 ald without doubt adore me, if I were a Mini-

Were I suddenly to be advanc'd, and they knew
 it, they would tell me that, with much fore-
 ut, they saw I was design'd for't; they would be
 ore-hand with me, and salute me first.

* He

† Meudon. * He who says, I din'd yesterday at † Tibur, & sup there to night, and repeats it very often; w
 || Monsieur de shuffles in the name of || Plancus on the least occ
 Louvois. ons, and says, *Plancus askt me, I told Plancus,* understanding that *Plancus* has been snatcht away a sudden Death, holds up his hands, gathers People in the Porches and Piazza's, accuses the dead, rails at his conduct, blackens his administration, denies him the knowledge of those things which the Publick allow'd him to be Master of, and will not allow him to have had a happy Memory; refuses him the Encomium of a Sober, Laborious Person, and will not do him the honour to believe that, among all the Enemies of the Empire, there was one who was *Plancus's* Enemy.

* 'Tis a pleasant sight for a Man of Merit, to see the same place at a publick Shew, or an Assembly, which was refus'd him, given before his Face to one who has not Eyes to see, nor Ears to hear, nor Sense to make a Judgment; who has nothing to recommend him but his Liveries which now he wears not himself.

The Abbot de Choisy. * *Theodotus* wears a grave Habit, and a comical Countenance, like a Man making his entry upon a Stage; his Voice, his Pace, his Carriage, his Posture, agree with his Countenance. He is Cunning, Cautious, Soft and very Mysterious; he comes up to you, and whispers you in the Ear. 'Tis *fine Weather*, 'tis a *great Thaw*: If he has not great Qualifications, he has all the little ones, even those which only become a young Coxcomb. Imagine the application of a Child, building a Castle of Cards, or catching a Butterfly, and you will have a true Emblem of *Theodotus* busy'd about things of no consequence, and which do not deserve the least care; however, he treats 'em seriously,

busily, as if they were concerns of the greatest Importance; he walks hard, is busie and successful; he takes breath and repofes himself, and 'tis but reasonable, for it puts him to a great deal of trouble. There are some people who are befotted, and bewitch'd to the favour of great Men, they think on't all day, and study on't all night; are always running up and down Stairs in a Minister's Apartment, going in or coming out of his Anti-Chamber; they have nothing to say to him whatever they pretend; they speak to him once or twice, and are content that they have spoken; squeeze em, and nothing will drop from 'em but Pride, Arrogance and Presumption; speak to 'em, they shall make you no answer; they know you not, their Eyes are dazzl'd, and their Brains turn'd; their Relations should take care of 'em, and lock em up, lest their folly in time should grow to madness, and the World be no longer able to endure 'em. *Theodotus* has a softer way with him; he passionately loves Favour, but his Passion is more private, he pays it his Vows in secret, there he cultivates it, and keeps it a mystery; he is ever on the watch to discover who is advanc'd into the Prince's favour; he offers his service to them, and to them sacrifices Merit, Alliances, Friendship, Engagements and Gratitude; if the place of a *Cassini* were vacant, and the Porter or Postilion of a Favourite should put in for it, he would assist him in his pretensions, and judge him worthy of the Place, would think him capable to make Observations and Calculations, to observe Paralyes or Paralaxies. If you enquire concerning *Theodotus*, whether he is an Author or a Plagiary, an Original or a Copyer, I must give you his Works, and bid you read and judge; but whether he is a Devotee or a Courtier, who

who can decide from the Picture I have drawn of him ; I can with more assurance proclaim what his Stars design for him : Hear, O *Theodotus*, I have calculated your Nativity, your Advancement will be very sudden, be no more solicitous about it, print no more of your Writings, the Publick begs for Quarter.

* There is a Country where the Joys are visible, but false, and the Grievs hidden, but real. Who would imagin that the Raptures at the Opera the Claps and Applauses at *Moliere's* Comedies, and *Harlequin's* Farces, the Feasts, Hunting-matches, Balls and Banquets which we hear of, cover'd so many Inquietudes, so many Cares and different Interests, so many Hopes and Fears, so many ardent Passions and serious Busineses!

* The Court Life is a serious melancholy Game, and requires Application ; a Man must range his Pieces and his Batteries, have a Design, pursue it, thwart his Adversaries, venture sometimes, and sometimes play capriciously ; yet after all his measures and contrivances, he will be often beat ; when he thinks he has manag'd his Men well, and is in a fair way to succeed, one more skilful or more happy gets the Game.

* The Wheels, the Springs, the Movements of a Watch are hidden, nothing appears but its Hand, which insensibly moves forward and finishes its circuit. A true Image of a Courtier, who, after having gone a great way about, returns at last frequently to the same point from whence he set out.

* Two Thirds of my Life are already elaps'd, why then should I perplex my self so much for what remains ? The most splendid Fortune deserves neither the torment I put my self to, nor the meannesses I must be guilty of, nor the humiliations

tions, nor shame which I am forc'd to endure to acquire it. Thirty years will destroy those *Colossus's* of Power that raise themselves so high above our Heads, and reach almost out of our Sight. I who am so little a thing, and those from whom I expected all my Greatness, must in a short time disappear. The best of all good things, if there is any thing good in this World, is a soft repose, and a quiet retreat, free from want and dependances. *M.....* was of this Opinion in his Disgrace, and forgot it in his Prosperity.

* A Nobleman who resides at home in his own Province lives free, but without protection: If he lives at Court he is protected, but is then a Slave; so 'tis even.

* *Xantippus* in a corner of his Province, under *Mr Bomb* in an old Roof, in an old Bed, dreamt one Night *temps.* that he saw his Prince, that he spoke to him, and felt an extream joy: When he wak'd, he was melancholy; he told his Dream, and said, what strange Chimæra's a Man may have in his sleep! *Xantippus* some time after went to Court, saw his Prince, spoke to him; and went farther than his Dream, was made a Favourite.

* No body is more a Slave than an assiduous Courtier, unless it be a Courtier who is more assiduous.

* A Slave has but one Master: an ambitious Man has as many as there are people who may be useful to him in making his Fortune.

* A thousand Men who are scarce known, croud every day to be seen by their Prince, who can't see a thousand at a time; and if he sees none to day but those he saw yesterday, and will see to morrow, how many will be unhappy!

* Of all those who croud about Great Men, and make their court to 'em, a few honour 'em in their Hearts, a great number follow 'em out of Ambition or Interest, but the greatest number of all, from a ridiculous Vanity, or a foolish Impatience to make themselves taken notice of.

* There are certain Families, that by the Laws of the World, or of what we call Decency, ought to be irreconcilable; they are now good Friends, and whom Religion in vain attempted to unite, Interest without much ado has joyn'd together.

Versailles.

* I have heard talk of a Country where the old Men are Gallant, Polite and Civil: The young Men, on the contrary, Stubborn, Wild, without either Manners or Civility: They are free from Passion for Women at the Age when in other Countries they begin to feel it, and prefer Feasts, Victuals and ridiculous Amours before 'em: Amongst these people, he is sober who is never drunk with any thing but Wine; the too frequent use of it has render'd it flat and insipid to 'em; they endeavour by Brandy and other strong Liquors, to quicken their taste, already extinguish'd, and want nothing to compleat their debauches, but to drink *Aqua Fortis*. The Women of that Country hasten the decay of their Beauty, by their Artifices to preserve it: They paint their Cheeks, Eye-brows and Shoulders, which they lay open, together with their Breasts, Arms and Ears, as if they were afraid to hide those places which they think will please, and never think they shew enough of 'em. The Physiognomies of the People of that Country are not at all neat, but confus'd and embarrass'd with a bundle of strange Hair, which they prefer before their natural; with this they weave something to cover their Heads, which descends down half way their Bodies,

hides

hides their Features, and the Women leave their Faces open to be seen by Men by their Faces. This Nation adore their God and their King. The Grand day at a certain hour to a Temple they call a Church: At the upper end of that Temple there stands an Altar consecrated to their God, where the Priest celebrates some mysteries which they call holy, sacred and tremendous. The great Men make a vast circle at the foot of the Altar, standing with their back to the Priest and the Holy Mysteries, and their Faces directed towards their King, who is seen on his knees upon a Throne, and to whom they seem to direct the desires of their Hearts, and all their Devotion. However, in this custom there is to be remark'd a sort of Subordination; for the People appear adoring their Prince, and their Prince adoring God. The Inhabitants of this Region call 'Tis some forty eight degrees of Latitude, and more than eleven hundred leagues by Sea from the *Iroquois* and *Hurons*.

* Whoever will consider, that the presence of a King is the whole happiness of a Courtier, that he busies himself, and is satisfy'd during the whole course of his Life, to see and be seen by him, will in some measure comprehend how the sight of God may make all the Glory and Felicity of the Saints.

* Great Lords are full of Respect for their Princes; 'tis their business, they have their Inferiours. The little Courtiers ease themselves of these Duties, shew themselves familiar, and live like Men who have no examples to shew to any one.

* What is there wanting in the Youth of our days? Capacity and Knowledge they have, or at least if they do not know as much as is

possible, they are as positive and decisive as if they did.

* Weak Men ! a Grandee says of your Friend *Timagenes*, that he is a Blockhead, in which he's mistaken ; I do not require you to reply that he is a Man of Wit ; be but so bold as to think that he is not a Blockhead.

He says too that *Iphicrates* is a Coward ; you have seen him do a great Action : Take courage, I dispence with you from publishing it, provided that after what you have heard said of him, you will still remember that you saw him do it.

* There are very few who know how to speak to their Prince ; in this all the Prudence and Skill of a Courtier terminates : A word escapes, which entering the Prince's Ear, passes to his Memory, and sometimes to his Heart, 'tis impossible to recover it ; all the care and address that can be us'd to explain or soften it, serve only to engrave it deeper there, and enforce it the more : If 'tis against no body but our selves that we have talk'd, besides that this misfortune is not very common, the remedy is at hand, which is to instruct us by our fault, and to endure the punishment of our Levity ; but if 'tis against another, what Shame ! what Repentance ! Is there a better Rule against this dangerous inconvenience, than to talk of others to our Sovereign, of their Persons, Actions, Works, Manners or Conduct, with the same Care, Precaution and Management, that we talk of our selves ?

* A Jester is a wretched Character, I would say, if it had not been said before : Those who injure the Reputation or Fortune of another for the sake of a Jest, deserve an infamous punishment ; that has not been said already, and I dare say it.

* There

* There are a certain number of Phrases ready made, which we lay up as in a Magazine, and take 'em thence to use as we have occasion to congratulate one another on Events: Tho they are often spoken without any Affection, and heard without any Acknowledgment, yet we must not omit 'em, because they are at least the Image of the best thing in the World, which is Friendship, and since Men can't depend on one another for the reality, they seem to agree amongst themselves to be contented with its appearances.

* With five or six terms of Art, and nothing else, we set up for masters in Musick, Painting, Building and Good Cheer; we fancy presently we have more pleasure than others, in hearing, seeing or eating; we impose on such as are like us, and deceive our selves.

* The Court is never destitute of a sort of People, with whom Fashion, Politeness and Fortune, serve instead of Sense, and supply the place of Merit; they know how to come in and go out of a Room, disengage themselves from Conversation by never entering into it, affect to say nothing, and render themselves tiresome by a long silence, or speaking at most in a few Monosyllables: Their Mein, Voice, Gesture and Smiles is all they give you in return to what you say to 'em: Their Understandings, if I may venture to express my self so, are not two Inches deep; if you fathom 'em, you will soon come to the Mud and Gravel.

* There are some whom Favour overtakes like an accident; they are the first it surprizes, and puts into a consternation; they recollect themselves at last, and find their Stars have done nothing for 'em which they did not deserve; and as if stupidity and Fortune were two things incompatible, or that

The Characters, or

it were impossible to be at once a happy Man and Fool, they fancy they have Wit, they grow bold I should say, impudent enough to speak on a occasions, on whatever subject offers, and without any respect to the persons who hear them; I might add, they become at last terrible, and disgust every one with their dulness and follies; this is certainly at least, they irreparably dishonour all who have any share in the chance of their Advancement.

* What shall we call those who are only Cunning in the opinion of Fools? I know the able Man rank 'em with the people they impose on.

He is far gone in Cunning, who makes other people believe that he is but indifferently Cunning.

Cunning is neither too good nor too bad a quality; it floats between Virtue and Vice: there is scarce any opportunity where 'tis necessary, but ought to be supply'd with Prudence.

Cunning is the near Occasion to Cheating; the way from one to t'other is very slippery; Lying only makes the difference; add that to Cunning and 'tis Cheating.

Amongst such as out of Cunning hear all and talk little, do you talk less; or if you will talk much, speak little to the purpose.

* You have a just and important Affair depending on the consent of two Persons; says one of 'em, I give you my hand for't, if such a one will agree to't, and he does agree to't, and desires nothing more than to be satisfy'd of the intentions of the other; in the mean time nothing comes on Months and Years rowl on unprofitably; I am lost say you, and can't perceive what they mean by't all that is to be done, is, that they should meet together and discourse about it. I tell you, Friend I see thro' it and perceive their meaning, they have discours'd about it.

* I

* It seems to me, that he who sollicit for others, has the confidence of one that demands Justice; and he who speaks for himself, the confusion and ashfulness of him that implores mercy.

* If a Man is not careful at Court of falling into the snares which are laid for him to make him ridiculous, he will, with all his wit, be amaz'd to find himself bubbld by greater Fools than himself.

* In the course of ones Life, there are some opportunities where Truth and Simplicity are the best managers.

* If you are in Favour, all you do is well done, you commit no fault, and every step you take, leads you to the right end. Otherwise all is faulty, nothing profitable, and there's no Path but sets you out of the Road.

* A Man ought to have Wit to be a Person of Intrigue and Cabal: He may have so much as to be above them, and can't subject himself to trick and artifice, finding better ways to make his Fortune, or acquire Reputation.

* Fear not, O *Aristides*, with your sublime Wit, your universal Learning, your Experience, your Probity, and most accomplish'd Merit, that you shall fall at Court, or lose the favour of the great Men as long as they shall stand in need of you. *Mr de Pomponne.*

* Let a Favourite watch himself very narrowly, or if he makes me attend in his Anti-Chamber not so long as usual, if his Looks are free, his Forehead less wrinkl'd with Frowns, if he hears me more willingly, and waits on me back a little further than formerly, I shall think he begins to fall, and shall not be mistaken.

A Man has very little Relief within himself, since he wants Disgraces and Mortifications, to

make him more humane, more tractable, less rude, and more honest.

* If we reflect on a great many persons at Court, we shall find by their Discourses and their whole conduct, that they think neither of their Grand-fathers or Grand-children. The present is what they are for; they don't enjoy that, but abuse it.

Mr de
Lauzun.

* *Straton* is born under two Stars: unhappy and happy in the same degree; his Life is a Romance but that it wants probability: he has had no Adventures: he has had good and bad Dreams in abundance, or I may say rather, 'tis impossible to dream as he has liv'd: No body has been more oblig'd to Destiny than himself; he is acquainted with the Mean and the Extream; he has made a Figure, has been in Sufferings, and has led a common Life; nothing has escap'd him. He has made himself valu'd for the Virtues which he assur'd us very seriously were in him: he has said in his own praise, *I have Wit, I have Courage*, and every one has said after him, *he has Wit, he has Courage*. In both Fortunes he exercis'd the Genius of the Courtier's, who have said of him more good perhaps, and more ill things than he ever deserv'd. The Agreeable, the Lovely, the Wonderful, the Rare and the Heroick, have been the Terms employ'd in his *Elogium*; and the quite contrary have been us'd to vilify him. A Character equivocal, mixt and confus'd; an Enigma; a Question almost impossible to be decided.

* Favour puts a Man above his Equals, and the Loss of it below 'em.

* He who knows how in good time to renounce with Resolution a great Name, a great Authority, or a great Fortune, delivers himself at once from a great many Troubles, from a great many

broken

broken Slumbers, and often from a great many Crimes.

* The World will be the same a hundred years hence as 'tis now; there will be the same Theatre and Decoration, tho not the same Actors. All those that rejoyc'd at a Favour receiv'd, or were sorry and afflicted for one refus'd, are gone behind the Scenes; there are others enter'd on the Stage, who act the same parts in the same Play; they vanish too in their turn, and those who were seen yesterday, and perhaps may be to day, disappear to morrow; others have taken their places: What Reliance on an Actor of a Play!

* Whoever has seen the Court, has seen all that is fine, charming or glorious in the World; he that despises the Court, after having seen it, despises the World.

A sound Mind gets at Court a true taste of Solitude and Retirement.

Of the Great.

THE People are so blindly prepossess'd in favour of great Men, so naturally taken with their Behaviour and Looks, their tone of Voice and Manners, that if they could condescend but to be good, this Prepossession would grow to Idolatry.

* If you are born vicious, Oh *Theagenes*, I pity you; If you are become so out of a weakness for some, whose Interest it is that you should be debauch'd, who have sworn privately to corrupt you, and

and boast already of their *virtues*, *merits*, *and* *deserts*, *and* *despise* you: But if you are *deft*, *civil*, *generous*, *grateful*, *and* *besides*, of a Rank that ought to give *rather* than take 'em, and to make rules to *rather* than receive 'em; agree with those *People* to follow out of complaisance, their disorders, vices, and follies, after the respect they owe you, has oblig'd them to imitate your Virtues. 'Tis an odd, but a useful Irony, very proper to secure your Manners, ruin all their Projects, and put 'em on a necessity of continuing what they are, and leaving you what you are.

* Great Men have in one thing a prodigious advantage over others; I don't envy 'em, their Good Cheer, Riches, Dogs, Horses, Equipages, Fools and Flatterers; but I envy 'em the happiness of having in their service men of as great Souls and Sense, and sometimes better than their own.

* The Great delight in opening Walks in Forests, making fine Terraces, gilding their Ceilings, in making Water-works and Orangeries; but to restore Content to a distracted Mind, or Joy to an afflicted Soul, to prevent extream Necessity in the Miserable, or to relieve them, is what their curiosity reaches not to.

* One asks, if in comparing the different conditions of Men together, their sufferings and advantages, we can't observe such a mixture and sortment of good and evil, as seems to set them on an equality, or at least makes one as desirable as the other; the rich and powerful Man, who wants nothing, may put the Question, but a poor Man must answer it.

There is however a Charm in each different condition, of which nothing but misery can deprive it;

; the Great please themselves in excess, the Little in moderation; these delight in lording and commanding, those find a pleasure, and even a vanity in serving and obeying: The Great are surrounded, saluted and respected; the Little surround, salute and cringe, and both are content.

* Good words cost the Great so little, and their quality dispences them so much with keeping the fairest promises they make, that 'tis modesty in them to be as sparing of them as they are.

* Such a one, says a Great Man, is grown old, and almost worn out with attendance on me, what shall we do with him? One more young and active deprives him of his hopes, and obtains the Post which was refus'd to this unfortunate man, for no other reason than that he too well deserv'd it.

* I do not know how it comes to pass, say you, with a cold and disdainful air, *Philantus* has merit, wit, good humour, is industrious, sincere and faithful to his Master, but he is not valu'd, he cannot please, he is not at all lik'd: Explain yourself, do you blame *Philantus*, or the Great Man he serves?

* 'Tis frequently more advantageous to quit the service of great Men, than to complain of 'em.

* Who can give me any reason, why some men get the Prize in a Lottery, or why others are fortunate in the favour of the Great.

* The Great are so happy, that even in the whole course of their Lives, they are never put to the trouble of lamenting the loss of their best Servants, or persons famous in several capacities, by whom they have been pleas'd and instructed. Their Flatterers are presently ready to find fault with the deceas'd, and to expose their weakness, from which they pretend their Successors are entirely

tirely free; they assure them, that with the capacity and knowledge of the former they have none of their defects; and this is the Language which comforts Princes in the loss of the most excellent and worthy Servants, and makes 'em satisfy'd with indifferent ones.

* The Great, slight the men of Wit, who have nothing but Wit; the men of Wit despise the Great, who have nothing but Greatness: The honest man pities 'em both, if having Greatness and Wit only, they have not Virtue.

* When on the one side, I see some brisk, busy, intriguing, bold, dangerous and scandalous persons at the Table, and often in the familiarity of the Great; and on the other hand, I consider with what difficulty a man of Merit approaches 'em, don't always believe the wicked are suffer'd out of Interest, or good men lookt on as unprofitable; but I chuse rather to confirm my self in this thought, that Grandeur and Discernment are two different things, and the Love of Virtue and Virtuous men a third.

* *Lucilius* spends his life in rendering himself supportable to the Great, and chuses this before being reduc'd to live familiarly with his equals.

* 'Tis a rule to visit such as are above us, but it ought to have some restrictions, because it often requires extraordinary Talents to put it into practice.

* Oh the incurable Distemper of *Theophilus* it has hung on him this thirty years, and now he is past recovery: He was, is, and will always be desirous to govern the Great; Death only can quench with his Life this thirst of Empire, and ambition to rule other mens Minds. Is it in him

zeal for his Neighbour, a custom, or an excessive opinion of himself? By his insinuation he gets admittance every where, no Palace escapes him; he never stops in the middle of a Chamber, he goes on to the Window or Closet, and people must wait to be seen, or have audience, till he has finish'd his tedious discourses. He intrudes himself into all Families, concerns himself in their misfortunes and advantages, offers himself to 'em on all occasions, and appears so zealous that he must be admitted. The care of ten thousand Souls, which he is accountable for, as much as for his own, is not enough to employ his time, and satisfy his Ambition of directing; there are others of higher rank and more consideration, whom without being oblig'd to account for, he voluntarily takes charge on: He looks out, enquires, and watches for any thing that may nourish his intriguing humour, and his desire of meddling with and managing other mens concerns: A Great man has scarce set foot on shore, but he catches, seizes 'em, and says immediately, *I govern him*, before one would think he had so much as thought on't.

* A coldness, incivility or neglect from our betters, makes us hate 'em; but a salute or a smile conciles us.

* There are some proud men, whom the elevation of their Rivals humbles and mortifies, and this disgrace sometimes inclines 'em even to be civil; at time, which sweetens all things, restores them at last to their former disposition.

* The contempt which the Great have for the people, renders 'em indifferent to the flattery or praise they receive from them, and tempers their animosity; So Princes prais'd and flatter'd without measure

measure by the Great, or by Courtiers, would be more vain, if they had a better opinion of the men who prais'd them.

* The Great believe themselves to be the most compleat persons, and will but seldom allow of right Judgment, Ability or Delicacy in any of a meaner rank, seizing on the riches of the Mirrour as things due to their Birth: 'Tis however a great error in 'em to cherish such false prejudices; the best thoughts, the best discourses, the best writings, and perhaps the nicest conduct, do not always come from them: They have large Estates, and long train of Ancestors; this must not be disput'd with them.

The Mar-
shal de la
Feuillade.

* Have you Wit, Quality, Capacity, Taste and Discernment? Shall I believe prejudice and flattery, which so boldly proclaim your Merit? No, I suspect and refuse them. I'll not be dazzl'd with the air of Capacity and Dignity, which I see you above all Words, Actions and Writings, which makes you so great a Niggard of Applause, 'tis impossible to obtain the least Approbation from you; from whence I draw a more natural conclusion, that you are a Favourite, Rich, and of great Interest. How shall we describe you, *Telephon*? We cannot approach you, but, as we do Fire, at a certain distance, and to discover what you are, we ought to confront you with your Companions, your Confident, your most peculiar Friend, for whom you would quit *Socrates* and *Aristide*, with whom you laugh, and who laughs louder than your self, *Davis*, in short, I know very well, is not this enough for me to know you by?

* There are some, who did they know their inferiours and themselves, they would be asham'd to be above 'em.

* I

* If there are but a few excellent Orators, are there many that would understand 'em? If there be not enough good Writers, where are those who know how to read? We are always complaining of the small number of persons qualify'd to counsel Kings, and assist them in the administration of their Affairs; but if at last these able and intelligent Men appear in the World, if they act according to their knowledge, are they belov'd or esteem'd as such as they deserve? Are they commended for what they think and do for their Country? They live, that's all, and 'tis thought sufficient; they are censur'd if they miscarry, and envy'd if they succeed. Let us then blame the People, whom indeed 'twould be ridiculous to excuse: The Great look on their discontent and jealousy as inevitable things, and for this reason matter not their opinions, but even reckon it a Rule in Politicks to neglect them.

The common people hate one another for the injury they reciprocally do one another; the Great are odious to them, for the ill they do and the good they do not; they think 'em responsible for their security, poverty and misfortunes.

* Great men think it almost too great a condemnation in them, to have the same God and Religion as the People; no wonder then that they cannot abide the Names of *Peter, John, James*, which are only fit for Tradesmen and Labourers: Let us avoid, say they, having any thing in common with the Multitude; let us affect, on the contrary, any distinction that may separate us from them; let the Mob appropriate to themselves the twelve Apostles, their Disciples and their Martyrs, fit Patrons for such people; let them every year with pleasure expect the return of such a particular day, which

which each celebrates as his Festival ; but for let us have recourse to prophane names, and B
 This is aim-
 ed at some
 Noblemen,
 who assum'd
 the names
 of Gods and
 Demi-gods.
 tize our Children by the Names of *Hannibal*, *Cæ*
 and *Pompey*, they were indeed great men; by t
 of *Lucretia*, an illustrious Roman Lady; by thos
Rinaldo, *Rugero*, *Oliviero* and *Tancredo*, t
 were Palladins, and Romances cannot shew m
 wonderful Heroes; by those of *Hector*, *Achi*
 or *Hercules*, all Demi-gods; by even those of *P*
bus and *Diana*; and what should hinder us fr
 calling our selves, *Jupiter*, *Mercury*, *Venus*
Adonis?

* While the Great neglect to know any thi
 not only of the Interest of Princes and publick
 fairs, but of their own private concerns; wh
 they are ignorant of the OEconomy and Gov
 ment of a Family, and value themselves on t
 Ignorance, and are impoverisht and ruin'd by th
 Servants; while they are content to be Bubbles
 their Stewards, to be always eating and drinkin
 while they sit idly at *Thais's* or *Phryne's*, talk
 of Dogs and Horses, telling how many Stages th
 are between *Paris* and *Besancon* or *Phillipsbu*
 some Citizens instruct themselves in every th
 that belongs to their Country, study the Art
 Government, become subtile and politick, kn
 the strength and weakness of a State, think of
 vancing and placing themselves, are plac'd
 advanc'd, become powerful, and ease their Pri
 of part of the publick care; the Great, who
 dain'd them, respect them, and think themsel
 happy if they can be accepted for their Sons-
 law.

* If I compare the two most opposite condi
 ons of men together, I mean the Great with t
 people; the last appear content if they have b

necessaries, and the former unquiet and poor with superfluities. A mean Man can do no harm; a great Man will do no good, and is capable of doing great mischief; one exercises himself only about things profitable; the other on what is pernicious: Here rusticity and freedom are ingenuously discover'd; there a malign and corrupted disposition is hid under an Air of Politeness: If the people have no Wit, the Great have no Soul: These have a good bottom and no outside; those have nothing but outside and a simple superficies. Were I to choose which I would be of, without further weighing the matter, it should be the People.

* As profound as the Great at Court are, and whatever Art they use to appear what they are not, and not to appear what they are, they can't hide their malice and extream inclination to laugh at others expence, and to render that ridiculous which is not really so: These fine Talents are discover'd in them at first sight, admirable without doubt to puzzle a Bubble, and make a Fool of one who was no better before; but yet more proper, to deprive them of the pleasure they might receive by a Man of Wit, who knows how to turn and wind himself a thousand agreeable and pleasant ways, if the character of a Courier did not engage him to be too reserv'd. He fortifies himself under the covert of a serious Gravity, and does it so well, that the Villiers, as ill dispos'd as they are, can find no pretence to laugh at him.

* An easy Life, Plenty, and the calm of a great Prosperity, are the reasons why Princes take delight in laughing at a Dwarf, a Monkey, a Natural or a wretched Tale; Men less happy never laugh but on a right occasion.

* A great Man loves *Champagne*, and hates *La Brie*: He makes himself drunk with better Wine than a meaner Man; and this is often the only difference between a Lord and a Footman.

* It seems at first view, that the pleasures of Princes must be always season'd with the secret one of injuring other people; but 'tis not so, Princes are like other men, they think of themselves, follow their own Taste, Passions and Conveniency, which is natural.

* One would think 'tis the first Rule of such as are in Office, Power, or Societies, to give such as depend on 'em for the care of their affairs, all the obstacles they are afraid of.

* I can't imagin in what a great Man is happier than others, if 'tis not that he has it often in his power to do good; and when such an opportunity offers, it seems to me he ought to take hold on't; if 'tis in favour of an honest Man, he should be afraid to let it slip; but as 'tis for a just thing, he ought to prevent solicitation, and not be seen before 'tis to be thank'd; and if 'tis an easy thing, he should not set too great a value upon it; if he refuses it him, I pity 'em both.

* There are some Men born inaccessible, these are precisely such as others stand in need of, and on whom they depend; they are never but on one foot, moveable as *Mercury*; they are always noisy and in action, like the Paper Figures which we see at publick Festivals, which scatter Fire and Flames, which Thunder and Lighten, so that we dare not approach them, till extinguish'd at last they fall down, and by their fall become tractable, but useless:

* The Porter, the *Valet de Chambre*, the Footman, if they have not more Wit than belongs to their condition, make no Judgment of themselves from the baseness of their Birth, but the elevation and fortune of the Lords they serve, and think all that enter at their Gate or mount their Stair-case, below themselves and their Masters : So true it is, that we are doom'd to suffer any thing from the Great and such as belong to 'em.

* A Man in a Post ought to love his Prince, his Wife, his Children, and next to them the Men of Wit ; he ought to adopt them, to be always furnish'd with, and never to want them ; he cannot pay, I will not say with too large Pensions or Benefits, but with too much familiarity and careffes, the service they do him when he least thinks on't. What little Tales don't they dissipate ? how many stories they by their Address reduce to fable and fiction ? Don't they know how to justify ill success by good intentions, and to prove the goodness of a design, and the justness of measures by a prosperous event, to demonstrate against Malice and Envy, that good enterprizes proceed from good motives, to put favourable constructions on wretched appearances ; to turn off little defects, and show nothing but Virtues, and those to set in the best light ; to spread on a thousand occasions, advantageous actions and particulars, and make a jest of such as dare doubt the contrary ? I know 'tis a Maxim with great Men to let people speak and to continue to act as they think fit ; but I know also, that it happens very often, that their not caring how people speak of 'em, puts 'em out of a capacity of acting.

* To be sensible of Merit, and when 'tis known to treat it well, are two great steps to be made one

after another, which few great Men are capable of.

* You are Great and Potent ; this is not enough : make your self worthy of my esteem, that I may be sorry to lose your favour, or that I never could obtain it.

* You say of a great Man, or person in a high Station, he is very obliging, officious, and loves to be serviceable ; and you confirm this by a long tale of what he has done in an affair, wherein he knew you were concern'd ; I understand you, you are in Credit, you are well known to the Ministers of State, you are well with the Great ; What else, Sir, would you have me know by it ?

A person tells you, *I think my self ill us'd by such a one, he is proud since his advancement, he disdain me, he will not know me.* Say you, *I have no reason to complain of him ; on the contrary, I must commend him ; he seems to me to be very civil ;* I believe I understand you too, Sir. You would acquaint us, that a Man in place has a regard for you, that in the Anti-Chamber he picks you out of a thousand considerable persons, from whom he turns aside, that he may not fall into the inconvenience of saluting or granting them a smile.

To commend and speak well of great Men is a delicate phrase in its original, for doubtless one intends to commend himself in relating of the Great all the good they have done us, or never thought to do us.

We praise the Great to show we are intimate with 'em, rarely out of esteem or gratitude ; we know not often those we praise ; vanity and levity sometimes prevail on our resentment ; we are displeas'd with 'em, and yet praise them.

* If 'tis always dangerous to be concern'd in a suspicious affair, the danger grows greater when you are an accomplice with the Great; they will get clear, and leave you to pay double, for your self and them.

* A Prince has not fortune enough to pay a man for a base complacency, if he considers what it costs the man who gives it; nor too much power to punish him, if he measures his vengeance by the wrong done him.

* The Nobility expose their lives for the safety of the State, and the glory of their Sovereign; the Magistrate discharges his Prince from the care of judging his people. Both of 'em are sublime functions, of wonderful use; men are not capable of greater things; and I can't guess whence the men of the Robe and Sword can draw matter for their reciprocal contempt of one another.

* If 'tis true, that the Great venture more in hazarding their lives, destin'd to Gaiety, Pleasure, and Abundance, than the private man, who ventures only his miserable days; it must also be confest, that they have a larger recompence; Glory, and a high Reputation. The Private Centinel has no thoughts of being known, he dies obscure in a croud, he liv'd indeed after the same rate, but he only liv'd; and this is one of the chief causes of the want of Courage in low and servile conditions. On the contrary, those, whose Birth distinguishes 'em from the people, and exposes 'em to the Eyes of Men, to their censure and praise, exert themselves even above their natural temper, if they are not naturally inclin'd to Virtue; and this disposition of Heart and Mind, which they derive from their Fore-fathers, is the bravery so familiar to the Nobility, and perhaps Nobility itself.

Throw me amongst the Troops as a common Souldier, I am *Thersites*: put me at the head of an Army, for which I'm answerable to all *Europe*, I am *Achilles*.

* Princes, without Science or Rules, make a Judgment by comparifon; they are born and brought up in the center of the best things, to which they compare what they read, see, or hear. All that does not come up very near to *Lully*, *Racine*, and *Le Brun*, they condemn.

* To talk to young Princes of nothing else but the care of their rank is an excess of precaution, while the whole Court reckon it their duty, and a part of their politeness to respect them, and that they are less apt to be ignorant of the regard due to their Birth, than to confound persons, and treat indifferently, or without distinction, all sorts of titles and conditions: They have an innate haughtiness, which they find on all occasions, and want no Lessons, but how to govern it, and to inspire 'em with goodness, honour, and a spirit of discernment.

* 'Tis a downright hypocrisie in a man of a certain degree, not to take at first the rank due to him, and which every body is ready to grant him; it costs him nothing to be modest, to mingle with the Multitude, that would open to make way for him, to take the lowest seat at a publick Meeting, that every one may see him there, and run to set him higher. Modesty in men of ordinary condition is a more bitter practice; if they throw themselves into a croud, we juffle and punch 'em; if they chuse an incommodious Seat, they stay there.

* *Aristarchus* conveys himself into the Market-place, with an Herald and a Trumpeter; the Trumpeter sounds, and the Mob get round him;
Hear,

Hear, O ye people, says the Herald, Silence, Silence, be attentive. *This very Aristarchus you see before you, to morrow is to do a good Action.* I would say now with more simplicity, and without any Figure, such a one does well; wou'd he do better, let him behave himself so that I may not know that he does good, or at least then I may not suspect that he design'd I should be told it.

* The best actions are chang'd and weaken'd by the manner of doing them, and sometimes make us question the Sincerity of a mans intention; he who protects or commends Virtue for the sake of Virtue, condemns or blames Vice for Vice's sake, acts without design, singularity, pride or affectation; he neither reproves demurely and sententiously, nor yet sharply nor satyrically; he never makes his correction a Scene to divert the publick, but shews a good example, and acquits himself of his duty; furnishes little for the Ladies Visits or the Withdrawing Room; gives the merry man no matter for a pleasant tale. The good he does is indeed but little known, yet he does good, and what would he more?

* The Great ought not to love the first Ages of the World, they are not at all favourable to 'em; they are mortify'd to see that the rest of the world have any relation to 'em. Mankind compose together but one Family; all the difference is, we are more or less related.

* *Theognis* is very spruce in dressing himself, *The late Archbishop of Paris.* and as nice as a Lady; while he's at his Glass he settles his Eyes and Countenance as he is to appear abroad; he comes out every way compleat, and those who pass by him, meet the smiles and kind looks which he had before prepar'd, that nothing may escape him. He marches into the *Hall*, turns

himself to the right where there are many, and to the left where there is no body to observe him; he salutes those who are there, and those who are not; he embraces the first man he encounters, runs his Head into his Bosom, and then asks his name. A Person wants his help in an affair, he finds him and begs it. *Theognis* hears him favourably, is ravish'd that he can be serviceable to him; but if the other presses him to do him a kindness in the present affair, he tells him that 'tis not in his power, and leaves it to him to judge of the reasons, which express his good will: The Client goes out, waited on, caref'd, complimented, and almost content with his being refus'd.

* A man must have a very bad opinion of men, and yet know 'em well to believe he can impose on 'em, with study'd carefles, and long and barren embraces.

The Marquis de-D'angeau.

* *Pamphilus* do's not converse with the people he meets in the *Hall*, or at the Court, but by the gravity and high tone he uses, one would think he was formally receiving them, and giving 'em Audience; he has a parcel of terms, at once civil and haughty, a Gentleman-like sort of carriage, very imperious, and manag'd without discernment; a false grandeur which abases him, and is very troublesome to his friends, who are loth to despise him.

Pamphilus is full of his own Merit, and keeps himself always in view; never forgets the idea he has of his Grandeur, Alliances, Employments, and Quality; he jumbles 'em all together, and confounds them when he endeavours to shew 'em to his advantage; he's always talking of his Order, and his Blue Ribbond; exposes or hides it out of citation. In short, *Pamphilus* would be great, he

he believes he is so, he is not, but he's next to
 f at any time he smiles on one of a lower Order,
 or a Man of Wit, he chuses his time so justly, that
 he will never be catcht in the least familiarity with
 person who is not rich, or powerful, or a prime
 Ministers Friend, Relation or Domestick; he
 blushes and is asham'd when he's so surpriz'd; se-
 vere and inexorable to him who has not made his
 Fortune. One day he sees you in a Gallery and
 says you, the next he finds you in a place less pub-
 lick, or if publick, in the company of a great Man,
 he takes courage, comes up to you, and says, Ye-
 terday you would not see me. Sometimes he will
 leave you bluntly, to joyn himself with a Lord;
 and sometimes if he finds you with them, he will
 hog and carry you away: Meet him at another
 time, he will not stop; you must run after him,
 and talk so loud as to expose yourself to all that
 pass by you. Thus the *Pamphilus's* live always as
 if they were in a Play: People bred up in Falshood,
 who hate nothing more than to be natural; real
 actors of a Comedy, true *Floridor's* and *Mondo-*
vis's.

We can never say enough of the *Pamphilus's*;
 they are mean and fearful before Princes and their
 Ministers, proud and confident before such as have
 nothing but Virtue to recommend them; dumb
 and confounded before the Learned, brisk, forward
 and positive, before the Ignorant, they talk of
 War to a Lawyer, of Politeness to a Banker, of
 History among Women, of Poetry among Doctors,
 and of Geometry among Poets. They don't trou-
 ble themselves with Maxims, and less with Princi-
 ples, they live at a venture, push'd and driven
 on by the wind of favour; they have no senti-
 ments which are properly their own, they borrow
 them

... according as they want 'em; and he to whom they apply themselves, is neither wise, able, or virtuous, but a man of Fashion.

* We have a fruitless jealousy, and an impotent hatred for the Great and Men in Post, which does not revenge us for their splendour and elevation, but only adds to our own misery the insupportable weight of anothers happiness: What is to be done against so contagious and inveterate a disease of the Soul? Let us be contented with little, and if possible with less; let us learn to bear the losses that may befall us, the receipt is infallible, and I resolve to try it. By this means I spare my self the trouble of civilizing a Door-keeper, and mollifying a Head Clerk; of being pushed back from a Gate by innumerable crowds of Clients and Courtiers, whom a Ministers house disgorges it self seven times in the day; of languishing in a Hall of Audience; of begging of him, trembling and stammering a just demand; of bearing with his Gravitous Frowns and Laconisms; now I neither envy nor hate him any more: He begs nothing of me nor I of him; we are equal, unless perhaps he is never quiet, and I am.

* If the Great have frequent opportunities to do us good, they have seldom the will; and if they would injure us, 'tis not always in their power. Thus we may be deceiv'd in the worship we pay them, if 'tis from no other motives than hope or fear: A Man may live a long while without depending on them in the least, or being indebted to them for his good or bad Fortune: We ought to honour 'em since they are great, and we are little, and since there are others less than our selves, who honour us.

The same passions, the same weaknesses, the same meannesses, the same contrary dispositions, the same quarrels in Families, and among Relations, the same envies and antipathies reign at Court in the City : You find every where Daughters-in-law, Mothers-in-law, Husbands and Wives, Ruptures, ruptures and misunderstandings : every where different humours, heats, partialities, false reports and scandals : With good eyes one may easily see *St Dennis street at Versailles or Fontainebleau*. Here they think to hate with more fierceness and heightiness, and perhaps more like Quality ; they destroy one another more politely and cunningly : their heats are more eloquent, they speak injuriously with more elegance, and in better terms ; they don't injure the purity of the Language, they only offend Men or their Reputations ; all the outside Vice is here specious, but at the bottom 'tis the same as in the most abject conditions : You meet here all their baseness, weakness and unworthiness. These men, so great by their Birth, Favour or Signity ; these strong and cunning Head-pieces ; these Women so witty and polite, are themselves the People, tho' the People is what they all despise. The word People includes several things in one ; 'tis a large expression, and we may be surpriz'd to see what it contains, and how far it extends. People, in opposition to the Great, signifies the Mob and Multitude, but People, as oppos'd to Wise, Able and Virtuous Men, includes as well the Great as the Little.

* The Great govern themselves by fancy ; lazy Souls, on whom every thing immediately makes a strong impression ; a thing happens, they talk on't too much ; soon after they talk of it but a little, and then no more ; Actions, Conduct, Execution, Event, all are

are forgot: Expect not from them Correction, Reflection, Gratitude or Reward.

* We are carry'd to two opposite extreams wth respect to certain persons; Satyrs after they are dead, fly about among the people, while the Pulpit resound with their Praise; sometimes they defend neither Libels nor Funeral Orations, and sometimes both.

* The less we talk of the Great and Powerful the better; what good we say of them is of flattery: 'Tis dangerous to speak ill of 'em while they live, and villanous when they are dead.

Of the Sovereign, or Commonwealth.

WHen we have run through all forms of Government, without partiality to that we were born under, we can't tell which to conclude for; there's good and ill in 'em all: 'Tis therefore most reasonable and secure to value that of our own Country above all others, and to submit to it.

* There is no occasion for Arts and Sciences in the exercise of Tyranny; for the Politicks which consist only in bloodshed are very shallow and gross. To murder all that are obstacles to our Ambition is what they urge us to; and this a man naturally cruel does with ease. This is indeed the most barbarous and detestable way to support or aggrandize our selves.

* 'Tis

'Tis a certain and ancient maxim in Politicks, to suffer the people to stupify themselves with Pleasures and Feasts, Shews and Luxury, with Vanity and Delicacy, to dispossess them of all things bold and valuable, and leave them fond of ridiculous trifles, is to make the greatest advances to a Despotick Power.

Under an Arbitrary Government, Interest, Honour, and the service of the Prince, supply the place of natural affection to our Country.

To innovate, or introduce any alterations in a State, the time is rather to be consider'd than the Reason it self; there are some conjunctures when nothing is to be attempted on the people, and there are others when nothing is too gross to pass upon them: To day you may subvert the Rights, Franchises and Priviledges of such a Town; but to morrow you must not so much as think of altering the Signs at their Doors.

In publick Commotions we can't conceive how they should ever be appeas'd; nor when quiet imagine what can disturb us.

A Government connives at some evils, because they prevent greater. There are others purely so by their establishment, which, tho originally an abuse or ill use, are less pernicious in their practice and consequence, than a juster Law or a more reasonable Custom. There's a sort of evil curable by novelty or change, which indeed is a very dangerous sort. Others there are hid and sunk under ground, they are secret and obscure, bury'd in disgrace; these you cannot closely search into without exhaling their poyson and infamy: and 'tis often a question among the wisest Men which is to be preferr'd, the knowledge or the ignorance of them. The State sometimes tolerates one great evil, to keep
out

out millions of less mischiefs and inconveniences which would be inevitable, and without remedy. Some there are, tho' injurious to particular persons which tend to the good of the Publick, tho' the Publick is nothing else but a body of those particulars: So there are personal ills, which tend to the good and advantage of every Family. And there are others which afflict, ruin and dishonour Families, but tend to the conservation and advantage of the State or Government. Some there are which subvert Governments, and erect new ones upon their ruins, and we can't but observe, vast Empires have been utterly extirpated and stroy'd, to change and renew the face of the World.

* That *Ergastus* is rich, that he has a great pack of Hounds, that he has been the Inventor of great many new Fashions, and a Regulator of Equipages; that he abounds in superfluities; what signifies all this to the State? Is a particular Interest to be consider'd when the Publick is in question? 'Tis some comfort for the people, when they see themselves prest a little, to know that 'tis for the service of their Prince, and to enrich him also; that they put themselves to some inconvenience 'tis not to *Ergastus* that they think themselves obliged for having got a vast Estate.

* War pleads its antiquity from all Ages, it has always stor'd the World with Widows and Orphans, drain'd Families of their Heirs, and stroy'd several Brothers in one Battel. You *Soyecour*! how do I mourn thy loss, thy Virtue and Modesty, thy Wit just ripe, sagacious, soft and conversible: I must bemoan that untimely death, which transported thee to thy magnanimous Brother, and snatcht thee from a Court, where
tho

hadst only time to shew thy self: Oh misfortune, too deplorable and yet common! For men of all Ages for a little spot of Earth have agreed to destroy, Burn and Murther one another; which, to accomplish with the greater certainty and ingenuity, we've invented exquisite rules of destruction, which they call the Art of War; the practice of which, they reward with Glory, and the most lasting Honour, and every age improves in the art of mutual destruction. The Injustice of the first men made Souldiers necessary to the establishment of their right and pretensions; and doubtless was the primary source of War; for could they have been content with their own, and not violated the rights of their Neighbours, the World would have enjoy'd uninterrupted peace and liberty.

Those who sit peaceably by their own Fires, in the midst of their Friends, and enjoy the goods of fortune in a secure part of the Town, where there is no danger of their Lives or Estates, are the Men that generally breathe Fire and Sword, are taken up with Wars, Ruins, Conflagrations and Massacres, and cannot bear without a great deal of impatience to see Armies being in the Field and not meeting; or when they are in fight, that they don't engage; or when they are engag'd, that the Fight was not more bloody, and that there were scarce ten thousand men kill'd upon a spot: These are sometimes so far transported, that they would quit their darling Interest, their Repose and Security, out of a passionate desire of change, and a extravagant relish of novelty; nay, some of 'em go so far, they'd be content to see the Enemy at the very Gates of the City, and make Barricadoes, draw the Chains cross the Streets in apprehension of an Assault, for the bare itch of hearing and telling the News.

The Abbot
St Helene,
who was
dissatisfy'd
with the
Ministry.

* *Demophilus* here on my right hand lame and cries all's lost, we're just on the brink of ruin how can we resist so strong and so general a Confederacy? which way can we, I dare not say, overcome, but hold out against so many and so potent Enemies? 'Tis unprecedented in our Monarch A Hero, an *Achilles* must succumb. Besides, adds we've been guilty of many gross errors in our Management; I know it particularly, I've been Souldier my self, I've seen some Battels, and prov'd very much by reading. Then he admires *Olivier le Daim* and *Jacques Cœur*: Those were Men, says he, those were Ministers indeed. He disperses his News, which is the most disadvantageous and melancholy that can be feign'd: Not a party is fall'n into the Enemy's Ambuscade, and cut in pieces; presently some of our Troops shut up in a Castle, surrender upon discretion, and all put to the Sword; and if you tell him this report is false, and wants confirmation, he will not hear you, but adds, that such a General is kill'd and tho' you truly assure him, that he has but a slight wound, he deploras his Death, mourns for the Widow and Children, and bemoans his own loss; *he has lost a good Friend and a powerful Patronage.* He tells you, the German Horse is invincible, turns pale if you name but the Imperial Cuirassiers. If we attack that place, continues he we shall be oblig'd to raise the Siege; either we shall stand on the defensive, or come to an Engagement, but if we do, we shall certainly have the worst on't; and if we are beaten, Look, he cries the Enemy's upon the Frontiers; and according to *Demophilus*, will be presently in the heart of the Kingdom. He fancies the Bells ring in an Alarm he's in pain for his Estate, he's considering whether

he shall remove his Money, his Moveables and Family; whether he shall fly to the *Swiss Cantons*, or *Venice*.

But on my left *Basilides* raises an Army of *The Count-20000* Men in a minute, he wont abate you a *collor Au-ingle* Brigade: He has a List of the Squadrons, *bray*, Battalions, Generals and Officers, not omitting the Artillery and Baggage. He has the absolute command of these Forces; some he sends into *Germany*, others into *Flanders*, reserves a certain number for the *Alps*, a lesser for the *Pyreanes*, and transports the rest beyond Seas: He knows their marches, I can tell you what they have done, and what they have not done, you'd think he had the King's Secret, or were the only Confident to his chief Minister. If the Enemies are beaten and lose ten thousand, he positively avers 'twas thirty, not ten more or less; for his numbers are always as fixt and certain as if he had the best intelligence. Tell me in the morning we have lost a paultry Village, he not only sends to excuse himself to the Guests he has invited to Dinner, but fasts himself, and if he sups 'tis without appetite. If we besiege a place, naturally strong, regularly fortify'd, and well stor'd with Ammunition and Provision, besides a good Garrison, commanded by a Hero, he tells you the Town has its weak places, is very ill fortify'd, wants Powder, and its Governour Experience, and that 'twill capitulate in 8 days after the opening of the Trenches. At another time he runs himself out of breath, and after he's recover'd a little, he opens, I have News, great News to tell you, they are beaten, totally routed, the General and chief Officers, at least a great part of them, are kill'd; there's a slaughter, Fortune's on our side, and we've much the best of the Game: Then he sits
O down

down and rests, after this extraordinary News
The Duke of Savoy. which wants this only circumstance, that 'tis certain
The King of Spain. there has not been a Battel. He assures us further, that
The King of England. such a Prince has renounc'd the League, and quit-
 ted the Confederacy; a second is inclin'd to fo-
 low him; he believes firmly with the Populac
 that the third is dead, and names you the place of
 his Interment; and even, when the whole Town
 is undeceiv'd, he alone offers to lay wagers on it.
 He has unquestionable Intelligence, that *Teckley*
 very successful against the Emperor, that the Grand
 Signior is making great preparations, and will not
 hear of a Peace, and that the Vizier will once mo-
 sit down before *Vienna*; he's in an extasie, as much
 transported as if there were not the least doubt
 it. The triple Alliance is a *Cerberus* with him
 and the Enemies so many Monsters to be knock
 down: He talks of nothing but Lawrels, Triumph
 and Trophies, his familiar expressions run thus
Our August Hero, our Mighty Potentate, our In-
vincible Monarch. He's not to be perswaded to sum-
 mean expressions as these, *The King has a great nu-*
my Enemies, they're Potent, they're United and Ex-
perated; he has overcome them, and I hope will
always overcome them. This Stile, as 'tis too bo-
 and decisive for *Demophilus*, so 'tis not exagger-
 red nor pompous enough for *Basilides*; his Head
 full of loftier thoughts, he's taking care of Inscri-
 ptions, Triumphal Arches and Pyramids, to ad-
 the Capital City against the Conqueror's entrance
 and as soon as he hears that the Armies are in sig-
 of each other, or a Town is invested, he's prep-
 ring to sing *Te Deum* in the Cathedral.

* An affair which is to be debated by the Plen-
 potentiaries and Agents of Crown'd Heads and Re-
 publicks, must needs be extraordinary intricate and
 difficul

difficult, if the concluding of it requires a longer time than the settling of the preliminaries, nay, even than the very regulation of publick precedencies, and other ceremonies.

A Publick Minister, or a Plenipotentiary, is a *Camelian*, a *Protheus*; sometimes like a cunning Gamester, he dissembles his very humour and temper, as well as to avoid the conjectures and penetration of others, as to prevent any Secret escaping thro' passion or weakness; he's always ready to put on that shape his designs or occasions require, and very artificially appears what 'tis his Interest to be thought. So when he designs to dissemble that his Master is very formidable, or very low, he's very resolute and inflexible, to prevent any large demands; or easy and complaisant, to give others occasion to make them, that he may be sure of the same liberty. At other times either he is profound and subtile, to conceal a truth in the very publishing of it, because it concerns him to divulge it, and that it should not be believ'd; or else he is free and open, that whenever he shall have occasion to conceal what must be kept secret, people may not so much as suspect him, but on the contrary, believe that he has discover'd whatever he knew. At the same time, he's violent and very verbose, to excite others to talk, or hinder their speaking what he desires not to hear, or acquainting him with what he would be ignorant of. He talks of different things, which soften or destroy one another, and leaves them confounded betwixt Confidence and Distrust, that he may make amends for lost opportunity, by dextrously gaining another; he's cool and silent, to engage others to talk: he hears patiently a tedious while, to obtain the same favour himself. His discourse is lofty and

weighty, when he designs to make such promises or threats as may carry a great stroke with them, and make a strong impression upon such to whom they are directed. Sometimes he speaks first, the better to discover the Oppositions and Contradictions, Intrigues and Cabals of Foreign Ministers, upon the propositions he has advanc'd, and to take his Measures from their Answers. At another meeting he stays till the last, that he may be sure not to lose his labour; he can then be more exact, having nicely observ'd every thing that may be serviceable to his Master or his Allies. He knows what to ask, and what he can obtain; he knows how to be clear and expressive, or obscure and ambiguous; he can use equivocal words and turns, which he can render more or less forcible, as his interest or occasions require. He asks little because he won't grant much, or his requests are large, that he may be sure of a little. He desires small things, which he pretends to be of no value, that they may not hinder him of greater. He avoids the gaining of an important point at first, if it's like to hinder him of several, which, tho' in themselves of less value, yet united, exceed the other. His demands are extravagant, with design to be deny'd, that he may be furnish'd with a just excuse for refusing those he knows will be made. He very assiduously aggravates the enormity of these, and warmly urges the reasons why he cannot hearken to them, and as earnestly endeavours to exervate those which they pretend for their denial. He's equally concern'd to aggrandize those trifles he offers, as to slight openly the little they are willing to grant. He feigns extraordinary proffers, which beget a distrust, and oblig'd them to reject what indeed accepted would be useful; this serves to colour his

exorbitant demands, and throw the blame of the refusal on them: He grants more than they can ask, to get yet more of them. He shews himself very hard, and unwilling to grant trivial things, that he may quash all hopes and expectations of better from him. If he's perswaded to part with any thing, 'tis on such conditions, that he may share the advantages of it. He directly or indirectly espouses the interest of an Ally, as he finds it profitable, or tends to advance his pretensions. He talks of nothing but Peace and Alliances, the Publick Good and Tranquility; in all which he means only his Masters Interest. Sometimes he reconciles disagreeing Parties, at other times he divides those he found united; he terrifies the strong and potent, and encourages the weak: He unites several feeble Interests against a more powerful one, to render the Balance equal; he joyns with the former, that they may desire his Alliance and Protection, which he sells them at a dear rate. He knows how to interest those with whom he treats, and by a dexterous management, by fine and subtil turns, he makes them sensible of their private Advantage, the Riches and Honours they may hope for by a little easiness, which will not in the least clash with their Commissions, nor the Intentions of their Masters? And that he may not be thought impregnable on this side, he betrays some small concern for his own Fortune. By this he discovers their most secret Intentions, their most profound Designs, and last Efforts; which he turns to his own Advantage. If he's injur'd in any considerable Article he is very loud, but if he finds 'tis not so he is yet louder, and throws the Injur'd on their Justification and Defence. All his measures are order'd, his steps are pointed out, and his least ad-

vances prescrib'd by the Court ; yet he appears as complacent and free in the most difficult contests, as if all his compliances were *Extempore*, and purely owing to his condescending temper. And the better to perswade the World it is so, he dares not engage that the Proposals shall be approv'd of, and that his Master will not disown him. By his Emissaries, he spreads false rumours concerning those things which he alone is intrusted with ; he closely reserves some particular instructions, these he never discloses, but at such extremities as to neglect the use of them would be very pernicious. All his Intrigues tend to solid and substantial ends, for which he willingly sacrifices Punctilio's, and imaginary points of Honour. He has a great deal of Moderation, and is arm'd with Resolution and Patience ; he fatigues and discourages others, but is himself unwear'd. He's fore-warn'd and fortify'd against all tedious delays and affronts, jealousies and suspicions, difficulties and obstacles. He's fully perswaded, that patience and a happy conjuncture will influence their Minds, and accomplish his desir'd ends. He feigns a secret Interest to break off the Negotiation, when he passionately desires its continuance ; but on the contrary, when he has strict Orders to use his last endeavours to break it off, he thinks the best way to effect it is to press its continuation. After a very great Event, he's either stiff or easie, according as 'tis advantageous or prejudicial ; and if by a vast prudence he can foresee any thing advantageous to the State, he follows it close, temporizes and manages himself according to the hopes, fears and necessities of his Master : He takes his measures from Time, Place and Occasion, his own strength or weakness, the Genius of the Nations he treats with, and the par-

particular Temper and Character of their Ministers. All his Maxims, Designs, and most refin'd Politicks, tend only to prevent being deceiv'd, and to deceive others.

* The Character of the *French* Nation requires gravity in their Sovereign.

* 'Tis one of the Misfortunes of a Prince to be over-burthen'd with Secrets, because the discovering of 'em is dangerous; but he's happy if he can meet with a faithful Confident to discharge himself.

* A Prince wants only the pleasures of a private life to compleat his happiness; a loss that nothing can render supportable, but the charms of Friendship, and the fidelity of his Friends.

* A Monarch that deserv'dly fills a Throne, finds it extremely pleasant to lay down sometimes his Grandeur, to leave the Theatre, quit the Busskins, and act a more familiar part with a Confident.

* Nothing conduces more to the Honour of a Prince than the Modesty of his Favourite.

* No Ties of Friendship or Consanguinity affect a Favourite; tho' he's crowded with Relations and Creatures, he is not concern'd with 'em. He stands detach'd and disjoin'd from all.

* Certainly a Favourite, who has any measure of Wit and Reason, must be often disorder'd and confounded at the sordid and base Flatteries, the frivolous and impertinent Applications of those who make their Court to him, and hang upon him like Slaves and Spaniels; and no doubt but he laughs at them in private, to make amends for the trouble they put him to.

* You who are in great Posts, Publick Ministers or Favourites, give me leave to advise you.

Intrust not the care of your Memory with your Progeny, expect not they'll preserve the lustre of your Name : great Titles fly away, the Princes Favour vanishes, Honours leave their Possessors, Riches disperse themselves, and Merit degenerates: 'Tis true, you have Children worthy your selves, and capable of maintaining the Character you leave them, but can you promise to your selves to be as fortunate in your Grand-Children? Will you not believe me? Cast your Eyes for once on certain Men, whom you cannot look on without scorn and disdain; they're descended from the very Men (great as you are) whom you succeed. Be Virtuous and Affable, and if you ask what more is necessary, in answer I must tell you, Virtue and Humanity command a lasting Fame, and are independant on your Posterity; by these your Name is sure to live as long as the Monarchy endures; and when future Generations shall walk over the Ruins of your strongest Castles, and noblest Edifices, the Idea of your great Actions will still remain fresh in their Minds, they'll greedily collect your Medals and Pourtraicts: This, they will say, is the Effigies of a Man that dar'd to speak to his Prince with force and freedom, and was more afraid of injuring than displeasing him: he endeavour'd to make him a generous and good Prince, the Father of his Country, and taught him to say *my good City, my good People*: The other Person you see painted there with a bold Countenance, an austere and majestick Air, acquires a greater Reputation every year; the greatest Politicians allow him amongst their Number: His great design was to establish the Authority of the Prince, and the Safety of the People, by humbling the Nobility; from this neither the oppositions of strong Parties,

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Cardinal
George of
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Conspiracies, Treasons, the danger of Death, nor his own Infirmities were able to divert him; and yet he had time enough to attempt and begin a more noble Enterprize, since pursu'd and accomplish'd by one of the best and greatest Princes in the World, that is, the extirpation of Heresy.

* The most specious and the least suspected snare, that ever was laid for great Men by their servants, or for Kings by their Ministers, has been the Advice to enrich themselves. An admirable Maxim, Counsel which is worth a Treasure, a Mine of Gold, or a *Peru*, at least to those who have the Address to instil it into their Masters.

* That Nation is extream happy, whose Prince chooses the very same Persons for his Confidants and Ministers, whom the People would have chosen themselves, if the choice had been in their power.

* The knowledge of the detail of Affairs, and a diligent application to even the more minute cares of the Commonwealth, are essential to a good Government, tho' too much neglected by Kings and their Ministers in these last Ages: 'Tis a knowledge we cannot too earnestly desire in the Prince that's ignorant of it, nor value too highly in him that's thoroughly acquainted with it. In effect, what does it signify for the ease and pleasure of the Subjects, that their Prince extends the Bounds of his Empire beyond the Territories of his Enemies, that he makes their Sovereignties become Provinces of his Kingdom; that he is Victorious in Sieges and Battels, that the best fortify'd Camps and Bastions afford no security against him; that the neighbouring Nations ask Aid of one another, and enter into Leagues, to defend themselves, and put a stop
to

to his Conquests; that their Confederacies are v
 that he's continually advancing, and still victor
 that their last hopes are frustrated by the reco
 of such a vigorous Health and Constitution in
 Monarch, as will afford him the pleasure of seeing
 young Princes his Grand Children support and
 crease his good Fortune, of seeing them lead an Ar
 into the Field, destroy the strongest Fortresses,
 quer new States, and command Old and Experie
 Officers, rather by their Wisdom and Merit, than
 their high Quality and Royal Birth; of seeing th
 tread in the steps of their Victorious Father, i
 tating his Goodness, Docility, Justice, Vigila
 and Magnanimity? What signifies it to me, in a wo
 that my Sovereign is successful, that the prud
 Management of his Ministers, nay, that his l
 sonal Merits exalt him to the highest pitch
 Glory, that my Country is powerful, that it is
 terror of all the Neighbouring Nations; w
 should I, or any of my Fellow Subjects, be
 better for all these things, if I were forc'd to
 bour under the dismal and melancholy burthen
 Poverty and Oppression? If, while I was secu
 against the Sallies from without of a cruel Ener
 I was expos'd within the Walls of our Cities
 the Barbarity of a treacherous Assassin? If I
 pine and Violence, were less to be fear'd in t
 darkest Nights and in the Wildest Desarts, th
 at Mid-day in our Streets? If Safety, Cleanline
 and a good Order, had not render'd the sojour
 ing in our Cities so delightful, and had not add
 to Plenty, the means of our conversing with
 much ease one with another? Or, if being we
 and defenceless, I was encroach'd upon in th
 Country by every Neighbouring Great Man?
 there was not a Provision made to protect me
 gain

gnst his Injustice? If I had not at hand so many Masters, and those eminent Masters too, to breed my Children in those Arts and Sciences, which will one day raise their Fortunes? If the promoting of Trade had not made good substantial Stuffs for Cloathing, and wholesom Food for my Nourishment, both plenty and cheap? If, to conclude, the care of my Sovereign had not given me so much reason, to be as well contented with my Fortune, his extraordinary Virtues must needs make him worth his own?

Eight or ten thousand Men are like Money to a Prince; with their Lives he buys a Town or a Victory: but if he's sparing of them, if he can purchase either at a cheaper rate, he's like a Merchant who best knows the value of the Coin.

All things succeed happily in a Monarchy, where the Interests of the Sovereign and Subjects are undistinguish'd.

To say a King is *the Father of his People*, is more an Encomium to him than to call him by a Name, or to define what he is.

There's a sort of Commerce, or reciprocal relation of the Duties of the Sovereign to his Subjects, and of theirs to him; which are most strongly binding, or most difficult in the performance, I can't determine; and 'tis not indeed very easie to judge between the strict Engagements of Reverence, Assistance, Service, Obedience and Dependence, on the one side; and the indispenfible Obligations to Goodness, Justice and Protection on the other: To say the Prince is the supream Disposer of the lives of the People, is to tell us only that the Vices of Mankind have entail'd on them a natural subjection to Justice, and the Laws, with the Execution of which the Prince is intrusted; to,
add

add, that he is absolute Master of his Subjects, without any Reason or legal Process, the Language of Flattery, or the distorted Opinion of a Favourite, who will make his recantation the point of death.

* When on a fine Evening you see a numerous Flock of Sheep, spread over a little Hill quietly grazing on the fragrant Thyme, and other tender Herbs, or in a Meadow, nibbling the short tender Grass which has escap'd the Scythe, diligent and careful Shepherd, you observe, he is always amongst them; he will not suffer them out of his sight, he leads them, he follows them, he changes their Pasture; if they wander he gathers them together; if the greedy Wolf approaches, he sets his Dog on to beat him off, he nourishes and preserves them; the morning finds him in the same Field, in which the Sun left him. What Condition appears the most delicious and free, that of the Sheep or of the Shepherd? Was the Field made for the Shepherd, or the Shepherd for the Sheep? This is the genuine Image of a good Prince and his People.

A Luxurious and proud Monarch is like a Shepherd adorn'd with Gold and Jewels, a Golden Crozier in his hand, a Collar of Gold about his Dogs Neck, and a Golden String to lead him; but what's the Flock the better for all this Gold? Or what avails it against the Wolves?

* How happy is that Post, which every minute furnishes opportunities of doing good to thousands! How dangerous is that, which every moment proposes to the injuring of millions!

* If Men are not capable of a felicity on Earth more natural, sensible, and sublime, than to know
th

ly are tenderly belov'd; and if Kings are Men, they purchase the Hearts of their people at too dear a rate?

There are very few general, or certain Rules Governing well; they depend on Times and Conjunctures, the Prudence and Designs of the Governours; so that perfect Government is the Master-piece of the Understanding; and perhaps it would be impossible to arrive at it, if Subjects did contribute one moiety by an habitual dependance and submission.

Those who, under a great Monarch, are possid of the first Posts of Honour and Profit, have easy places, and officiate them without any trouble: Every thing flows naturally; the Authority and Genius of the Prince plains their way, rids them of all difficulties, and prospers every thing beyond their expectation. They have the merit of balterns.

If the Care of a single Family be so burthenome, if a Man has enough to do to answer for himself, what a weight, what a load is the charge of a whole Realm? Is the Sovereign recompenc'd for his anxious cares by the prostrations of his Courtiers, or the pleasures an Absolute Power seems to afford? When I think on the troublesome, hazardous and dangerous paths they're forc'd to tread to arrive at a publick Tranquility; when I reflect on the extream difficult, tho necessary methods, they are frequently oblig'd to use to compass good end; that they are accountable to God, even for the felicity of their people; that Good and Evil are in their hands, and that Ignorance is no excuse for them; I can't forbear asking my self this question, Wouldst thou Reign? Would a Man so meanly happy in a private condition, quit it for

a Throne? is it even insupportable to be be
Monarch?

* How many Indowments, how many Gifts
Heaven are necessary for a Prince to reign well
Royal Birth an August and Commanding Air, a
sence to satisfy the curiosity of those who crow
see him, and to command respect from his Court
His temper must be perfectly even, he must be
averse to ill natur'd Railery, or at least discon
nance it; he must neither threaten, reproach,
give way to his passion, and yet oblige an e
obedience to all his Commands: his Humour
be complacent and engaging; his Heart so fir
and open, that all may think they found the
tom of it; this will qualifie him to gain Frie
Creatures and Allies. He must be always se
profound and impenetrable in his ends and desi
He must be very grave and serious in Publ
When in Council, or giving answers to Amb
dors, his expressions must be brief, join'd wi
great deal of Justness and Grandeur: He m
chuse fit Objects to bestow his Favours on, and
fer them with such a grace as doubles the Bene
He must be very sagacious to penetrate into
Minds, Qualifications and Tempers of Men,
the distribution of Places and Employments,
the choice of Generals and Ministers: He m
have such a strong and solid decisive Judgment
affairs, as immediately to discern the best and m
just: A mind so sincere and just, as to declare
gainst himself in favour of his Subjects, Allies a
Enemies: Such a happy Memory as continua
presents to him the Names, Faces, Petitions a
Occasions of his Subjects: A vast Capacity, th
extends not only to Foreign Affairs, to Commer
State Maxims, Political Designs, New Conquel

the defence of them by numerous and unaccessible Forts, but knows how to confine himself at home, to consider the particular wants of the Realm, to banish all false Worship he meets with, to be judicious to Sovereignty, to abolish all impious and cruel Customs, to reform the Laws and Usages if they are fill'd with Abuses, to make his Cities pleasant and easy by an exact Polity, and render them more Noble and Magnificent by the addition of sumptuous Edifices: To punish scandalous Vices severely; to advance the Honour of Religion and Virtue by his authority and example; to protect the Church and Clergy, their Rights and Liberties; to govern with the tenderness of a Father, always striving the ease of his Subjects; to lighten their Taxes and Subsidies, that they may not be impoverish'd. He must be enrich'd with ~~with~~ several great Talents for War; he must be vigilant, sedulous and unwearied; he must be able to Command numerous Armies in person, and be sedate and composed in the midst of danger; his sole design ought to be the Safety and Honour of his Kingdom, which he must always prefer to his own Life; his Power must be of such an extent as to leave no room for underhand Solicitations, private Intrigues and Cabals, and sometimes to lessen the vast distance betwixt the Nobility and the Populace, that they may all agree to be equally subject; his Knowledge so extensive, as to enable him to see every thing with his own Eye, and act immediately and by himself. So that his Generals be but his Lieutenants, and his Ministers but his Ministers; a profound Wisdom to know when to declare War, how to overcome, and to make the best use of Victory; to know when to make Peace and when to break it, to force his Enemies to accept it accord.

ing to their Interests; to set bounds to a vast Ambition, and to know how far to extend his Conquests; to have leisure for Plays, Feasts, and Shows; to cultivate Arts and Sciences; to design and erect magnificent Structures, even when surrounded with private and declar'd Enemies: To conclude, a vigorous and commanding Genius, that renders him belov'd by his Subjects and fear'd by Strangers; and that reduces his Court and all his Kingdom to that Union and good Intelligence, that they are like a single Family, perfectly united under one Head. These admirable Virtues seem to be compriz'd in the Idea of a Sovereign. 'Tis true, rarely see them all meet in one Subject, several of them are owing to the Soul and Temper, others to Conjunctions and extraneous things; yet I may tell you, it appears to me, that the Prince does unite all these in his single Person, very well, and serves the Name of *Great*.

Of MAN.

LET us not be angry with Men, when we find them stubborn, ungrateful, unjust, proud, Lovers of themselves and forgetful of others; they are made so, 'tis their nature, 'tis quarrelling with the Stone for falling to the Ground, or with the Fire for flying upwards.

* In one sense Men are not Light, or but little things: They change their Habits, Language, Fashions, Decorums, and sometimes their Taste

that they always preserve their bad Manners; are firm and constant to what is ill, and to an indifference for Virtue.

* *Stoicism* is a meer Fancy, an Idea, something like *Plato's Republick*. The *Stoicks* feign that a Man may laugh at his Poverty; be insensible of Injuries, Ingratitude, or the loss of his Estate, Parents and Friends; look coolly on Death, and regard it as an indifferent thing, which ought not to make him merry or melancholy; may never let Pleasure or Pain master him; may undergo the Torments of Fire or Sword without the least sigh or a single tear; and this phantom of Virtue, and Imaginary Constancy, they are pleas'd to call a Wise Man. They have left Mankind as full of the same defects as they found them, and not cur'd of the least weakness. Instead of painting Vice in its most frightful and ridiculous forms, to correct their Minds, they have form'd an Idea of Perfection and Heroism, of which they are not capable, and exhorted them to what is impossible. Thus this Wise Man that is to be, or will never be but in Imagination, finds himself naturally above all Ills and Events; the most painful Fit of the Gout, or the most sharp Fit of the Cholick, can't extort from him the least complaint; Heaven or Earth may be turn'd upside down without concerning him in their fall; he would stand firm amidst the Ruins of the Universe, while another Man grows almost distracted, cries, despairs, looks silly, and is out of breath, for a Dog lost, or a China Dish broke in pieces.

* Restlessness of Mind, an inequality of Humour, an inconstancy of Heart, and uncertainty of Conduct, are all Vices of the Soul, but different,

and as like as they appear, are not always fo in one Subject.

* 'Tis difficult to decide, whether irresolu makes a Man more unfortunate than comtempti or even, if there is not always more convenienc being of the wrong side, than of none at all.

* A Man unequal in his Temper is several I in one; he multiplies himself as often as changes his Taste and Manners: He is not minute what he was the last, and will not be next what he is now; he is his own Success ask not of what Complexion he is, but what his Complexions; nor of what Humour, but many sorts of Humours has he. Are you not ceiv'd? Is it *Eutichrates*, whom you meet? F cold is he to day! Yesterday he fought you, refs'd you, and made his Friends jealous of does he remember you? Tell him your Name.

The Count
de Bran-
sat.

* *Menalcas* goes down Stairs, opens the to go out, shuts it; he perceives that his Night is still on; and examining himself a little be finds but one half of his Face shav'd, his Sworc his Right side, his Stockings hanging over Heels, and his Shirt out of his Breeches. If walks into the Street, he feels something st him on the Face, or Stomach, he can't ima; what 'tis, till waking and opening his Eyes, sees himself by a Cart wheel, or under a Joy Pent-house, with the Coffins about his Ears. time you might have seen him run against a b Man, push him backwards, and afterwards fall c him. Sometimes he happens to come up Forehea Forehead with a Prince, and obstructs his passa with much ado he recollects himself, and has just time to squeeze himself close to a Wall, make room for him. He seeks, quarrels; brav

brawls, puts himself into a Heat, calls to his Servants, and tells them one after another, every thing is lost, or out of the way, and demands his Gloves, which he has on his hands; like the Woman who ask'd for her Mask when she had it on her Face. He enters an Apartment, passes under a Sconce, on which his Perriwig hitches, and is left hanging; the Courtiers look on him and laugh; *Menalcas* looks too, laughs louder than any of them, and turns his Eyes round the Company to see the Man who shews his Ears, and has lost his Wig. If he goes into the City, after having gone pretty far, he believes himself out of his way, stands still and asks of such as pass by, where he is, they tell him in the Street he lives in; he enters his own House, runs out in haste fancying himself deceiv'd. He comes out of the Palace, and finding a Coach at the Stair-foot, takes it to be his own, throws himself into it; the Coachman whips on, and thinks he is driving his Master home; *Menalcas* jumps out, crosses the Court-yard, mounts the Stair-case, runs into the Anti-Chamber, Chamber and Closet, all is familiar to him, nothing new, sits down and reposes himself as at his own House; the Master comes in, he rises up to receive him, treats him very civilly, prays him to sit, and believes he is paying the same honour, he uses to give such as visit him at his own Chamber; he talks, reflects and talks again; the Master of the House is tir'd and astonish'd, and *Menalcas* as much as he; he will not say what he thinks, but supposes the other to be some very impertinent and lazy Fellow, who will at last retire; this he hopes and is Patient; the Night comes, when with some difficulty he is undeceiv'd. At another time he pays a visit to a Lady, and persuading himself that she is visiting him, he sits

down in her Elbow-Chair; and thinks not of quitting it; he thinks afterwards the Lady makes long Visits, expects every moment when she will rise, and leave him at liberty; but she tarries yet longer, he grows hungry; Night comes on, he intreats her to sup with him; she laughs and so loud, that at last it wakes him. He Marries in the Morning, forgets it at Night, and lies abroad; some time after his Wife dies in his Arms, he assists at her Funeral, and the next day when the Servants come to acquaint him that Dinner is on the Table, he demands if his Wife be ready, and if they have given her notice on't. This Man entering a Church and taking a blind Man sitting at the door for a Pillar, and his Dish for the Holy Water Pot, plunges in his hand and crosses his Forehead, when on a sudden he hears the Pillar speak, and offer him his Petitions; he turns towards the Quire, he fancies he seeks a Desk and a Cushion, he throws himself rudely on it; the Machine bends, pushes him, and strives to cry out; *Menalcas* is surpriz'd to see himself kneeling on the Legs of a very little Man, resting on his back, he two Arms over his Shoulders, his Hands taking him by the Nose, and stopping his Mouth; he retires confus'd, and kneels elsewhere. He takes out of his Pocket a Prayer-Book, as he thinks, but he pulls out a Slipper instead of it; he is hardly got out of the Church, but a Footman runs after him, pulls him by the Sleeve, and asks him, laughing, if he has not got my Lords Slipper? *Menalcas* shews him his, and tells him, *This is all the Slippers I have about me*: however, he searches himself, and finds the Slipper of the Bishop of whom he had been visiting, and whom he found by his Fire-side, being indispos'd; for *Menalcas* letting one of his Gloves fall

fall to the Ground, instead of it took up one of his Lordship's Slippers, and went away. He plays at *Trick Track*, and calls for Drink, 'tis brought him; he is to play, and holds the Box in one hand, and the Glass in the other, and being very thirsty, swallows the Dice and almost the Box, and throws the Water on the Tables, and so drowns the Man he play'd with. He goes by Water; asks what's a Clock, they shew him the Watch, he scarce looks on't before he forgets both the Hour and the Watch, and throws it into the River as a thing which troubles him. He writes a long Letter, sands the Paper, and then throws the Sand into the Ink-horn; he writes a second, makes up both, and mistakes the Superscription; one of them is sent to a Duke and Peer; and when he opens it, he reads, *Mr Oliver, Pray don't fail to send me my Quarters Rent, that was due at Lady day, as soon as possible, &c.* His Tenant opens the other, and finds in it, *My Lord, I receive, with a blind submission, the Orders which your Grace was pleas'd, &c.* He writes another at Night, and after he has made it up and seal'd the same, puts out the Candle, is surpriz'd to be in the dark, and can hardly remember how it happen'd. Coming down Stairs from the *Louvre*, he meets another coming up; says *Menalcas, you are the Man I lookt for*, takes him by the hand, hauls him along with him, they cross several Courts, enter the Halls, go out and come in; he looks more narrowly on the Man he drew after him, wonders who it should be, has nothing to say to him, lets him go, and turns another way. He often asks you a question, and is almost out of sight before you can answer him. He finds you at another time in his way, *He is raviſh'd to meet you, he just came*

from your House, where he would have discours'd you about a certain Affair, he looks on your Fingers, *You have,* says he, *a fine Ruby, is it a true Crystal one?* then leaves you, and continues his march; this is the important affair he was so earnest to discourse you about. If he is in Company, he begins a Story, which he forgets to end; he laughs to himself, and at something he was thinking of, and makes answer to his own thoughts; he sings thro his Teeth, whistles, rous up and down in his Chair, makes his moan, gapes, and believes he's alone. When he is at a Feast, he gathers insensibly all the Bread on his own Plate; his Neighbours indeed want it, as well as Knives and Forks, which he a long while plays with. There are large Spoons us'd at the Tables for the better conveniency of helping every body; he takes one of them up, plunges it into the Dish, fills it, puts it to his Mouth, and is extreamly surpriz'd to see the Porrage on his Cloaths and Linnen, which he thought had been in his Belly. He forgets to drink at Dinner; or if he remembers it, he thinks there is too much Wine fill'd for him, he flings half on't in the Man's face who sits next to him, drinks the rest with a great deal of composure, and can't comprehend why People should laugh at him for throwing to the Ground the Wine he was not willing to drink. He keeps his Bed a day or two upon some light Indisposition, he is visited, the Men and Women make a circle round his Bed; he turns off the Quilt before them, and spits in his Sheets. He is carry'd to the *Chartreux*, where he is shewn a Cloyster painted by an excellent hand; the *Religiens*, who explains to him the Figures, talks much of *St Bruno*, the Adventure of the Canon, makes a long Tale on't, and shews the Story in the Picture:

Mensieur,

Menalcas, whose thoughts were all the while out of the Cloyster, and far beyond it, comes to it again, and at last asks the good Father, if 'tis the Canon or *St Bruno* who is damn'd. By chance he finds himself with a young Widow, he talks to her of her deceas'd Husband, and asks how he dy'd; the Woman, in whom this discourse renews her late sorrows, weeps, sighs, and acquaints him with all the particulars of her Husbonds distemper, from the Night before the Fever took him, to his last Agonies: *Madam*, says *Menalcas*, who had heard her relation very attentively, *Have you never another but him?* He bids Dinner to be got ready, rises before the Fruit is serv'd, takes his leave of the Company, and you are sure that day to see him in all the noted places of the City, that excepted, where he had made an appointment about the affair, which made him rise in such haste, and would not let him tarry till his Horses were put to his Coach, but oblig'd him to trudge out a foot. You may frequently hear him scold, chide, and be in a passion with one of his Domesticks for being out of the way, Where is he? says he: What can he be doing? What is become of him? When I want him I can never find him, I'll this minute give him Warning; while he is speaking the Servant comes in; he asks him in a fury, Whence he came? he answers, From the place he sent him to, and gives him a faithful account of his Errand. You are very often mistaken in him, and take him for what he is not; for stupid, because he hears little, and speaks less; for a Fool, because he talks to himself, and is subject to a set of Grimaces and careless motions with his head; for Proud and Uncivil, because when you salute him he takes no notice on you, passes by and neglects it; for an in-

considerate Man, because he talks of Statutes of Bankrupt in a Family that has a Bankrupt belonging to it; of Executions and Scaffolds before a person whose Father was beheaded; of mean Extraction before rich Farmers, who would pass for Gentlemen. He even brings a Bastard into his Family, and pretends to let him live like his Valet; and tho he would have his Wife and Children know nothing of the matter, he can't forbear calling him his Son every hour in the day. He resolves to marry his Son to a Tradesman's Daughter, and from time to time boasts of his House and Ancestors, and says, that the *Menalcas's* never us'd to match below themselves. In short, he seems as if he were not present, nor heard what the Company discours'd of, when he himself is the subject of their Conversation; he thinks and talks of a sudden, but what he talks is seldom the thing he thinks on; by which means there is little coherence in any thing he says; he says *Yes* commonly instead of *No*, and when he says *No*, you must suppose he would say *Yes*; when he answers you perhaps his Eyes are fix'd on yours, but it does not follow that he sees you, he minds neither you, nor any one else, nor any thing in the World. All that you can draw from him, even when he is most sociable, are some such words as these: *Yes indeed, 'tis true, good, all the better, sincerely, I believe so, certainly: Ab! O Heaven!* And some other Monosyllables, which are not spoken in the right place neither. He never is among those whom he appears to be with; he calls his Footman very seriously *Sir*, and his Friend *Robin*. He says *your Reverence* to a Prince of the Blood, and *your Highness* to a Jesuit. When he is at Mass, if the Priest sneezes, he cries out aloud, *God bless you*. He is in Company with

Judge, grave by his Character, and venerable by his Age and Dignity, who asks of him if such a thing is so, *Menalcas* replies, *Yes, Madam*. As he came once from the Country, his Footmen attempted to rob him, and succeeded; they jump'd down from behind the Coach, presented the end of a Flambeau to his Throat, demanded his Purse and he deliver'd it to 'em; being come home, he told the Adventure to his Friends, who ask'd him the circumstances, and he refer'd them to his Servants: *Inquire of my Men*, said he, *they were there*.

* Incivility is not a Vice of the Soul, but the Effect of several Vices; of Vanity, Ignorance of Duty, Laziness, Stupidity, Distraction, Contempt of others, and Jealousie: If it discovers itself all in the outside of a man, 'tis the more odious, because 'tis a visible and manifest defect; however, 'tis more or less offensive, according as the Cause is that produces it.

* If we say of a cholerick, unsteady, quarrelsome, melancholy, formal, capricious person, 'tis his humour, this is not to excuse him, whatever we fancy; but owning, tho' we don't think on it, that such great Vices are not to be remedy'd.

What we call Humour, is a thing too much neglected among men; they should understand, 'tis not enough to be good, unless they do appear so, at least if they would endeavour to be sociable, qualify'd for Union and Commerce; that is, if they would be Men. We don't require that malicious Souls shou'd be tender and complacent; they never want complacency and tenderness when they serve to ensnare the simple, and set a price on their Artifices. But we wish that honest and sincere men wou'd be easie, complacent and civil, that we may hope to have no longer reason to say that the wicked

wicked men are hurtful, and that good men make others uneasie.

* The generality of men, from being choleric proceed to be injurious; others act quite otherwise, for having first injur'd their Neighbour, they grow afterwards angry: The surprize that we are in at such proceedings, will not always give time for resentment.

* Men don't apply themselves enough to embrace all opportunities, wherein they could promote each others satisfaction: when a person takes an Employment on him, it seems as if his design was to have it in his power to oblige, but to do no such thing; the most ready thing in the World is a denial; we never grant but with reflection.

* Every Man ought to know exactly what he is to expect from Mankind in general, and from each of them in particular, before he ventures to throw himself into the World.

* If Poverty is the Mother of Crimes, want of Sense is the Father.

* 'Tis difficult for a Man to have Sense and be a perfect Knave: a true and sharp Genius leads to Order, Truth and Virtue: 'Tis want of Sense and Penetration that makes a Man obstinate in Evil and in Error: We strive in vain to correct a Blockhead by Satyr, which describes him to others, while he will not himself know his own Picture; 'tis like railing to a deaf Man. 'Twould be well for the pleasure of Men of Wit and Honour, and for publick Vengeance, if a Rogue had some feeling, and were sensible when he is corrected.

* There are some Vices for which we are indebted to no body, they were born with us, and from time to time are fortify'd by custom; there are others which we contract, and were before

Stranger

angers to us: Men are sometimes born with
dispositions, complacency, and a desire to
ease; but by the treatment they meet from those
they live with or on whom they depend, they are
suddenly oblig'd to change their measures, and
alter their nature; they grow melancholy and
humourick; humours, with which they were before
acquainted; they have another Complexion, and
astonish'd to find themselves petulant and stub-

Some ask why Mankind in general don't com-
mingle but one Nation, and are not contented to
speak the same Language, to live under the same
Laws, to agree amongst themselves in the same
Customs and Worship: For my part, seeing the
variety of their Inclinations, Taste and Senti-
ments, I wonder to see seven or eight persons live
under the same Roof, within the same Walls, and
be a single Family.

There are some strange Fathers, who seem,
throughout the whole course of their Lives, to be pre-
paring reasons for their Children to be comforted
in their Deaths.

Every thing is strange in the Humours, Morals
and Manners of Men: One lives Sorrowful, Passio-
nate, Covetous, Furious, Submissive, Laborious,
and full of his own Interests, who was born Gay,
Peaceable, Lazy, Magnificent, of a noble Cou-
rage, and far from any thing base or pitiful: The
Changes of Life, the disposition they find themselves
in, and the Law of Necessity force Nature, and
cause such great changes. Thus at the bottom,
such a Man cannot tell what to make of himself,
because outside changes so often, has so many altera-
tions and revolutions, that he is really neither
what he thinks he is himself, nor what he appears
to be.

* Life is short and tireſome, 'tis ſpent in w
and deſires; we adjourn our joy and reſoſe to
time to come, often to an Age, when our
Bleſſings, Youth and Health, are already d
pear'd. The time comes and ſurprizes us in
miſt of new deſires: Here we are when a F
ſeizes as, and extinguishes us; if we recover
only that we may have a longer time to deſire:

* When a Man deſires a favour of a perſon,
ſurrenders himſelf to him at Diſcretion; when
ſure it cannot be deny'd him, he watches hi
portunities, parleys and capitulates.

* 'Tis ſo common for Man not to be ha
and ſo eſſential to all good to be acquir'd with
ble, that what comes with eaſe is ſuſpected:
can hardly comprehend how any thing can be
our advantage which coſts us ſo little, or how
could reach the ends we propos'd by none but
meaſures: We think we deſerve good Fortune,
ought not often to rely upon our Merits.

* The Man who ſays he was not born ha
may at leaſt become ſo, if he would make uſe
his Friends and Relations good Fortune. Envy
him of this advantage.

* Tho perhaps I have ſaid ſomewhere or o
that unhappy people are in the wrong, yet I
ſeem to be born for miſfortune, grief and pove
few eſcape, and ſince all ſorts of diſgraces be
them, they ought to be prepar'd for all ſorts
diſgrace.

* Men meet one another about their affairs w
ſo much difficulty, are ſo ſharp where the l
interreſt is concern'd, ſo apt to be intangl'd with
leſt intricacies, are ſo willing to deceive, and
unwilling to be deceiv'd, ſet ſo great value
what belongs to themſelves, and ſo mean a price

belongs to others ; that I protest I know not
or which way they can conclude Marriages,
Contracts, Acquisitions, Peace, Truces, Treaties
Alliances.

Among some people Arrogance supplies the
want of Greatness ; Inhumanity, of Stedfastness ;
Cheating, of Wit.

Cheats easily believe others as bad as themselves :
they cannot often be deceiv'd, but they will not
live a long while.

They are never deceiv'd for our advantage, for
Force and Lying always attend Cheating.

We hear nothing in the Streets of great Ci-
ties and out of the mouths of those that pass by
but such words as these ; Writs, Executions,
Procuratories, Bonds and Pleadings : What is
the meaning of it ? Is there no shadow of Equity
in the World ? and is the World full of people
who ask confidently what is not due to 'em,
and who deny with the same confidence to pay what
they owe to others ?

The Invention of Parchments is a scandal to
Humanity ; what a shame is it that men can't keep
their words without being forc'd to it !

If you suppress Passion, Interest and Injustice,
there would be a calm in the greatest Cities !
The necessaries of Life and Subsistence do not make
up the third part of the hurry.

Nothing helps a man more to bear quietly the
injuries he receives from Parents and Friends, than
reflection on the vices of humanity ; and how
useful 'tis for men to be constant, generous and
merciful, or to love any thing better than their own
interests : He knows the Extent of their Capacity,
and does not require them to penetrate solid Bo-
dy as they fly in the Air, or be equitable : He may hate
Man-

Mankind in general, for having no greater reason for Virtue; but he excuses it in particulars, engag'd by higher motives to love 'em; and strives as much as possible never to deserve the pardon and indulgence.

* There are certain Goods which we most passionately desire, the very Idea of 'em moves and transports us; if we happen to obtain 'em, we are less sensible of 'em than we thought we should be, and are less busie in rejoycing over 'em, than when we are aspiring after greater.

* There are some evils so frightful, and misfortunes so horrible, that we dare not think of them, the very prospect of 'em makes us tremble; if they chance to fall on us, we find more pain than we could imagine, we arm our selves against a cross Fortune, and do better than we hop'd for.

* Sometimes a pleasant House falling to us, a fine Horse, a pretty Dog, a Suit of Tapistry, a Watch presented to us, will mitigate a great part of our grief, or a vast loss.

* I often suppose that men were to live for ever in this world; and reflect afterwards whether it is possible for them to do more towards their happiness here, than they do now.

* If Life is miserable, 'tis painful to live; if it is happy, 'tis terrible to dye; they both come to the same thing.

* There's nothing men are so fond to possess, and less careful about, than Life.

* We are afraid of Old Age, but we are not afraid of what we can attain it.

* Death never happens but once, yet we fear it every moment of our lives. 'Tis worse to apprehend than to suffer.

* *Irene* is at great Expence convey'd to *Epicurus*, she visits *Æsculapius* in his Temple, and consults him about all her ills. She complains first that she's weary and fatigu'd; the God pronounces her occasion'd by the length of her Journey: She says she has no stomach to her Supper; the Oracle orders her to eat the less Dinner: She adds, she's troubled anights with broken Slumbers; he prescribes her, never to lye a Bed by day: She asks how her grossness may be prevented; the Oracle replies, she ought to rise before Noon, and now and then make use of her Legs: She declares that Wine disagrees with her, the Oracle bids her drink Water; that she has a bad digestion; he tells her she must go into a Diet: My sight, says *Irene*, begins to fail me; use Spectacles, says *Æsculapius*: I grow weak, continues she, I an't half so strong and healthy as I have been; You grew old, says the God: But how, says she, shall I cure this languishment? Why you must dye like your Grandfather and Grand-mother, if you'll get rid on't quickly: What advice is this thou givest me, thou Son of *Apollo*, cries *Irene*? Is this the mighty Skill which Men praise and worship thee for? What hast thou told me rare and mysterious? Did not I know this much before? The God answers, Why did you not put it in practice then, without coming so far out of your way to seek me, and shortning your days by a tedious Journey to no purpose?

* Let us think, when we are fighting for the loss of our past youth, which will no more return, Doldrums will come, then we shall regret the Age of our full strength, which we now enjoy, and don't enough esteem.

* Inquietude, fear and dejection cannot keep Death far from us, yet I question if excellent laughter becomes Men who are mortal.

* What there is in Death uncertain, is a little sweeten'd by what there is certain; there's something indefinite in the time of it; which looks something infinite, and what we call Eternity.

* We hope to grow old, and we fear old; that is, we are willing to live, and afraid to dye.

* One had better give way to Nature, and Death, than be always striving against it, arming our selves with Reasons, and continually combating our selves that we may not fear it.

* If some Men dy'd, and others did not, Death would indeed be a terrible affliction.

* A long Sickness seems to be plac'd between Life and Death, that Death it self may be a comfort to those who dye, and those who survive the

* To speak like men, Death is in one thing good; it puts an end to old age.

That Death which prevents Dotage, comes more reasonable, than that which ends it.

* The regrets men have for the time they have ill spent, does not always induce them to spend what remains better.

* Life is a kind of Sleep, old Men sleep long; they never begin to wake, but when they are dye. If then they run over the whole course of their lives year by year, they find frequently their Virtues nor Commendable actions enough to distinguish them one from another; they compare their different ages, they see nothing sufficiently remarkable to measure the time they have liv'd; they have had confus'd Dreams without any firmness or coherence; however, they are sensible like those who awake, that they have slept a long while.

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* There are but three events which happen to Mankind; Birth, Life and Death. They know nothing of their Birth, suffer when they dye, and forget to live.

* There is a time, which precedes Reason, when we live like other Animals by Instinct, of which we can't trace the least footsteps. There's a second time, when Reason discovers it self, when 'tis form'd, and might act, if it were not obscur'd, and almost extinguish'd by the vices of Constitution, and a chain of Passions, which succeed one another, and lead to the third and last age: Reason then is in its force, and might bring forth; but 'tis soon lessen'd and weaken'd by years, sickness and sorrow; render'd useles by the disorder of the Machine, which is now declining; yet these years, imperfect as they are, make the Life of Man.

* Children are haughty, disdainful, choleric, vicious, inquisitive, self-interested, lazy, light, impetuous, intemperate, lyars, dissemblers, laugh easily, and are soon pleas'd; have immoderate joys and afflictions on the least subjects; would not have illness on 'em, but love to do ill: they are Men long before they are one and twenty.

* Children think not of what's past, nor what's to come; but enjoy the present time, which few of us do.

* There seems to be but one Character of Childhood; the Manners at that Age are in all much the same, and it must be with a very nice observation that you can perceive a difference; it augments with Reason, because with it the Passions and Vices increase, which alone makes men so unlike one another, and so contrary to themselves.

* Children have in their Childhood what Old Men lose, Imagination and Memory; and which
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are very useful to them in their little sports and amusements; by the help of these they repeat what they have heard, and mimick what they see done; by these they work after others, or invent themselves a thousand little things to divert them; make Feasts, and entertain themselves with good cheer; are transported into Incharmed Palaces and Castles; have rich equipages and a train of followers, lead Armies, give Battel, and rejoyce in the pleasure of Victory; talk to Kings and greatest Princes; themselves Kings, have Subjects, possess Treasures which they make of Leaves, Boughs, Shells and Sand; and what they are ignorant of in the following part of their lives, they know at this age, to know, is, how to be arbiters of their fortune, and masters of their own happiness.

* There are no exterior vices, or bodily defects which are not perceiv'd by Children; they strike 'em at first sight, and they know how to express 'em in fit words, men could not be more happy on their terms; but when they become Men, they are loaded in their turn with the same imperfections and are themselves mock'd.

* 'Tis the only care of Children to find out their Masters weakness, and the weakness of those whom they must be subject; when they have found it, they get above 'em, and usurp an ascendant over them, which they never part with; for what surpris'd them of their Supiriority, will keep them from recovering it.

* Idleness, Negligence and Laziness, Vices natural to Children, are not to be seen in them while they are at play: They are then lively and heedful, exact lovers of Rule and Order, never pardon one another the least faults, begin again several times if but one thing is wanting: Cer-

refuges that they may hereafter neglect their duty, but can forget nothing that can promote their pleasure.

* To Children, Gardens, Houses, Furniture, Men and Beasts appear great: To Men, the things of the World appear so, and I dare say, for the same reason, because they are little.

* Children begin among themselves with a popular State, where every one is Master; and what is very natural, can't agree long about it, but go to a Monarchy: One of 'em distinguishes himself from the rest, either by a greater vivacity, strength, or a more exact knowledge of their little rights and Laws; some submit to him, and then they form an absolute Government, which is ruled only by pleasure.

* Who doubts but that Children conceive, judge and reason to the purpose? If 'tis on small things only, consider they are Children, and without much experience; if 'tis in bad terms, 'tis less their fault than their Parents and Masters.

* It baulks the minds of Children to punish them for Crimes they have not really committed, to be severe with them for light offences; they know exactly, and better than any one what they deserve, and deserve seldom but what they fear; they know when they are chastis'd, if 'tis with or without reason, and unjust punishments do them more harm than impunity.

* Man lives not long enough to profit himself of his faults; he is committing them during the whole course of his life, and as much as he can do to amend, is to dye corrected.

Nothing pleases a Man more than to know he has avoided a foolish action.

* Men are loath to confess their faults ; they hide them, or change their quality ; this gives the *Director* an advantage over the Confessor.

* The faults of Blockheads are sometimes odd, and so difficult to foresee, that wise men are at a loss to know how they could commit 'em, and fools only can be profited by them.

* A spirit of Party and Faction sets the great Men and the Mob on an equal foot.

* Vanity and Decency makes us do the same things, and in the same manner, which we should do by Inclination and Duty : A Man dy'd at Paris of a Fever, which he got by sitting up all night to visit his sick Wife, tho he did not love her.

* All Men in their hearts covet esteem, yet : loath any one should discover they are willing to be esteem'd ; because Men would pass for virtuous that they may draw some other advantages from besides Virtue it self, I would say, Esteem & Praise. This should no longer be thought Virtue but a love for Praise and Esteem, or Vanity : Men are very vain Creatures, and of all things hate to be thought so.

* A vain Man finds his account in speaking good or evil of himself ; a modest Man never talks of himself. We can't better comprehend the ridiculousness of Vanity, and what a scandalous Vice 'tis than by observing how 'tis afraid to be seen, and how it often hides itself under the appearance of Modesty.

False Modesty is the most cunning sort of Vanity, it makes a Man never appear what he is ; the contrary, raises a Reputation by the Virtue quite opposite to the Vice which forms this Character : This is a Lye. False Glory is the rock of Vanity ; it tempts Men to acquire Esteem by this

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which they indeed possess, but are frivolous, and not fit for a Man to value himself on; this is an error.

* Men speak of themselves in such a manner, that if they grant they are sometimes guilty of a few little faults, or have some small defects, these very faults and defects imply fine Talents and great Qualifications. Thus they complain of bad Memory, well enough contented otherwise with their good Sense and Judgment; forgive people when they reproach them for being distracted or whimsical, imagining it a sign of Wit; acknowledge they are awkward, and can do nothing with their Hands, comforting themselves for the loss of these little qualities in those of their Minds, and the gifts of their Souls, which every one allows them; talk of their negligences in phrases, which denote their being disinterested, and void of ambition: They are not ashamed of being slovenly, which shews only that they are heedless about little things, and seems to suppose in them an application for things solid and essential. A Soldier affects to say, 'twas too much rashness and curiosity engag'd him in the Trenches or in such a dangerous Post, without being on duty or command there; and adds, that the General chid him for it. Thus a solid Genius, born with all the prudence which other men endeavour in vain to acquire; who has strengthen'd the temper of his mind by great experience; whom the number, weight, variety, difficulty and importance of affairs employ without encumbering; who by his large insight and penetration makes himself master of all Events; who, very far from consulting the motions and reflections written on Government and Politicks, is perhaps one of those sublime Souls

born to rule others, and from whose Example those rules were first made; who is diverted by the great things he does, from the pleasant and agreeable things he might read, and needs only to turn over his own life and actions: a man thus found may say safely, and without doing himself any prejudice, that he knows nothing of Books and never reads.

* Men would sometimes hide their imperfections, or lessen the opinion we have of 'em, by confessing them freely. I am a very ignorant fellow says a Blockhead that knows nothing: I am old, says a man above threescore: And another, I'm not Rich when he is wretchedly Poor.

* There is either no such thing as Modesty, 'tis confounded with something in itself quite different. If we take it from an interior sentiment, which makes a man seem mean in his own eyes, this is a supernatural Virtue, and we call Humility. Man naturally thinks proudly and haughtily of himself, and thinks thus of no body but himself; modesty only tends to qualify the disposition; 'tis an exterior Virtue, which governs our eyes, conduct, words, tone of Voice, and obliges a man to act with others to outward appearance, as if it was not true, that he despises them.

* The World is full of people, who making custom and outward appearance, a comparison of themselves with others, always decide in favour of their own merit, and act accordingly.

* You say men must be modest; all persons well born say the same in return; then do ye take care that such as give way by their modesty may not be too much tyranniz'd over, and that when they bend, they be not broken to pieces.

Thus some say, People shou'd be modest in their
 refs; men of merit desire nothing more: But
 the World are for Ornament; we give it them;
 they are covetous of superfluity, and we shew it;
 some value others for their fine Linnen, or rich
 silks, and we cannot always refuse esteem, even
 on those terms: There are some places where a
 tall or thin a Sword-knot will get or hinder a man
 admittance.

* Vanity and the great value we have for our
 selves, make us imagine that others carry it very
 proudly towards us, which is sometimes true, and
 often false: A modest man has not this kind of
 delicacy.

* As we ought to forbid ourselves the vanity of
 thinking that others regard us with so much curiosi-
 ty and esteem, that they are always talking of our
 merit, and in our commendation: So we should
 have so much confidence in our selves, that we
 should not fancy when any whisper, 'tis to speak
 ill of us, and that they never laugh but to ridicule
 us.

* Whence comes it that *Alfippus* salutes me to
 day, smiles, and throws himself almost out of the
 Coach to take notice of me? I am not rich, and
 am a foot; according to the rules now in vogue,
 he should not have seen me. Oh now I have hit
 on't, 'twas that I might see him in the same Coach
 with a person of the first quality.

* Men are so full of themselves, that every
 thing they do partakes on't; they love to be seen,
 to be shewn, to be saluted, even by such as don't
 know 'em; if they forget 'em, they are presently
 disgusted: they would have people conjure to find
 out who they are.

* We never seek happiness in our selves, but in the opinion of men, whom we know to be flatterers, un sincere, unjust, envious, suspicious and prepossess'd : Unaccountable folly !

* One would think men could not laugh, but at what is really ridiculous : there are some people who laugh as well at what is not so, as at what is. If you are a fool and inconsiderate, and something impertinent escapes you, they laugh at you. If you are wise, and say nothing but reasonable things in a proper accent, they laugh at you however.

* Those who ravish our Wealth from us, by violence and injustice, or rob us of our Honour by calumnies, shew that they hate us ; but 'tis not all an argument, that they have lost all manner of esteem for us, or that we are render'd incapable of forgiving them, and being one time or other friends with them. Ridiculing, on the contrary is, of all injuries, the least pardonable ; 'tis the Language of Contempt, and the best way, by which it makes itself understood ; it attacks a man in his innermost Intrenchment, the good opinion he has of himself ; it aims at making him ridiculous in his own eyes ; and thus convincing him, that the Person who ridicules him, cannot have a worse disposition towards him, renders him irreconcilable.

'Tis monstrous to consider how easie and pleas'd we are, when we rally, play upon, and despise others, and how angry and cholerick when we are our selves rally'd, play'd upon and despis'd.

* Health and Riches hindering men from experiencing misfortunes, inspire them with hardness for their fellow Creatures ; but such who are burthen'd with their own miseries, express more compassion for others.

* In

* In Souls well born, Feasts, Sights, and Musick
 are so strange an operation, that they make 'em
 more sensible of the misfortunes of their Friends
 and nearest Relations.

* A great Soul is above injury, injustice, grief
 and Traillery; and would be invulnerable, were it not
 sensible of compassion.

* There is a kind of shame in being happy, at
 the sight of certain miseries.

* Men are readily acquainted with their least
 Advantages, and backward enough to examine their
 Defects: They are never ignorant of their fine Eye-
 brows and handsome Nails, but loath to know
 they have lost an Eye, and will not at all be per-
 suaded, that they want Understanding.

Argira pulls off her Glove to shew her white
 Hand, remembers very punctually to talk of her
 little Shoe, that she may be suppos'd to have a lit-
 tle Foot; she laughs at things pleasant or serious,
 shew her fine set of Teeth; if she discovers her
 Fingers, 'tis because they are well made, and if she
 does not dance, 'tis because she is not well satis-
 fied with her shape, which is somewhat too square;
 she knows perfectly well what is for her Interest,
 the thing only excepted, she is always talking and
 wants Wit.

* Men reckon the virtues of the Heart worth
 nothing, and idolize their Wit, and bodily endow-
 ments. He who says coldly of himself, and with-
 out the thoughts of hurting Modesty, that he is
 god, constant, faithful, sincere, just and grate-
 ful, dare not say he is brisk, has fine Teeth and a
 soft Skin; he's not so vain, that would be too
 much for him.

'Tis true, there are two Virtues which Men ad-
 mire, Bravery and Liberality; because they are
 two

two things which they very much esteem, and these Virtues always neglect Life and Money; no body boasts of himself, that he is Brave or liberal.

No body says of himself, at least without reason, that he is Beautiful, Generous or Sublime. Men value those qualifications at too high a price, they are contented with thinking themselves so.

* Whatever likeness appears between Jealousy and Emulation, there is as vast a difference as between Vice and Virtue.

Jealousy and Emulation operate on the same object, that is, another's Wealth or Merit, with this difference, the last is a Sentiment, voluntary, bold, sincere, which renders the Soul fruitful and profits by great examples, so far as often excel what it admires; and the former on the other hand is a violent motion, and a forc'd confession of the Merit it does not possess, which goes so far even to deny the Virtue of the Objects where it exists; or if 'tis compell'd to confess it, refuses to commend, and envies the reward; a barren passion which leaves a man in the same state it found him, fills him with high Ideas of himself and his reputation, and renders him cold and sullen on another man's Actions or Works, which makes him astonished to see any qualifications in the World better than his own, or other men enjoy Talents that he pretends to: A shameful Vice, which grows by its excess to vanity and presumption; and does not much persuade him who is infected with it, that he has more Sense and Merit than others, as that he alone has Sense and Merit.

Emulation and Jealousy are always found in persons of the same Art, the same Talents and Conditions. The vilest Artificers are most subject to Jealousy; those who profess the liberal Arts

of the *Belles Lettres*, as Painters, Musicians, Orators, Poets, and all those who pretend to write, ought not to be capable of any thing but Emulation.

Jealousy is never free from some sort of Envy, and these two passions are often taken one for the other. On the contrary, Envy is sometimes separated from Jealousy, as when it exercises itself on conditions, very much above our own, on prodigious Fortunes, Favour or Employments.

Envy and Hatred are ever united, and strengthen each other in the same object; and are not to be known from each other but in this, that one fixes on the person, the other settles on his state and condition.

A man of Sense is not jealous of a Cutler that works up a good Sword, or a Statuary who makes a good Figure: he's sure there are in these Arts, Rules and Methods, which he does not apprehend, and Tools to be manag'd, whose uses, names, and terms he does not know, and he satisfies himself with not being Master of a Trade, when he considers he has not serv'd an Apprenticeship to it; he may be, on the contrary, expos'd to Envy, and even Jealousy toward a Minister of State, and those who govern, as if Reason and good Sense, which are common to both of them, were the only instruments that are made use of, in ruling a Nation and presiding over publick Affairs; as if that they could supply the place of Rules, Precepts, and Experience.

* We meet with few very dull and stupid souls; fewer sublime and transcendant; the generality of Mankind floats between these two extremes: The interval is fill'd with a great number of ordinary Genius's, but which are very useful, and

and serve to support the Commonwealth: It contains what is agreeable and profitable; as Commerce, Business, War, Navigation, Arts, Trades, Merrery, Intrigue, Society and Conversation.

* All the Sense in the World is useles to him that has none; he has no Views and can't be profited by another man's.

* To feel the want of Reason is next to having it; a Fool is not capable of this knowledge. The best thing we can have after Sense is to apprehend that we need it; without Sense a man might think he knows how to behave himself so, as not to be a Scoundrel or Impertinent.

* A man who has but little Sense is serious, and of an even frame; he never laughs, banters, and makes any thing of a trifle, as incapable of rising higher, as of accommodating himself to what he thinks below him; he can hardly condescend to play with his Children.

* Every one says of a Coxcomb, that he is a Coxcomb; no body dares tell him so to his face, he dyes without knowing it, and no body is reveng'd on him.

* What a strange misunderstanding there is between the Heart and Mind! Philosophers live wisely with all their Maxims; and Politicians, full of their notions and reflections, can't govern themselves.

* Wit wears like other things; Sciences like Food, nourish it and consume it.

Ordinary men are sometimes blest with a thousand unprofitable virtues, having no occasion to make use of them.

* We meet with some men who support easily the weight of favour and power, who make their Greatness familiar to them, and are not giddy or
th

high Posts they are advanc'd to. On the contrary, those whom Fortune, without choice or dissentment, has blindly almost overwhelm'd with blessings, act proudly, and without moderation; their Eyes, their Conduct, their Voice, and difficulty of access, declare a long while the admiration they are in themselves, to see they are grown eminent: They become in the end so wild, that their fall only can tame them.

* A stout robust fellow, with a broad pair of shoulders, carries heavy burdens with a good grace, and keeps one hand at liberty, while a Dwarf would be crush'd with half on't. Thus eminent stations make great men yet more great, and little ones

* Some men gain by being extraordinary; they sail along with full Sail in a Sea, where others are lost and broken in pieces; are advanc'd and promoted, by ways quite opposite to those which seem most sure for promotion or advancement; they draw from their irregularity and folly all the advantage of a consummate Wisdom, Men devoted to other Men, particularly to the Great, on whom they depend, and in their favour repose all their hopes: They don't serve, but they amuse them; men of Merit and Capacity are useful to the great; are necessary, are always ready with their Jest, which are as meritorious in them, as the most valuable Actions are in others: And by being Peasant obtain the most grave Posts, and the most illustrious Dignities by continual grimaces: They have done at last, and before they are aware, find themselves in a condition, which they neither hop'd nor fear'd; all that remains of them in the end is the example of their Fortune, which is dangerous for any one to follow.

*Mr de Fera;
illade.*

* One.

* One would require of some persons, who were once capable of a noble heroick action, that without being spent by such vast efforts as were requir'd to produce it, they should at least be Wise and Judicious as commonly men are, that they shou'd not be guilty of any little meanness undervaluing the reputation they have acquir'd; that mingling less with the People they shou'd not, give 'em an opportunity to view them at too near distance; that they should not suffer them to their curiosity and admiration grow to indifference and perhaps to contempt.

*The late
Archbishop
of Paris du
Harlay.*

* 'Tis easier for some men to enrich themselves with a thousand Virtues, than to correct one single defect: They are even so unfortunate, that this Vice often agrees least with their condition and makes 'em most ridiculous; it lessens the splendour of their great qualifications, hinders 'em from being perfect, and prevent's 'em of a complete reputation: a greater knowledge and higher degree of morality are not exacted from them, nor should they should be more fond of order or discipline, more faithful to their Duty, more zealous for the publick good, or more laborious; we would only desire them to be less amorous.

* Some Men in the course of their lives, differ so much from themselves as to their Inclination that we shall certainly mistake them, if we judge of them only by what appear'd in them in the youth. Some were pious, wise and learned, who by the inseparable softness of a too smiling Fortune are so no more: Others begin their lives, by applying all their thoughts to promote their pleasures, whom at last misfortunes have render'd religious, just and temperate. The latter are commonly great men, who may be rely'd upon; they have

ve an experienc'd sincerity, learn'd by patience
adversity ; they owe their politeness, contem-
tion, and the high capacity they sometimes ac-
ire, to a confinement at home, and the leisure of
ad Fortune.

All mens misfortunes proceed from their in-
lity to be alone ; from Gaming, Riot, Extrava-
nce, Wine, Women, Ignorance, Railing, Envy,
d forgetting God and themselves.

* Men are sometimes unfufferable to them-
ves ; shades and solitude trouble them, creating
them fears and vain terrors ; the last evil that
befal 'em is to give way to trouble.

* Laziness beget weariness and tediousness, and
application which some men have for pleasure,
never free from it ; Gaming, and keeping much
mpany, have their share of it ; he who works
d, has enough to do with himself otherwise.

* The greatest part of Mankind employ their first
urs to make their last miserable.

* There are some works which begin at one end
the Alphabet and end at the other ; good, bad
d worst, all find room in 'em, nothing of what-
er nature is forgot ; after a great deal of pains,
d much affectation, we call them the sport of
e Mind ; and there is the same sport in mens
nduct ; when they have begun a thing they must
ed it, and try all ways to affect it ; perhaps it
ght be better to change their design, or to let it
cite alone, but the difficulty and oddness of the
ing tempts 'em to proceed ; they go on, and
e encourag'd by a spirit of contradiction and vani-
t, which serves instead of Reason, that gives
tem over, and desists being concern'd with them.
his way of management is found, even in the
ost virtuous actions, and often in such wherein
eligion is concern'd.

* Duty

*The Curate
of the Hos-
pital of the
Invalides
at Paris.*

* Duty is that which costs us most, because doing that we do only what we are strictly oblig'd to, and are seldom prais'd for't. Praise of things is the greatest excitement to commendable Actions, and supports us in our Enterprizes. *Circius* loves a pompous Charity, which gets him the Government of the necessities of the Poor, makes him the Repository of their Income, and his House the Publick Office to distribute it in; his Gates open to any that has a Blue Gown and a Badges. Every one sees and talks of his Charity, and yet is there that dares suspect his Honesty besides his Creditors.

* *Gerontes* dy'd of meer old Age, and with signing the Will that had lain by him thirty years his Estate, dying intestate, is shar'd among ten or a dozen Relations, tho' he had been kept alive so long purely by the care of his Wife *Asteria*, who was young as she was, stood always near him, comforted his old Age, and at last clos'd his Eyes. *Asteria* has not left her Money enough to free her from the necessity of marrying another old Husband.

* When people are loath to sell their Offices, or their doatage, or to resign them to others, 'tis a sign they perswade themselves that they are immortal, and hope certainly that Death has nothing to do with 'em; but if they believe Death may come some time or other overtake them, and yet keep what they have, 'tis a sign they love no body but themselves.

* *Faustus* is a Rake, a Prodigal, a Libertine, Ungrateful and Cholerick, yet his Uncle *Aurelius* could neither hate him, nor disinherit him.

Frontinus, his other Nephew, after twenty years known honesty, and a blind complaisance for the old Man, could never gain his favour, nor get a third

ning at his death, but a small Pension, which *Austus*, his Uncle's Executor, is to pay him.

* Hatred is so durable and so obstinate, that conciliation on a sick bed is the greatest sign of death.

* We insinuate our selves into the favour of others, either by flattering their passions or pitying the Infirmities that afflict their Bodies; these are the only ways we have to shew our concern for 'em: hence it proceeds, that the rich and healthy are the least tractable.

* Softness and voluptuousness are innate: they are born with men and die with them; happy, or unhappy accidents never cure 'em: good and bad fortune equally produce them.

* The worst sight in the world is an old man in love.

* Few people remember that they have been young, and how hard it was then to live chaste and temperate; the first thing men do, when they have renounc'd pleasure, either out of decency, pursuit, or conviction, is to condemn it in others. This sort of management is however seldom free from a particular affection for those very things they left off; they would have no body enjoy the pleasure they can no longer enjoy themselves, which proceeds more from Jealousie than any thing else.

* 'Tis not that old men apprehend that they shall want Money one time or other, which makes them covetous; for some of them have such prodigious heaps, that 'tis impossible for those fears to prevail over them. Besides, how can they fear their doage that they shall want necessaries, when they voluntarily deny themselves of 'em, to satisfy their Avarice? Neither is it a desire to leave

vast summs to their Children, for they naturally love no body but themselves; and supposing o' her wife, there are many Misers, who have no Heirs. This Vice is rather the effect of Age and Constitution in old Men, who as naturally abandon themselves to it, then, as they did to their pleasures in their Youth, or to their Ambition in their Manhood; there's no need of vigor, youth, or health to be covetous, nor of any trouble for a man to save his Revenues; one has nothing to do but to lock up his Money in his Coffers, and deny himself the use of it; this agrees with old men, who must have one passion or other, because they are men.

* There are some people who are badly lodg'd, lye hard, wear wretched Cloaths, and eat the worst of meat; who deprive themselves of the society of men, and live in a continual solitude; who are in pain for the time present, past, and to come whose lives are a perpetual penance; who have cunningly found out the most troublesom way to Perdition; I mean the covetous.

* Old men please themselves in remembering their youth; they love the places where they pass'd it, the Persons with whom they then began an acquaintance are dear to them; they affect certain words which they us'd to speak when they were young; they keep up the old manner of singing and dancing, boast of the fashions in use formerly in Cloaths, Furniture and Equipages; they can't yet disapprove the things which serv'd their passions but are always calling 'em to mind. How can one imagin they should prefer new Customs and Methods which they have no share in, from which they have nothing to hope, which young men have invented, and in their turn get by them such great advantages over the old?

* Too much negligence, as well as too much nicety in dressing, encreases old mens wrinkles, and makes 'em look older.

* An old man is proud, disdainful and troublesome, if he has not a great deal of sense.

* An old man who has liv'd at Court, and has good sense, and a faithful memory, is an inestimable treasure; he is full of transactions and maxims; in him one may find the History of the Age, adorn'd with a great many curious circumstances, which we never met with in our reading; from him we may learn such rules for our conduct and manners, that are to be depended on, being founded on experience.

* Young men by reason of their passions and amusements, are fitter for Solitude than Old men.

* *Phidippus*, old as he is, is very nice and effeminate, even to little delicacies; he eats, drinks, sleeps, and plays by art; he scrupulously observes the least rules he has prescrib'd himself, which tend to the ease of his Person; a Mistress would not tempt him to break 'em, if his regularity allow'd of a Mistress; he is almost o'rewhelm'd with superfluities, which custom has at last render'd necessary for him; he does all he can to keep himself alive, and employs the remains of his life in making its loss more grievous; imagine then if he is not afraid enough of dying.

* *Gnatbo* lives for no body but himself, and the rest of the World are to him as if they were not in being: Not satisfy'd in taking the first seat at table, he alone fills the place of two other men; he forgets the Dinner is provided for him and all the Company, he makes himself Master of the

Dish, and looks on each Service as his own; he never fixes himself to one sort of Meat, he try all, tastes all, no hands are seen on the Table but his, he turns about the Dishes, manages the Meat tears it to pieces, and if the Guests will dine, it must be on his leavings; He never spares any of his nasty customs, enough to spoil the stomach of such as are most hungry; you see the Gravy and the Sauce run over his Beard and Chin; if he takes part of a Ragou out of a Dish, he spills it by the way on other Dishes, on the Cloath, and you may distinguish his Plate by the tracks he makes to it; he eats with a great deal of bustle and noise, rolls his eyes, and uses the Table as if it were a Manger, he picks his Teeth, and continues eating; he thinks himself always at home and behaves himself at a Play, as if he were in his Bed-chamber; when he rides in a Coach it must be always forward, he grows pale and swoons if he set backward; when he travels, he gets first to the Inn, chuses the best Chamber and Bed for himself his own and other mens Servants run about his occasions: Baggage and Equipage, every thing is he lays his hands on; he troubles every one, troubles himself for none, pities none, knows no evils but his own, his Spleen and Choler; weeps for nobody's death, and fears nobody's but his own, and to save himself would willingly consent to the extirpation of mankind.

M^r d'O-
lonne and
de Brou-
sin.

* *Clito* never had but two things to do in his Life, to dine at noon and sup at night; he seems only born for digestion, his whole life is but one entertainment, he is always talking of the course which were serv'd up at his last Meal, how many Soups there were, what sort, what Roast-meat what Dainties; he never forgets the Dishes that
made

made the second course ; he remembers the several Fruits and different kinds of Sweetmeats, all the Vines, and every sort of Liquor that was drank ; he is perfectly well vers'd in the Language of the Kitchen, and would make one desire to eat at a good Table, provided he were not to be there ; he has so sure a Palate, that he cannot be impos'd upon, and therefore is never expos'd to the dismal inconvenience of making a bad Dinner, eating a bad Ragou, or drinking indifferent Wine. He is, in short, a person admirable in his way, who has brought the art of feeding well to the highest perfection, and 'tis to be fear'd we shall never see his fellow, who will eat so much, and so nicely as he did ; he is the judge of good Bits, and it would be criminal to like any which he did not approve. But he is no more, he was to the last gasp carry'd to the Table ; he eat in his last minutes, he eats where-ever he is, and should he rise again from the Grave, 'twould be only to eat.

* *Ruffinus* begins to turn grey, but he's healthy ; his Colour and quick Eye promise him at least twenty years more ; he is gay, jolly, familiar and indifferent ; he laughs heartily, aloud, and fears nothing ; he is content with himself and what belongs to him ; he's satisfy'd with his little fortune, calls himself happy. Some time since his only Son dy'd, who was the hopes of the Family, and might have been its honour ; he referr'd weeping to others, said, *My Son is dead, 'twill be the death of his Mother*, and was comforted. He has no passions, no friends nor enemies, no body troubles him, all the World agrees with him, every thing suits him, he talks to those he never saw before, with the same liberty and confidence as to those he calls his old friends ; he tells them presently all his

Stories and Puns; he is accosted, forsaken; he takes no notice on't, but the tale he began to one, he finishes to another that comes after him.

* *N. . .* is less worn out with age than disease, the poor Gentleman is but threescore and eight, but alas! he has the Gout and Gravel, looks meagre, and has all the symptoms of decay; he marles his Lands, and reckons that he must not dung them this fifteen years; he plants a young Wood, and hopes that in less than twenty years 'twill be a good shade for him. He builds a Stone House, makes its corners firm with Iron plates, and assures you, coughing in a weak languishing tone, that 'twill last for ever; he walks all the day long supported by his Valets, among his Masons and Carpenters; he shews his Friends what he has done, and tells them what he designs to do: He does not build for his Children, for he has none, nor for his Heirs, they are mean persons, and he long since quarrell'd with them. 'Tis for himself only, who must expire to morrow.

* *Antagoras* has a trivial and popular Phiz: 'Tis as well known to the Mob as the Parish Beadle's: Every morning he runs up and down the Courts of Justice, and every evening walks the Streets and Squares, as if he had every where a Cause on foot: He has been a Pettyfogger these 40 years, always nearer the end of his Life than of his business: There has not been a troublesome Suit depending since he put on the Gown, but he has had a hand in't; his Name becomes the Solicitors mouth, and agrees as well with Plaintiff and Defendant, as the substantive with the adjective. He's every body's Kinsman, and every one's Enemy; there's scarce a Family but has some quarrel with him, or he with them: He is perpetually in Commissions of Bankrupt or

Sta-

tatures, always putting Judgments in Execution, and scattering Writs: Some leisure minutes he finds for a few private visits, where he talks of Briefs, Trials, and false News: You leave him one hour at one end of the Town, and find him the next at another: If perhaps he has been there before you, you'll hear of him by the Lyes he has left behind him: If any body has occasion to wait on a Judge at his Chamber, they are sure to meet *Antagoras* here, whose affairs must be first expedited, or either they, nor the Judge will have any peace with him.

* Some Men live all their life, opposing some, and injuring others, and dye at last, worn out with age, after having caus'd as many evils as they suffer'd.

* There must, I confess, be Judgments, Seizures, Prisons, and Executions: But Justice and Law apart, 'tis always strange to me, when I consider with what violence and fury men act towards one another.

* We meet with certain wild Animals, Male and Female, spread over the Country: They are black and tann'd, united to the Earth, which they are always digging and turning up and down with an unweary'd resolution; they have something like an articulate voice, and when they stand on their feet they discover a man-like face, and indeed are men; at night they retire into their Burrows, where they live on brown Bread, Water, Roots, and Herbs: They spare other men the trouble of sowing, labouring, and reaping for their maintenance, and deserve, one would think, that they should not want the Bread they themselves sow.

* *Don Fernando* in his Province lives lazy, is ignorant, quarrelsome, knavish, intemperate and im-

impertinent, draws his Sword against his Neighbours, and exposes his Life for nothing ; he kills men for trifles, and must expect to be kill'd himself for as little reason.

* A Country Nobleman, useles to his Nation, Family, or himself, oftentimes without House, Cloaths, or the least merit, tells you ten times a day *that he's a Gentleman*, despises Citizers and Tradesmen, spends his time among Parchments and old Titles, which he would not part with for a Chancellours Mace.

* Power, Favours, Genius, Riches, Dignity, Nobility, Force, Industry, Capacity, Virtue, Love, Weakness, Stupidity, Poverty, Impotence, Villenage and Servility, mingle one with another in a thousand various manners, and compound one for the other in several subjects, and this agreement makes the harmony we find in different qualities and conditions. When people know each others strength and weakness, they act reciprocally as they believe it their duty ; they know their equals, understand the respect they owe their Superiours, and what others owe them, from whence proceeds familiarity, deference, pride and contempt : This is the reason which induces men in places of concourse and publick meeting, to be willing to avoid some, and court others ; that they are proud of some, and asham'd of others : This is the reason why the very person who complimented you, with whom you are desirous to converse, thinks you troublesome and quits you ; the same perhaps finds the next step the treatment he gave ; the same person that blushes to meet a man, another blushes to meet ; the same person who disdains here, is disdain'd there ; 'tis common enough too for people to despise such as despise them. Miserable

position! since then 'tis certain, that what we gain on one side, we lose on another; should not be so better, if we even renounc'd all manner of Pride and Haughtiness, which so little agree with humane frailties, and resolv'd among ourselves, to love each other with mutual goodness, by which means we should at once gain two mighty advantages, never to be mortify'd our selves, and never to mortify others.

Instead of being frighted or ashamed at the doctrine of Philosophers, every body ought to have good knowledge in Philosophy: It agrees with every one; its practice is useful to people of all Ages, Sexes and Conditions; it comforts us for our misfortunes, and for the advancement of such things we think do not deserve it; for our own misfortunes, the declension of our Estate and Beauty; defends us against Poverty, Age, Sicknes and Death, against Fools and Buffoons; 'twill help us to live without a Wife, or to make her tolerable if we have one.

Men are one hour overjoy'd with little accidents, and overcome with grief the next for the least disappointments; nothing is more unequal and incoherent than such sudden revolutions in men's Passions and Minds. This would be prevented, if we set a true value on the things of this World.

'Tis as difficult to find a vain man who believes himself happy enough, as a modest man who believes himself too unhappy.

When I look on Princes or their Ministers Fortune, I am always prevented from thinking myself unhappy, by considering at the same time the lot of the Plowman, Souldier and Mason.

There's but one real misfortune that can befall a man, and that is to find himself in a fault, or to have any thing to reproach himself with. * Men

* Men are generally more capable of great endeavours to obtain their ends, than of a long perseverance: Their laziness and inconstancy rob 'em of the fruits of the best beginnings; they are overtaken by such as they left behind 'em, such as march perhaps slowly, but with a constant resolution.

* I dare affirm, that men know better how to take good measures than how to pursue 'em, or resolve on what they must say and do, than to say and do what they ought: A Man promises himself that in such an affair, which he is to negotiate he will keep a certain secret, and afterwards, thro' passion, intemperance of Tongue, warmth of Conversation, 'tis the first thing which escapes him.

* Men act very negligently in what is their duty, but they think it meritorious, or rather it pleases their vanity to busy themselves about such things don't belong to them, nor suit with their Condition and Character.

* When a man puts on a Character which he is a stranger to, there's as much difference between what he appears, and what he is really in himself as there is between a Vizard and a Face.

* *Telephus* has Wit, but ten times less, if 't is rightly cast up, than he presumes he has. 'Tis necessary then in every thing he says, does, meditates and projects, that he should have ten times as much Wit as he has: Thus he never acts according to the true measure of his parts and capacity. And this reasoning I'm sure is just: He is limited within certain bounds, which he ought not to pass, but he leaps over 'em, gets out of his sphere, and tho' he perceives his own weakness always discovers it by pretending most to what he least understands? he talks most about what he
know

shows nothing or but very little of; attempts things above his power, and aims at what is too high for him: If he does something, of what kind or, to a degree of perfection, he judges of himself by that; what he has in him good and commendable, is obscur'd by his affecting something great and wonderful; we can easily see what he is, but we must strive to find out what he is. He is a Man who never measures his ability, who knows nothing of himself, cannot tell his own Character, and always takes on him one which does not belong to him.

The greatest Wits have their ebbings and flowings; they are sometimes out of humour. If they are in a good humour, they will then talk little, and cease writing; they will not then endeavour to please: Should a Man sing when he has a cold? Should he rather wait till he recovers his Voice.

A Blockhead is a meer Machine; he moves by Springs and Weights, which turn him about always in one manner, and keep him in an equality; he is uniform, he never alters his figure, if you have seen him once, you have seen him as he ever was: He is as fixt and settl'd by nature as the Ox, the Loughs, or the Black-bird that whistles. I may venture to say he acts according to his species, what you see least is his Soul, that never acts, is never exercis'd, but always at rest.

A Blockhead never dies; or if according to our manner of speaking, he must once dye, I may truly say he gets by it, and that in the moment when others dye, he begins to live; his Soul then thinks, reasons, infers, concludes, judges, foresees, and does every thing she never did before; she finds herself disingag'd from a lump of Flesh where she seem'd to be bury'd without function, motion, or any

thing becoming her dignity. She blush'd to see herself lodg'd in such a body, and so long confin'd such brutish and imperfect Organs; ashamed she could produce nothing but a Blockhead or Fool. She now is equal to the greatest of the Souls who animated the bodies of the most famous Men, and inform'd the Men of Wit. Soul of *Alain* is not distinguish'd from the *Conde's*, *Richelieu's*, *Paschal's* or *Lingendes*.

* A false delicacy in familiar Actions, in Manners or Conduct, is not so call'd because 'tis feign'd but because 'tis exercis'd in little things, which not deserve it. On the contrary, a false delicacy a Man's Taste and Constitution, is only so w^h'tis feign'd and affected. *Emilia* crys out with her might if her Coach jerks, she screams at the ger which she does not fear; another nicely t^upale at the sight of a Mouse; a third is for Violets, and swoons at a Tuberoze.

* Who can promise himself to content Mankind? Let not the Prince, tho never so Great Good, pretend to it. Let him concern him about their pleasures, let him trust them with secrets, admit them into those places, the sight of which is a noble spectacle; let him afterwards shew 'em a thousand other sights to dist'em, set their Inventions at work, order Con^{ti} and Feasts, and allow them all the liberty t^h could desire; let him associate with 'em in t^h amusements, let the Great man become loving, the Hero humane and free, it would not be enou^{gh}. Men are tir'd in the end, with the very things: charm'd 'em in the beginning; they would fors^{ake} the Table of the Gods: *Nectar* would in time come insipid: Vanity and a wretched delic^y would tempt 'em to criticize on the most per^{fect} thing;

gs; their Taste, if we will believe 'em, is
 ve all that we can do to satisfy it; a Royal Ex-
 ce would be unsuccessful; malice prompts them
 o what they can to lessen the joy, which others
 r have in contenting 'em. These very people,
 o are commonly so civil and complaisant, can
 etimes forget themselves, and one would not
 k they were the same persons, for we then see
 ue man even in a Courtier.

Affectation in gesture, speech or manners, is
 uently the product of idleness or indifference;
 ch business and an application to serious affairs
 ge a man to keep to Nature.

Men have no certain Characters; or if they
 e any, they have none which they always pur-
 , which never change, and by which they may
 known: They are impatient in being always
 same, in persevering either in Virtue or Vice.
 hey sometimes leave one Virtue for another,
 y are more often disgusted with one Vice for the
 e of another: They have several contrary Pas-
 is and Weaknesses: Extreams are more easie to
 m, than regular and natural conduct; Enemies
 Moderation, excessive in all things, in good as
 ll as evil, and when they cannot support, they
 e themselves by changing. *Adrastus* was so
 at a Libertine, and so debauch'd, that it had
 n difficult for him to appear devout, and have
 low'd the fashion; but it would have cost him
 much more to have been honest.

* Whence comes it that some people hear the
 eatest disasters with scorn and indifference, and
 e always so choleric on the least i nconvenien-
 cs. Certainly this sort of Conduct is not Virtue;
 fr Virtue is equal, and never does any thing that
 ought not to do. 'Tis a Vice then, and nothing

else but Vanity, that never awakens and rouzes herself, but at those events which make a noise in the World, but neglects herself in the rest.

* We seldom repent talking too little, but often talking too much; a common and true maxim, which every body knows, and no practices.

* We are reveng'd on ourselves, and give Enemies too much advantage over us, when we say things of them which are not true, and by reproach 'em.

* If men could blush at their own actions, many sins, publick and private, would they by't!

* If some men are not so honest as they may have been, the fault is in their Education.

* Some men have just sense enough to make them prudent.

* Ferula's and Rods are for Children, Crowns, Scepters, Furrs, Swords, Maces, Cloaks and Hoods for Men. Reason and Justice, with their Ornaments, would neither perswade nor deter Men are more led by their Eyes and Ears, than by their Understandings.

* *Timon* the Man-hater's Soul may be wild and austere, but he is outwardly civil and ceremonious; he seldom shuns, or frowns on any man: On the contrary, he treats them decently and honourably; but he takes care not to give them any cause to be familiar; he would know them as little as possible, and like a Lady in her visits, is very cautious not to make any one his friend.

* Reason is ever ally'd to Truth; we come at it by one way, and have a thousand to miss. The study of wisdom is not so extensive as that we cou'd make of Coxcombs and the Impertinent:

Who has seen none but polite and reasonable men, who knows not Mankind, or knows them only by halves: Whatever Variety he finds in Constitution or Manners, Conversation and Politeness produce the same appearances, and make Men resemble each other by some outward civilities, which please, and which being common to all, make us believe that they have the like affinity and imitation in other things: He, on the contrary, who mingles himself with the people, or retires to the Country, if he has Eyes, makes present strange discoveries, sees things perfectly new to him, which he never thought the least of before; increases his knowledge of Humanity by continual experiences, and calculates by how many different ways men may be intolerable.

After having maturely consider'd Mankind, and found out their false thoughts, opinions, inclinations and affections, we are forc'd to own, that Envy is more prejudicial to 'em than Inconstancy.

How many weak, effeminate, indifferent Souls there are, who have not very great defects, and are good subjects for Satyr. What variety of ridiculousness is spread over the whole human race, and by its singularity is of no consequence, and useless for instruction or morality: These are particular Vices, which are not contagious, and are more personal than humane.

Of Judgment.

NOthing more nearly resembles a lively conviction than an obstinate Conceit; who proceed Parties, Cabals and Heresies.

* We think not always constantly on the subject: Conceit and Disgust follow one another very closely.

* Great things astonish us, and small dishes Custom makes both familiar.

* Two contrarieties equally affect us, Custom and Novelty.

* There's nothing so mean, and so like the gar, as to talk much in the praise of those persons, of whom we thought indifferently be their promotion.

* A Princes favour neither excludes nor includes Merit.

* 'Tis surprizing, that with all the Pride we puffs us up, and the vast opinion we have of our own judgment, we neglect to make use of it when we speak of other peoples Merit: the common vogue, popular favour, or the Prince's fancy, lay us down like a Torrent: we extol what is praise more than what deserves its praise.

* I doubt whether any thing is approv'd or prais'd with so much difficulty, as what deserves most to be prais'd and approv'd; and whether true, Merit, Beauty, Good Actions, and the

Writin

Writings, have a more natural and sure effect, than Envy, Jealousy or Antipathy. 'Tis not of a Sent that a *Devote* speaks well of, but of a better *Devote*: If a handsom Woman allows anothers Beauty, you may rationally conclude she excels in what she approves: or if a Poet praises anothers Verses, 'tis an even wager they are slight and frivolous.

* Men have much ado to like one another; they have but a weak inclination to approve reciprocal of the Actions, Conduct, Thoughts and Expressions of others; nothing pleases, nothing contents; they substitute in the place of what others either say, write, speak or do, what they should have done upon such a conjuncture, what they think or have written upon such a subject, and are so full of their own Ideas, that they have no room for anothers.

* The generality of Men are so inclin'd to irregularity and trifling, and the World is so full of examples, either pernicious or ridiculous, that I could be apt to believe Singularity, could it keep its bounds, would come very near to right Reason and a just Conduct.

We must do like other Men, a dangerous Maxim, which for the most part signifies we must do as they do; if you speak not of things purely exterior, and of no consequence, but what depends on Custom, Fashion or Decency.

* If Men were not more like Bears and Panthers than Men; if they were equitable, if they were just to themselves and others, what would become of Law, the Text, and the prodigious Commentaries that are made on it? where would you find the Plaintiff and Defendant, and all that you call Justice? to what would even they be reduc'd who owe all their livelihood and grandeur to the Authority

rity that they have given the Laws? If Men were honest and impartial, whither would the quarrels of the Schools and Bar vanish? If they were temperate, chaste and moderate, what occasion would the unintelligible jargon of Physick, which is a Golden Mine to such who take upon them to speak it? O Lawyers, Doctors and Apothecaries, what a fall would you have, could we all become wise!

How many great Men in the different exercises of Peace and War should we have lost! To what point of refin'd perfection are several Arts and Sciences brought, which are not necessary, were introduc'd into the World only as remedies to those evils, to which Injustice gave the original.

How many things are there since *Varro*, which *Varro* was ignorant! What would not I have a knowledge as that of *Plato* and *Socrates* fulfil us?

To hear praise and dispraise on a Sermon, a piece of Musick, or a Picture; and upon the very same subject to be entertain'd with quite opposite sentiments, is what makes me freely conclude we may safely publish any thing, good or bad; for the good pleases some, the bad others, and the worst has admirers.

Mr Quinaut, Author of most of the French Opera's.

* The Phoenix of singing Poetry rose out of his own ashes, and in one and the same day saw the dissolution and resurrection of his Reputation; and that same infallible Judge, who is ever so obstinate (I mean the Publick) chang'd upon his count, and either did deceive or was deceiv'd. He that would now say that *Quinaut* is an ill Poet would speak almost as improperly, as he that formerly he was a good one.

|| Two Poems. * *Chapelian* was rich, *Corneille* was not; || *Lacelle* and || *Rodogune* merited each a different fate.

it has always been a question, why in this or that profession, one has made his fortune, and another not: For the reason of this, Mankind must inform themselves from their own capriciousness, which in the most pressing conjunctures of their Affairs, either of their Pleasure, Health or Life, makes 'em often leave the best, and chuse the worst.

* The Character of a Comedian was infamous amongst the *Romans*, but with the *Greeks* honourable: What is it with us? We think of them like the *Romans*, and live with them like the *Greeks*.

'Twas sufficient for *Bathylus* to be an universal jester, to be courted by the *Roman Ladies*; for *Lucius* to Dance on the Theatre, or for *Roscia* and *Priscilla* to sing in a Chorus, to engage a Crowd of Spectators. Vanity and Impudence, the consequences of too great a Power, made the *Romans* lose the secret there is in secret pleasures; they were fond of hanging their Loves upon the publick Stage; they had no jealousy of the Amphitheatre, nor of sharing the charms of their Mistresses with the Multitude; their satisfaction lay in shewing they lov'd a Beauty, or a good Actress, but an Actress.

Nothing discovers better what disposition Men have to Knowledge and Learning, and how profane they esteem them to the Publick, than the respect which is set on them, and the Idea they have of those who have taken the pains to improve them. There is no Art so mechanick and mean, that has not a quicker and surer way to Riches. The Comedian tolling in his Coach, betwixt the very face of *Corneille* walking afoot. With many people, Knowledge and Pedantry are synonymous.

Often when the Rich man speaks, and speaks of learning the Learned man must be silent, listen and

applaud; at least if he would pass for one of some Learning.

* There is a sort of Courage to be us'd among men of some humours, to support the scandal being learned: You find there an establish'd opinion against Learning; they know not the World, & they, nor how to live, neither have they any genius for Society; and so they send 'em back to the Closet and their Books. As Ignorance is an easy condition, which costs but little pains, most of the World follow it, and they form such a numerous Party, in Court, City and Country, that the Learned can't bear head against 'em. If they ledge in their favour, the names of *Estree, Harl Boffuet, Segurier, Montausier, Wardes, Chevreux, Novion, La Moignon, Scudery, Pelisson*, and many other persons equally learned and polittay, if they dare cite the great names of *Chartr Conde, Conti, Bourbon, Maine, Vandome*, as Princes that knew how to joyn the highest knowledge with the *Grecian* and *Roman* Politeness, they'll not be able to tell 'em these are singular examples; if they have recourse to solid reasons, alas! they are too feeble to stand against the publick vote: However, it seems just, that the Publick should be somewhat more wary in giving a decisive judgment; they should at least take the pains to question, whether that Mind that has made so great a progress in Knowledge, as to be capable of thinking, judging, speaking and writing well, could not, if it gave itself the trouble, be when it pleas'd Polite.

A man with a little trouble may perfectly rectify his Manners, but there is much more requir'd to polish his Mind.

* Such a one is Learned, says the Politician; consequently no man of Business, I'd not trust him

with the management of my Wardrobe; and he's
 be sure in the right: *Ossat, Ximenes, Richelieu,*
 were learned, Were they men of ability? Did they
 pass for good Ministers? He understands *Greek,*
 says the States-man, he's a Philosopher. At that
 time an *Athenian* Fruiterer was a Philosopher, for
 he understood *Greek*: What a whimsey, what a
 folly was it in the great, the wise and judicious
Antonine! to say, that the people would then be
 happy, when the Emperor philosophiz'd, or a Phi-
 losopher came to the Empire.

Languages are no more than the keys of Sciences.
 He that despises the one, flights the other: 'Tis of
 no importance, whether Languages are antient or
 modern, dead or living; but whether they are
 barbarous or polite, whether the Books they afford
 are good or bad. Suppose the *French* should
 meet with the fortune of the *Greek* or *Roman*
 tongues; should he be thought a Pedant that
 could read *Moliere* or *La Fontaine* some Ages af-
 ter it ceas'd to be commonly spoken?

* If I talk of *Euripilus*, you say he is a Wit;
 you also call him a Carpenter that lays a Floor,
 and he that builds a Wall a Bricklayer: But I would
 ask you where does this *Tradesman* follow his
 trade, what Sign has his Shop, and by what
 marks shall we know him, what are his Tools, a
 Hatchet or a Chissel? where does he finish his
 Work, where does he expose it to Sale? An Arti-
 cer sets up for an Artificer; Does *Euripilus* set
 up for a Wit? If he does he's a Coxcomb, a vile
 mechanick wretch, who has neither Wit nor any
 thing that is agreeable, and is incapable of a seri-
 ous thought; but if he pretends to nothing, I'll
 take him for a wise and ingenious Man: Why
 therefore would you call this Pedant, or that ill
 poet a polite Man? Do you believe of your self

that you have no Wit? If you have any, without doubt, 'tis that which is fine and agreeable, y^e should a Man call you a Wit, would you not take it for an affront: However, I'll give you leave to call *Euripilus* so, let the the Irony pass upon Fools and Men of no Judgment, as ignorant wretches pride themselves in those defects, which they find in others, and cannot discover in themselves.

The Author
of this Book.

* Speak no more to me of Pen, Ink or Paper, no more of Style, Printer or Press: Do not venture to tell me any more, *Antisthenes* you write we proceed, what shall we never see a piece of you in folio? Treat of all the Virtues and Vices in a work, well pursu'd, methodical, without error (and they should add) without Sale too. I pronounce every thing that either was, is, or ever will be a Book. The sight of a Cat throws *Beryl* into a Swoon, and a Book me. Am I better fed or finer cloath'd, has my Chamber a more pleasant situation, or do I enjoy my ease more after having been expos'd to Sale these twenty years? You say you have a great Name and Reputation, say rather am I stockt with unprofitable wind; have I one grain of that Metal that produces all things? the vile Lawyer enlarges his Bill, and will be paid the charges which he never expended, and has for his Son-in-law a Count or a Judge. A Lacquey made a Commissioner, and in a little time becomes richer than his Master, then soon scorning his master's Character, buys a Title with his Money. B. . . enriches himself by a Puppet show. B. B. . . . selling Water in Bottles. A Mountebank foots it to Town with his Wallet at his back, not able to defray his charges, and goes from thence in his Coach and Six. *Mercury* is *Mercury*, and nothing more

Mr. Perrin
e v, who
had been a
Footman.

more, and Gold not being sufficient to pay for his thoughts and intrigues, they reward him with favour and distinction. Not to speak of any thing but lawful gains, you pay a Gardiner for his skill, and the Workman for his time and labour; do you pay an Author for his thoughts and writings? If his Sense is good, do you pay him largely? Does he enrich or ennoble himself by thinking or writing well? Men must be cloath'd and shav'd, have houses that must have doors to shut close; but is it necessary they should be instructed? 'twere folly, simplicity and weakness, continues *Antisthenes*, to set up again for an Author or Philosopher; could I have a profitable employment, which would enable me to lend my Friend, and give to those that can ne'er return, to write for sport or idleness, as *Cyprus* plaid or whistl'd upon his Flute; (this or anything) I would write on the same terms, and easily give way to the violence of those who take me by the Throat, and cry out, you shall write. They should then read for the Title of my Book; *Of things Beautiful and Good, of Truth, of Ideas, of first Principles*, by *Antisthenes the Fishmonger*.

* If Ambassadors of Foreign Princes were Apes ^{those of Siam.} who had learnt to walk on their hind Legs, and to make themselves understood by Interpreters, we could not have a greater surprize than what the justness of the Answers of such as are sent us, and the ingenuity which sometimes appears in their discourse, gives us: Our prepossession in favour of our Country, joyn'd to the pride of our Nation, makes us forget that Reason belongs to all Climates, and just Thoughts to all places where there are Men: We don't love to be so treated by those we call *Barbarians*; if amongst us there is any barbarity,

The Characters, or

'tis in being amaz'd at the hearing other people reason like ourselves.

All Strangers are not *Barbarians*, nor are our Country-men all civiliz'd; in like manner all the Country is not wild, nor all the City polite: there is in *Europe* a certain place, part of a Sea Province in a great Kingdom, whose Husbandmen are fond and affable, and their Burgeſſes and Magiſtrates rude, and of an hereditary ruſticity.

* With a Language ſo pure, ſuch nicety of Habit, Manners ſo cultivated, ſuch good Laws and white Complexions, we are *Barbarians* to ſome ſort of people.

* If we ſhould hear it reported of the Eaſtern people, how they ordinarily drink a Liquor that flies up into the head, makes them mad, and forces them to vomit, we ſhould be apt to ſay, this is very *Barbarous*.

Cardinal
Camus.

* This Biſhop comes no more to Court, liveth retir'd, is no more to be ſeen with Women; Playeth not, makes not one at feaſts and Shews, is not a Man at Cabal, nor has the Spirit of Intrigue, but is always in his Dioceſs, where he makes his continual reſidence, and thinks of nothing but inſtructing his people by diſcourſe, and edifying them by his example; conſumes his Riches in Charity, and his Body in Pennance, is an Imitator both of the Zeal and Piety of the Apoſtles. Times are chang'd and he is threaten'd in this Reign with a more eminent Title.

* May not we inſinuate to people of a certain Character and ſerious Profeſſion, (to ſay no more of them) that they are not oblig'd to make the world talk of their Gaming, Singing and playing the Buffoon like other men, and that to ſee them ſo pleaſant and agreeable, one would not believe they were

elſe

fewhere so regular and severe; may we not presume to urge, that thereby they digress from themselves, and from that politeness which they pretend to; which politeness, on the contrary, suits and conforms outward Actions to Conditions, causes us to avoid the Contract, and shewing the same Manner under such different shapes, as make the Pieces entirely Fantastical and Grotesque.

* We ought not to judge of Men as of a Picture or Statue, at the first sight; There is a Mind and Heart to be searcht: The vail of Modesty covers Merit, and the Masque of Hypocrisy disguises Magnity; there are but few Judges that have knowledge to discern aright, and to pass sentence; 'tis not by little and little, and perhaps even by time and occasion that compleat Virtue or perfect Vice, come at last to shew themselves.

“ * . . . He said that Wit, in that fair Lady, was a Diamond set to the best advantage, and continuing to speak of her; all who talk to her, added he, find something in her Wit so reasonable and agreeable, that they can hardly distinguish their Admiration from Love; she is equally qualify'd to make a compleat Friend, or to oblige you to proceed beyond Friendship: Too young and beautiful not to please, but too modest to affect it, she esteems Men for nothing but their Merit, and believes none of 'em are any thing more than her Friends: Her vivacity and sentiments surprize every body, and engage every body; and tho' she knows perfectly the delicacies and niceties of Conversation, sometimes makes such happy Sallies, as among other pleasures which they give, dispense with all reply. She talks to you like one who is not learned, who seems to doubt, and wants to be inform'd, and
“ hearkens

A Fragment.

“ hearkens to you like one who knows a great deal
 “ can set a true value on what you say, and will
 “ not let any thing be lost of your conversation
 “ Far from affecting by contradicting to shew her
 “ Wit, or imitating *Elvira*, who had rather
 “ thought brisk, than a Woman of good Sense
 “ and sound Judgment, she appropriates your
 “ thoughts to her self, believes ’em to be her
 “ own, extends ’em, embellishes ’em, and makes
 “ you contented that you thought so well, as
 “ spoke so much better than you your self believe
 “ you did. She’s always above Vanity, and
 “ speaking or writing never uses Ornament instead
 “ of Reason, knowing Eloquence consists in Sim-
 “ plicity: If ’tis to serve any one, and to engage
 “ you in the same interest, leaving raillery and pro-
 “ liteness to *Elvira*, who makes use of them in
 “ cases, *Artenice* employs only sincerity, warmth
 “ earnestness and persuasion. What is most pre-
 “ dominant in her, is the pleasure she takes in read-
 “ ing, and conversing with persons of Worth and
 “ Reputation, not so much to be known to them
 “ to know them: We may prophetically commend
 “ her for the Wisdom she will one day certainly
 “ have, and for all the Merit she prepares for her ripe
 “ years; since with a just conduct she has juster in-
 “ titions some sure principles, useful to those, who
 “ like her, are expos’d to assiduity and flattery
 “ and being particular enough without being rudi-
 “ and indeed a little too much inclin’d to Retire-
 “ ment; ’tis impossible she can want any thing but
 “ opportunities, or as some would call it, a large
 “ Theatre, to show all her Virtues to their full
 “ Lustre.

* A handsome Woman, the more natural she
 the more beautiful; she loses nothing by being
 careless

creless, and without any other Ornament than that she draws from her Beauty and Youth : An innocent Grace shines in her Face, animates every little Action so much, that there would be less danger to see her adorn'd with all the advantages of Dress and Fashion. Thus an honest Man is rejected, independant from all those outward Actions, by which he would endeavour to make his person more grave, and his virtue more specious : Too great a modesty, a singularity in habit, the state with which some walk, add nothing to Nobility, nor heighten Merit, but hurt, and often make it look less pure, and more suspected.

Gravity too much affected becomes Comical : As like extremities that touch, whose middle is Ignorance ; you cannot call this being grave, but acting the part of a grave Man : He that studies to be so will never obtain it. Either Gravity is natural, there is no such thing, and 'tis easier to descend from it, than ascend to it.

* A Man of parts and reputation, if he is sower and austere, frightens youth, gives 'em an ill opinion of Virtue, and makes it suspected of too great reformation, and too uneasy a practice ; if on the contrary, he's free in conversation, he gives 'em a profitable Lesson, he teaches 'em that Men may live in pleasure and yet in business, be serious without renouncing honest diversions ; he becomes an example they can follow.

* Physiognomy is not given us for a rule to judge Men by ; it may serve us to give a guess at them.

* An ingenious Air in Men, is the same with regular Features among Women ; 'tis a kind of Beauty the most vain may aspire to.

* A Man that has much Merit and Ingenuity and is known to have em, is not ugly with the most deform'd Features; or if there is a Deformity makes no impresson.

* How much Art is there requir'd to return to Nature? how much time, what rules, attention and labour, to dance with the same freedom and grace you walk with, to sing as you speak, to speak and express your self as you think, to give the same life and force, the same passion and perswasion to discourses you are to pronounce publickly, which we sometimes naturally, and without meditation entertain our Intimates with?

* Those that without knowing us enough think ill of us, do us no wrong; they attack not us, but the fantome of their own Imagination.

* There are some little Rules and Duties of good manners, which belong to place, time, and persons, which are not attainable by the force of ingenuity, and which custom teaches us without any trouble; to judge of men by the faults which they commit in this kind, before they are well instructed, is to pass judgment of 'em by their Nail or the curl of their Hair; 'tis to make a judgment in which we shall one day be deceiv'd.

* I know not if 'tis permitted to judge of me by a single fault; and if an extream necessity, a violent passion, or a natural impulse can be drawn into consequence.

* The contrary to the report, either of affairs or persons, is often the truth.

* Without a great regard and continual attention to what we speak, we are expos'd to say Yes or No to the same thing, or on the same person, in an hours time, determin'd only by a spirit of Society and Company, that naturally obliges one not to con-

tradict

dict this man, or that, tho they talk of things quite different in themselves.

* A partial man is perpetually expos'd to little mortifications; for 'tis equally impossible that his favourites can be always happy and wise, or such as he declares himself against, be always in fault or unhappy. This puts him frequently out of Countenance, and makes him blush at his friends misfortunes, or the new Glory which those acquire whom he does not like.

* A man subject to be prepossess'd, if he dares accept a place of Authority, either Ecclesiastical or Secular, is a blind Man that would Paint, a dumb Man that would Preach, a deaf Man that judges of a Symphony; these are but weak resemblances, and which imperfectly express the misery of prepossession: We should add, that 'tis a desperate malady, incurable and infectious, to all that approach the sick person; it makes us desert our Equals, Inferiours, Relations and Friends, even our Physician; they are far from being cur'd, if they can't be made to understand neither their Disease nor their Remedy, which would be, to hear, doubt, to inform themselves, and to see into Things, Flatterers, Cheats and Backbiters; those that never open their Mouths but to lye, or for their own interest, are Snaves in whom they confide, who make them swallow all they please; 'tis they that poyson and kill them.

* *Descartes's* rule, never to decide on the least truth before 'tis clearly and distinctly known, is convenient and just, and ought to extend to the judgment we give of persons.

* Nothing revenges better the ill judgment Men make of our Wit, Actions or Manners, than the
the

the base and poor Characters of those they approve of.

* From the same Fond that you neglect a man of Merit, you admire a Blockhead.

* A Blockhead is one that has not Wit enough to be a Coxcomb.

* The Coxcomb is the Blockheads man Merit.

* The Impertinent is a forward Coxcomb ; the Coxcomb wearies, tires, distastes and disgusts. The Impertinent disgusts, irritates and offends ; he begins where the other left off.

The Coxcomb is between the Impertinent and the Blockhead, and is compos'd of one and the other.

* Vices come from the depravation of the Heart ; the defects of Vice from Constitution ; ridiculousness from want of Sense.

The Ridiculous man is one, that whilst he is foolish has the appearance of a Blockhead.

The Blockhead always is ridiculous, 'tis his Character ; a man of some Sense may sometimes be ridiculous, but will not be so long.

An error committed makes a wise man ridiculous.

Dulness belongs to the Blockhead, Vanity to the Coxcomb, Impertinence to the Impertinent. Ridiculousness seems to reside sometimes in those that are really ridiculous, and sometimes in the imagination of those that believe they see ridiculousness, where it neither is nor can be.

* Rudeness, Clownishness and Brutality, may be the Vices of a man of Sense.

* A stupid man is a silent Blockhead, and in that more supportable than a talking Blockhead.

* Wha

* What is oftentimes a jest from a man of Sense, a blunder from a Blockhead.

* If a Coxcomb could believe he speaks ill, he could lose his Character.

* One sign of mediocrity of Sense is to be always telling stories.

* The Blockhead is perplext in himself, the coxcomb has an air of freedom and assurance; the Impertinent carries it off with Impudence; Me- has always Modesty.

* The sufficient man is one that has a few small concerns, dignify'd with the name of Affairs, ynd to a very little stock of Sense.

A grain or two of Sense, and an ounce of Business more than there was in the Sufficient, makes an important person.

While you only laugh at the Important, he has another Name, complain of him, and 'tis arrogant.

* The character of the Man of Honour is between that of the Able man and the Honest man, so in an unequal distance in respect to those two streams.

The distance from the man of Honour to the able man grows less and less, and is upon the point of disappearing.

The Able man is one that hides his Passions, understands his Interest, sacrifices many things to it, as either acquir'd Wealth, or knows how to keep

The man of Honour is one that robs not on the road, commits no Murthers, and in fine, a person whose Vices do not make him scandalous.

We know very well that an Honest man is a man of Honour, but it is pleasant to think, that every man of Honour is not an Honest man.

The

The honest man is neither a Saint nor a *Devot* but has confin'd himself only to have *Virtue*.

* *Genius*, *Judgment*, *Wit* and *Sense*, are things different, but not incompatible.

There is as much difference between good *Sense* and good *Taste*, as between the *Cause* and the *Effect*.

Genius is to *Wit* as the whole is in proportion to its part.

Shall I call a man confin'd and circumscrib'd in any one Art, a man of *Sense*, tho he has any *Science* in perfection, but out of that shews neither *Judgment*, *Memory*, *Vivacity*, *Manners*, nor *Conduct*, that understands me not, thinks not, and expresses himself ill; a *Musician* for example, tho after he has, as it were, bewitcht me with his harmony, seems to be shut up with his *Lute* in the far *Cafe*, and when he is without his *Instrument*, like a dismounted *Machine*, we perceive quick something is wanting in him, and his *Company* no longer supportable.

Again, what shall I say of *Play*, who can define it to me? Is there no occasion of forecast, cunning or skill to play at *Ombre* or *Chefs*? And if there is, how comes it that we see men of weak parts excel in it, and others of great ingenuity that cannot reach that point, whom a *Man* or *Card* in the hand perplexes and puts out of *Countenance*?

Mr laFontaine.

There is a thing in the *World*, if 'tis possible more incomprehensible. A person that appears dull, sottish and stupid, knows neither how to speak, or relate what he has seen; if he sets to write, no man does it better; he makes *Animals*, *Stones* and *Trees* talk, and every thing that cannot talk; his works are full of nothing but *Elegance*, *Natural Sense* and *Delicacy*.

Another

Another is plain, timorous and tiresome in Conversation; he takes one word for another, and judges not of the goodness of his own Writings, but by the Money they bring him in, knows not how to recite or read what he has writ: leave him to compose, and he's not inferior to *Augustus*, *Pompey*, *Nicomedes* and *Heraclius*; he's a King, a Politician, a Philosopher; he undertakes to make Heroes speak and act; he describes the *Romans*, and they are greater, and more *Romans* in his Verse, than in their History.

Would you have another Prodigy? Imagin a man an easie, soft, complaisant, tractable, and then all of a sudden choleric, furious and capricious; conceive a man simple, ingenuous, credulous, a simple and giddy, a Child with grey hairs; but permit him to recollect himself, or rather to give himself up to a certain Genius that operates within him, perhaps without his being concern'd, and it may be without his knowledge; What rapture! what elevation! what figures! what latinity! You will ask me, do you speak of one and the same man? Yes, of the same *Theodas*, and of him alone. He falls, labours, rolls on the ground, rises, thunders and roars, and from the midst of the Tempest comes a light which warms and delights us; let us speak without a figure, he talks like a Fool, and thinks like a wise man, speaks truth in a ridiculous way, and in folly shews sense and reason: What shall I say farther, he talks and acts better than he understands; they are in him, as it were, two souls that are not acquainted, have no dependance one on the other, and have each their turns and distinct functions. This Picture would want one surmounting stroke, should I omit to tell you, that he is at once covetous and insatiably desirous of Praise,

T

ready

ready to expose himself to his Criticks, and in the main pliable enough to profit by their censur. I begin to fancy my self, that I have made the Picture of two different persons; and 'tis not in possible to find a third in *Theodas*; for he is good, pleafant and excellent Man.

* Next to found Judgment, Diamonds and Pear are the rarest things to be met with.

* Such a one is known in the World for his great Capacity, and where-ever he goes is honour'd and cherish'd, but is slighted at home, and can't create an esteem of himself in his Relations; another, on the contrary, is a Prophet in his own Country, amongst his Servants enjoys a good name, and is applauded by all that live with him for his singular merit; his whole Family concur in it, he is their Idol; but this Character he leaves at home, as often as he goes abroad, and carries it not about with him.

* The World mutiny against a Man that begins to grow in Repute; those he esteems his Friends hardly pardon a growing Merit, or the first report that seems to give him a share of the Glory they possess; they hold out to extremity, till the Prince has declar'd himself by recompences; then they immediately congratulate him, and from that day he takes place as a man of Merit.

* We often affect to praise some Men immoderately, who little enough deserve it; we elevate them, and if we could, would advance them above such as are really excellent, which proceeds either from our being weary of applauding always the same persons; or, because their Glory thus divided becomes more supportable, and we can then look on't without being so much offended as before.

* We see that the wind of Favour carries men away with a full sail; in a moment they lose sight of

Land, and continue their course; all things smile
 on 'em and succeed with 'em, their words and
 actions are all attended with Elogies and Rewards,
 they appear not but to be complimented and ca-
 res'd. They are like an immoveable Rock on the
 Coast, against which all the Waves split, all the
 Minds of Power, Riches, Violence, Flattery, Au-
 thority and Favour stir them not, 'tis on the Pub-
 lic that these are dash'd to pieces and suffer Ship-
 wreck.

'Tis common and natural to judge of others
 by the agreement they have with our own.
 The Poet, fill'd with great and sublime Ideas,
 takes small account of the Orators discourse, that
 is often exercis'd on mean Objects; and the Histo-
 rian can't comprehend how a reasonable Soul can
 employ his time in contriving Fictions, or finding
 a Rhime: Thus the Divine, plung'd into the
 study of the Fathers and Councils, thinks all other
 Learning or Knowledge dull, vain and insignificant,
 whilst he perhaps is as much despis'd by the Geo-
 metrician.

One may have Sense enough to excel in a par-
 ticular thing, and in that to give instructions, who
 wants Sense to know that he ought to be silent
 upon another Subject, of which he has but a slight
 knowledge; he comes off handsomly whilst he
 keeps within the limits of his Genius, but when he
 wanders he makes the man of Sense talk like a
 Blockhead.

Herillus, whether he speaks, declaims, or
 writes, is continually citing; he brings in the Prince
 of Philosophers to tell you that Wine will make
 you drunk; and the Roman Orator, that Water
 qualifies it; when he discourses of Morals, 'tis
 not he, but the divine *Plato*, that assures you Vir-

ture is amiable, and Vice odious, or that one another will turn into habit: things the most common and trivial, and which he is capable of thinking himself, he will owe to the Antients, to the *Latins* and *Greeks*: 'tis not to give authority what he says, nor to gain it for what he knows; 'tis for the sake of Citation.

* You often hazard, and sometimes spoil Jest, by speaking it as your own; 'tis dull, and loses its force with the Men of Wit, or those that think themselves so, who perhaps would never have said any thing so well: on the contrary, would meet with better reception if told as another's; 'tis but a matter of fact, which no body has any extraordinary concern for; 'tis more sinuating, and gives less Jealousie; it offends nobody: if it is diverting, 'tis laugh'd at; if it's admirable, it's admir'd.

* 'Twas said of *Socrates*, that he was delirious and a Fool with abundance of Wit; but the *Greeks* who so freely Characteriz'd that great man may not unjustly pass for Fools themselves. What whimsical Images, said they, does this Philosopher represent unto us! what strange and particular manners does he describe! whence had he, how could he collect these extraordinary Ideas? what Colours, what Pencil, did he make use of? they are all Chymera's. They were deceiv'd, they were Monsters, they were Vices, but all so painted to the Life, that the very sight of them terrify'd. *Socrates* was far from a Cynick, he spared their Persons, but lash'd their Manners which were bad.

* A Man who has rais'd himself by Tricks, acquainted with a Philosopher, his Precepts, Maxims and Conduct; and not imagining that Mankind

as any other end in their actions, than what he has all his life propos'd to himself, says in his heart, pity him, his Maxims are low and rigid, he has lost his way, this wind will never carry him to the prosperous Port of preferment: and according to his own Principles he argues justly.

I pardon, says *Antisthius*, those I have prais'd in my Works, if they forget me; what have I done for them? they deserv'd Praise. But I will not so easily pardon forgetfulness in those, whose Vices I have attackt, without touching their persons; if they owe me so great an obligation, as that of being corrected; but as this is a success that never happens, it follows that neither the one nor the other are oblig'd to make me any return.

They may, adds this Philosopher, envy or deny my Writings their due recompence; but they are not able to diminish their reputation; if they were able why should not I scorn reputation?

* It is a good thing to be a Philosopher, and very advantageous only to pass for such; to give one the Title of Philosopher is an affront, till the suffrage of men have declar'd it otherwise, and restoring to that August name its proper Idea, have attributed to it all the esteem which it deserves.

* There is a Philosophy which raises us above Ambition and Fortune, equals us to, do I say, places us above the Rich, the Great and the Powerful; that prompts us to contemn preferments, and those that procure them; that exempts us from the fatigue of cringing, petitioning, and importunate solicitations, and even prevents those excessive transports of Joy, which are the usual companions of great promotions.

There is another Philosophy which disposes and subjects us to all these things, for the sake of

our Relations and Friends : This is the better of the two.

* It will shorten and rid us of a thousand tedious discussions, to take it for granted, that foreign persons are not capable of talking well ; and condemn all that they have said, do, or will say.

* We only approve of others for the resemblance we imagin they bear to our selves, and so it seems to esteem any one is to equal him to our selves.

* The same Vices which are deform'd and supportable in others we don't feel in our selves they are not burthensome to us ; but seem to rest without weight, as in their proper center. Such an one, speaking of another, draws a dismal picture of him, not in the least imagining that at the same time he is Painting himself.

There is nothing would make us correct our own faults so readily, as to be able to discern and avow them in others ; 'tis at this just distance, that they appear what they are, and raise in us an indignation equal to their demerit.

* Wise Conduct turns upon two *Axis's*, the past and the future : He that has a faithful memory and a great foresight, is out of danger of centering in others those faults he may have been guilty of himself, or condemning an action which in parallel case, and in like circumstances, it will be impossible for him to avoid.

* The Souldier and the Politician, like cunning Gamesters, do not make Chance ; but they prepare it, induce it, and seem almost to determine it : they not only know what the Fool and the Coward are ignorant of, I mean to make use of Chance when it happens ; but by their measures and precautions they know how to save themselves of that Chance, or of several of them together :

this point happens, they get by it; if that comes to pass, they also get by it; and the same point is advantageous several different ways. These wise Men may be commended for their good Fortune, as well as Wise Conduct, and Chance ought to be reeompenc'd as Virtue in them.

* I place nothing above a great Politician but he that despises to become such, and is more and more perswaded that the World does not deserve his thoughts.

* There is in the best of Counsels something to displease us; 'tis not our own thought, and therefore presumption and caprice furnish prejudices enough to reject it at first sight, and reflection and necessity only force us to receive it.

* What surprizing success has accompany'd that favourite during the whole course of his Life! ^{Mr le Tellier,} what better Fortune could support him without interruption, without the least disgrace! The first Posts, the Princes Ear, vast Treasures, a perfect Health and an easie Death; but what a strange account he has to give for a Life spent in favour! For Counsels given, for those that have been neglected, for good deeds which have not been done; and on the contrary, for the evil ones committed, either by himself or others: In a word, for all his Prosperity.

* We gain by our death the praises of our Survivors, frequently without any other merit than that of ceasing to be; the same *Elogiums* serve at present for *Cato* and *Piso*.

There runs a report that *Piso* is dead; 'tis a great loss, he was a good Man and deserv'd a longer life; he was an agreeable Man, had Wit, Resolution and Courage; he was Generous and Trusty; add, provided that he's dead.

* The manner in which we decry some people that distinguish themselves by their honesty, impartiality and probity, is not so much their *Elogium*, as the discrediting of Mankind.

* Such a one relieves the necessitous, who neglects his own Family, and leaves his Son a Beggar; another builds a new House, tho he has not paid for the Lead of that which was finish'd ten years before; a third makes Presents and Largeesses, and ruins his Creditors; I would fain know whether Pity, Liberality, Magnificence can be the Virtue of an unjust man? or whether Humour and Vanities are not rather the causes of this Injustice?

* Dispatch is an essential circumstance of the Justice we owe to others: To occasion attendance is Injustice.

Those do well, or do their duty, who do what they ought. He does very ill who suffers the Work to speak always of him in the future tense, and to say, he will do well.

* 'Tis said of a great Man, who has two feasts a day, and spends the rest of his time to cause digestion, that he starves to express, he is not rich, or that his affairs are in ill circumstances; this is a figurative expression, and it might be more literally said of his Creditors.

* The Honesty, Respect and Politeness of those advanc'd in years of either Sex, give me a good opinion of what we call Antient time.

* 'Tis an over confidence in Parents, to have too great Expectation from the good Education of their Children, and a great error, to expect nothing, and neglect it.

* Were it true, what several affirm, that Education does not change the Soul and Constitution, and that the alterations that it makes were not substantial

tial, but meerly superficial, I would yet forbear
 ing that it would be unprofitable.

He that speaks little is sure of advantage, 'tis
 presum'd he has Wit; and if indeed he does not
 at it, 'tis presum'd he has an excellent Wit.

To think only of our selves and the present
 e, is the source of Error in Politicks.

The greatest misfortune, next to that of being
 convicted of a Crime, is often that of being oblig'd
 clear our selves from it: One may be acquitted
 a Court of Justice, and yet found guilty by the
 ce of the people.

A Man is just to some practical rules of Reli-
 gion, we see him nicely observe them; no Man
 commends or discommends him, he is not thought
 another reclaims, after ten years neglect of all
 religious duties, he is cry'd up and applauded
 for it; every man's judgment is free; for my part,
 I blame his long forgetfulness of his duty, and
 think him happy in his Reformation.

The Flatterer has not an opinion good enough
 either of himself or others.

Some persons are forgot in the distribution of
 Honours, which puts us upon inquiry, *Why were
 they forgot?* and if they were prefer'd, we should
 be apt to ask, *Why were they remembered?* Whence
 proceeds this contrariety? Is it from the Character
 of the persons, or the incertitude of Judgments,
 or rather from both?

* 'Tis a common way of talking, after such
 a one, who shall be Chancellour, Archbishop or
 Pope? we proceed further; every one makes the
 promotion according to his wishes or caprice,
 which is often of persons more aged and infirm, than
 those that at present enjoy those places; and as there
 is no reason why dignity should kill the present pos-
 sessors,

lessors, which serves on the contrary to make young again, and gives the Body and Soul its vigour, so 'tis no unusual thing for such to be their Successors.

* Disgrace extinguishes Hatred and Jealousy and it may very well do so. He that is not great enough to raise our Envy, we think has no Merit. There is no Virtue so sublime, but we can partake in him. 'Tis no crime in him to be a Hero.

Nothing appears well in a man out of favour. Virtue and Merit are slighted, misinterpreted, miscall'd Vice: has he so much Courage, that fears neither Fire nor Sword, or does he face an Enemy with as much bravery as *Bayard* and * *Montrevel*; he is rash and fool-hardy, and has nothing of the Hero in him.

* *Marquis of Montrevel,*
Com. Gen.
D. L. C.
Lieut. Gen.

I contradict my self, I own it, but blame not Mankind, whose Judgments I relate; I speak of different Men, but of these very same Men I judge so differently.

* We need not tarry twenty years to see Men change their opinion about the most serious thing or those that appear most certain and true. I do not attempt to maintain that Fire in its own nature and independant from our Senses, is void of heat that is to say, nothing like what we feel in ourselves at its approaching us, lest some time or other it becomes as hot again as ever. Nor shall I affirm that one Right Line falling on another makes two Right Angles, or Angles equal two Right, for something more or less be discover'd, and I may be rally'd for my proposition; neither shall I say with all *France*, that *Vauban* is infallible; for who can secure me, but that in a short time some body will discover, that even in Sieges, which is his peculiar Excellency, and where he decides arbitraril

he errs oftentimes, liable to mistakes as well as *An-
philus*.

* If you believe people exasperated against one another, over whom Passion has the ascendancy, the learned Man is a Pedant, the Magistrate a Boor, the Mechanick, the *Financier* an Oppressor, the Gentleman an Upstart; but it is strange, that these curtilous Names, which choler and hatred have invented, should become so familiar to us, and that disdain, as cold and peaceable as it is, should dare use 'em.

* You hurry your self, and make a splutter, especially when the Enemy begin to fly, and the victory is no longer doubtful, or before a Town that has Capitulated: You mightily affect in a Fight, during a Siege, to seem to be in a hundred places once; that is, to be no where; to prevent the orders of the General, for fear of obeying 'em, and to seek occasions, rather than to wait for 'em or receive 'em; What if this Courage of yours should be a false Courage?

* Place men to maintain a Post where they may be kill'd, and where nevertheless they are not kill'd: they love both Honour and Life.

* To see how Men love Life, can it be imagin'd that they love any thing more than it, and that glory which they prefer to Life, is often an opinion of themselves, establish'd in the minds of a thousand people, whom either they don't know or don't esteem.

* Some, who are neither Souldiers nor Courtiers, make Campaigns, and follow the Court; they make not the Siege, but assist at it, and have soon satisfy'd their curiosity about a fortify'd Town, how surprizing soever it may be, about the Trenches, the effects of Bombs, Cannon and Carrasses.

Order and Successes of an Attack, which they view at a distance; the opposition continues, the Rain fall, the fatigues encrease, Dirt and Water are to be waded thro, and both the Seasons and the Enemy are to be encounter'd, perhaps the Lines are forc'd and we are enclos'd between a Town and an Army. What extremeties! Their Courage fails, they murmuring cry out, Will the raising this Siege be of fatal a consequence? Does the safety of the State depend upon one Cittadel? The Heavens themselves declare against us, and shan't we submit to 'em, and defer the Enterprize till another Season? 'Tis thus they lose all their resolution, and if they durst, would rail at the obstinacy of the General, who withstands all obstacles, and is animated even by the difficulties of the Enterprize, who exposes and fatigues himself night and day to accomplish his design. But as soon as the Enemy capitulates, the dispirited wretches cry up the importance of the Conquest, by anticipating the consequences, and exaggerating the necessity there was of doing, and the danger and shame, which would have attended the raising of the Siege, endeavouring to prove that the Army that cover'd us from the Enemy was invincible; they return with the Court, and as they pass thro Towns and Villages, are proud to be gaz'd at by the Inhabitants from their Windows; they triumph on the Road as if they were the men that took the place, imagining themselves to be brave at their return home, they deafen you with Flankes, Curtains, Ravelins, Bastions, Half Moons and Covert Ways, give you an account of those places where curiosity led them, and the unavoidable hazards they were in, and the danger they ran being kill'd, or taken by the Enemy; they are on silent concerning their fears.

* 'Tis the least inconvenience in the World to be set in a Sermon or Oration; it leaves the Orator all the Wit, good Sense, Fancy, good Manners and Instructions that he had, and robs him of nothing; but it is very surprizing, that men should mix a sort of Shame and Ridicule to the thing, and yet expose themselves by tedious and often unprofitable discourses to run so great a risque.

* Those that make the worst use of their time are the first that complain of its shortness; such as waste it in Dressing, Eating, Sleeping, and Imperinent Talk, in contriving what to do, and generally doing nothing at all, want it for their business or pleasure; on the contrary, those that make the best use of it have some to spare.

There is no States-man so taken up with business, that that trifles away two hours every day, which amounts to a great deal in a long Life; and if the waste is much greater in other stations, what an infinite waste is there made of this precious thing, which you complain you want!

* There are a sort of God's Creatures which are call'd Men, who have a Soul, which is a Spirit, whose whole Life is employ'd in, and whose most glorious attention is taken up in sawing of Marble; this is very foolish and trivial: There are others who are astonish'd at it, but who are entirely useless, and spend their days in doing nothing; this is yet less than sawing Marble.

* The major part of Mankind so far forget that they have a Soul, and launch out into such Actions and Exercises, where it seems to be of no use, that 'tis thought we speak advantageously of any man when we say he thinks; this is become a common *Elogium*, and yet it raises a Man only above a Dog or a Horse.

* How

* How do you divert your self? how do you pass your time? Is the question ask'd both by Fools and Men of Sense: if I answer, in opening my Eyes, and seeing, in lending an Ear and hearing in enjoying Health, Ease and Liberty, 'tis to say nothing; the solid, the great and the only good slighted, makes no impression: The answer should be. do you Game, do you Dance?

Is it good for a man to have liberty (if it were possible) so large and extensive, that it would only prompt him to desire one thing else, that is to have less liberty?

Liberty is not Idleness, 'tis a free use of time 'tis to chuse our Labour and our Exercise: In other word, to be free is not to do nothing, but to be the sole Arbitrer of what we do, and what we leave undone: In this sense how great a good is Liberty!

* *Cæsar* was not too old to think of the Conquest of the Universe; * He had no other happiness endeavour after, than a brave course of Life, and a great Name after Death; being born fierce and ambitious, and enjoying a vigorous health, could not better employ his time than in the Conquest of the World. *Alexander* was very young for so serious a design; 'tis stupendious that in his juvenile years, Women and Wine did not confound his Enterprize.

* A young Prince of an august Race, the Love and Hope of his People, given by Heaven to prolong the felicity of the Earth, greater than his Progenitors, the Son of a Hero, who is his Pattern, he already convinc'd the Universe by his divine Qualities and anticipated Virtues, that the Sons of Heroes are nearer being so than other men. *

* If the World is of an hundred millions of years standing, it is still in all its freshness, and is but ju

* v. Pascals
Thoughts
ch. 3. where
he says the
contrary.

* Contrary
to the tri-
vial Latin
Maxim.

it begun; we our selves are not far from the
 best Men and the Patriarchs, and who could dis-
 tinguish us from them in Ages so distant: but if
 we may judge of what is to come by what is past,
 what new things unknown to us are there, in the
 Arts and Sciences, in Nature, nay, I durst say, in Hi-
 story too! What discoveries will there be made!
 what different Revolutions will there happen in the
 States and Empires of the whole World! What Ig-
 norance is ours, and how slender our Experience,
 that it is not of above six or seven thousand years!

There is no way too tedious for him that tra-
 vels gently and without hurry; and there are no
 advantages too remote from those that prepare them-
 selves with patience.

To court no body, and expect no courtship
 from any, is an happy condition, a Golden Age,
 the most natural state of Man.

The World is for those that follow Courts or
 polite Cities; but Nature is for them who inhabit
 the Country; they only live, or at least only know
 how they live.

Why do you treat me with this coldness?
 why do you complain against me for some Ex-
 ceptions of mine, in relation to some of our young
 Courtiers? You are not vicious, *Thrasilius*, are
 you, for my part I knew it not, but you inform
 me so yourself; that which I know is, that you
 are not young.

And you that are personally offended at what I
 say of some great people, don't cry out of a wound
 inflicted for another: Are you Haughty, Malicious,
 a Buffoon, a Flatterer, a Hypocrite? I was igno-
 rant of it indeed, and did not think of you; I was
 speaking of great Men.

* Moderation and Prudence in Conduct less men obscure; to be known and admir'd, 'tis necessary to have great Virtues, or what's perhaps equal, great Vices.

* Men are pre-engag'd, prejudic'd and char'd indifferently, with the conduct of great and more persons; a fortunate Crime wants little of being commended, as much as a real Virtue, and Success supplies the place of all Virtues: 'Tis a black action, a horrid odious attempt indeed that Success cannot justify.

* Men, seduc'd by fair appearances and specious pretences, are easily induc'd to like, and approve an ambitious design of some great man's covetance; they speak of it with concern; the brightness or the novelty pleases them; it becomes familiar to 'em already, and they expect nothing but the success: when, on the contrary, it happens to miscarry, they confidently, and without regard to their former Judgment, decide of the action, that it was rash, and could never take.

* There are some designs, which are of that consequence, and make so great a figure; which have caus'd so much hope or fear to several Persons engag'd in 'em, according to their different Interests; in which all the Honour and Fortunes of a man are concern'd; these have made too many shew to be withdrawn, without being executed, how dreadful soever the danger may be that a man begins to foresee will be the consequence of the undertaking: He must on, tho' it overwhelms him; the least evil he is to expect is the miscarriage.

* In an ill man there is not wherewithal to make a great man: You may commend his Industry and his Contrivance, admire his Conduct, and his Address to make use of the properest and most

est means to attain his ends; if his ends are bad Prudence has no share in them; and where Prudence is wanting, find Greatness if you can.

Of the Fashion.

TIS a very foolish thing, and which very much betrays our weakness, to be subject to the fashion in our Dyet, way of Living, Health and Conscience. Brown Meat is out of Fashion, and therefore insipid: 'Twould be an offence against the Fashion to cure a Fever by bleeding. It has been out of Fashion this great while to dye by the hands of *Theotymus*; none now but the Populace are liv'd by his Pious Exhortations; he has outliv'd himself.

* Curiosity is not an inclination to what is good and beautiful, but to what is rare and singular, or those things which another can't match. 'Tis not an affection for those things which are best, but for those which are most in the Fashion. 'Tis not an amusement, but a passion, and often so violent, that it yields to Love and Ambition, only in the meanness of its object. 'Tis not a passion for every thing that is scarce and in vogue, but only for some particular, that is rare, and yet in Fashion. The Florist has a Garden at his Country house, where he spends his time from Sun-rising to Sun-setting; you'd think him planted there, that he had taken root in the midst of his Tulips, and

before his *Solitaire*; he rubs his hands, stares, stoops down, and looks nearer at it, he never saw it look so fine before, he's in an extasie of Joy; he leaves that for the *Orientale*, * then goes to the *Vieue*, from thence to the *Drap d'or*, so to the *Agath*, and at last returns to his *Solitaire*, where he fixes himself, is weary, sits down and forgets his Dinner; observes all its particular excellencies, its fine pod, delicate top; he contemplates and admires it; God and Nature are in all that the things which he does not admire; he goes no farther than the Root of his Tulip, which he won't part with for a thousand Crowns, tho he'll give it you for nothing when Tulips are out, and the Carnation come in. This reasonable Creature, that has Soul, a divine Worship and Religion, returns tired and famisht, but infinitely pleas'd with his day labour; he has seen some Tulips.

Talk to another of the Farmer's Wealth, of plentiful Harvest, or a good Vintage, he is only nice in Fruit, he understands not a word you say discourse him of Figs and Melons, tell him that the Pear Trees break with their weight of Fruit this year, that there are abundance of Peaches, this is all out of his way; he is curious in nothing but Plumb-Trees: Talk to him of them, he makes you no answer; he is only fond of a certain species of them, and laughs at all others; he leads you to the Trees, and artificially gathers this exquisite Plumb, divides it, gives you one half, and keeps the other himself, How delicious is this! says he Taste it, is it not divine? the whole World can match it; at this his Nose swells, and 'tis with great deal of pains that he veils his joy and vanity under an appearance of modesty. O! exquisite Man indeed! never enough to be prais'd and admir'd

* Several
French
Names of
different
sorts of
Tulips.

air'd! a Man to be talk'd of in all ages! Methinks I see his mein and shape, while he liv'd, and remember the features of this great Man, who only amongst Mortals was the happy possessor of such a Plumb.

Visit the third, and he talks of the curious persons of his Acquaintance, but especially of *Diogenes*: I admire him, says he, and understand him less than ever; you imagin that he endeavours to instruct himself by Medals, that he esteems them as speaking evidences of past Transactions, and fixt unquestionable monuments of Antient History, nothing less; perhaps you guess that all the pains he takes to recover a head, proceeds from the pleasure he enjoys in seeing an uninterrupted series of Emperors, 'tis yet less: *Diogenes* knows nicely the parts of a Medal, he has a Case full of Medals, except one place, and 'tis this vacuity that makes him so uneasy, that truly and literally to fill this, he spends his Estate and Life.

Will you see my Prints, adds *Democedes*? and presently he draws them out, and shews them you; here you find one that is neither finely Printed, neatly Grav'd nor well Design'd, and therefore more fit to hang the Walks of the most publick places on holy-days, than to be preserv'd in a Closet; he allows it to be ill Grav'd and worse Design'd, but he assures you 'twas done by an *Italian*, of whom there's little extant, that 'tis the only one in France in his hand, he bought it very dear, and would not part with it for a much better: I labour under a sensible affliction, [continues he, which will oblige me to leave off troubling my self with Prints the rest of my Life; I have all *Calot*, except one Print, indeed 'tis so far from being the best, that 'tis the worst that ever he did, but how shall I

compleat my *Calot*? I have hunted after this Print these twenty years, and now I despair of ever getting it: This is very hard!

Another satyrizes those who make long Voyages either thro' uneasiness or curiosity, who keep no Journal, or furnish us with no Relations or Memoirs, who go to see, and see not any thing, or at best forget what they have seen, who desire only to remember new Towers, and new Steeples, and to pass Rivers only because they are unknown; who go out of their own Country purely to return again who love to be absent, that they may one day come from afar; and this Satyrist talks well, and forces attention.

But when he adds, that Books are more instructive than Travelling, and gives me to understand that he has a Library, I desire to see it; I visit this Gentleman, he receives me at his House, where at the foot of the Stairs, I am struck down with the scent of the *Russia* Leather, that covers all his Books: in vain he encourages me, by telling me they are gilt on the Backs and Leaves, of the best Edition, and by naming some of the best of 'em; in vain he tells me, his Gallery is full of 'em, except one place that is painted so like Books, the fallacy is not to be discern'd; and adds, that he never reads sets foot in this Gallery, and that he did it now to oblige me; I thank him for his Complaisance, but would as soon visit a Tan-pit as his Library.

Some people by an intemperate desire of knowledge, and an unwillingness to be ignorant of any thing, are greedy of all sorts of Learning, and masters of none; they are fonder of knowing much than knowing well, and had rather be superficial smatterers in several Sciences, than to dive profoundly into any one alone; they every where meet

meet with Masters to reclaim 'em ; they are bubbles to their own vain curiosity, and often by very painful efforts cannot extricate themselves from their gross Ignorance.

Others have the Key of the Sciences, but never enter themselves ; they spend their lives in learning the *Eastern* and *Northern* Languages, those of both *Indies*, those of the two Poles, nay, that of the World in the Moon itself ; the most useless Idioms, the most Ridiculous and Magical Characters, employ their Minds, and excite their Industry ; they are very angry with those who content themselves with their own Language, or at most with *Greek* and *Latin*. These men read all the Historians, and know nothing of History ; run thro' all Books, but are not the wiser for any ; their defect is a barren ignorance of things and principles ; and indeed their best Collection, their greatest Riches, consist in abundance of words and phrases, which they juggle together, and load their Memory withal, whilst their Understandings are empty.

A Citizen loves Building, he builds him a House so fine and so noble, that he's ashamed to live in it, and yet is unwilling to let it to a Nobleman or States-man ; he retires into the Garret, where he spends his Life, whilst the Floors are worn out with shewing the Rooms to Travellers ; there's a continual knocking at the Gate, all desire to see the House, but none the Master.

There are others, who have Daughters, and are not able to give them a Groat, nay, which is less, can hardly cloath and feed them ; they are so poor, that they are forc'd to deny themselves a Bed and clean Linnen ; the source of their misery is very obvious ; 'tis a Repository of rare Statues, cover'd with dust and filth, which indeed would sell at a

great rate ; but they cannot prevail with themselves to part with them.

Dyphilus is a lover of Birds ; he began with one and ends with a thousand ; his House is so full from being the more pleasant, that 'tis peester'd with them ; the Hall, the Parlour, the Stair-case, the Porch, the Chamber and Closets are so many Avicaries ; nothing is heard but discord and wild notes the Autumnal Winds, and most rapid Cataracts do not make a noise so shrill and piercing ; you can hear one another speak, but in those Chambers that are set apart for receiving visits, where you are also plagu'd with his little yelping Curs ; 't is no longer an agreeable amusement to *Dyphilus*, but a toilsome fatigue, which his Body can hardly undergo, he spends his days, those days that pass away and never do return, in feeding his Birds and cleaning them ; he gives a man a Salary for no other service, but to teach them with a Flagele and to take care that his Canary-birds tread on another ; 'tis true, what he spends in one hand, he spares on the other, for his Children have neither Tutors nor Education ; in the evening, tired with his own pleasure, he shuts himself up without being able to enjoy the least repose till his Birds are at roost, and these little Creatures that he only dotes on for their Song, cease their Notes he dreams of them in his sleep, he is himself metamorphos'd into a Bird, he is cople crown'd, he chirps, he perches, he fancies in the night that he molts, that he is brooding.

Who can describe all the different kinds of trivial curiosity ; could you imagin when you hear such an one talk of his *Leopard*, of his *Plume*, of his *Musick*, and brag that they are the choicest and rarest Shells in the World : could you imagin that

Names of
Shells.

he

ie intends to sell them? why not, if he bought them by their weight in Gold.

There's another an admirer of Insects, he augments his Collection every day; he is the greatest Critick in *Europe* at a Butterfly; he has them of all sizes and colours. What an unlucky time do you take to pay him a Visit in? he's afflicted with bitter sorrow, is in a sower Chagrin temper, to the plague of his whole Family; he has had an irreparable loss, go near him, observe what he shews you on his finger, 'tis dead, just departed this Life, 'tis a Caterpillar and such a Caterpillar!

* Duelling is the triumph of the Fashion, and the thing in which she has exercis'd her greatest Tyranny; this custom does not give the Coward the liberty to live, it obliges him to go to be kill'd by a man of more bravery than himself, and so makes him to fall undistinguish'd from a man of Courage; it has entail'd honour and renown on an action full of folly and extravagance; it has obtain'd reputation by the presence of Kings, and sometimes has had a sort of Religion to countenance its practice; it decided the innocence of Men, and whether Accusations in capital Crimes were true or false; it was so deeply rooted in the opinion of the World, and got such an entire possession of the minds of Men, that it has been one of the most glorious actions of the Life of a most potent Monarch to cure them of this folly.

* Such an one who was formerly in vogue either for commanding Armies, for Negotiations, for the Eloquence of the Pulpit, or for Poetry, is now obsolete and out of Fashion. What, do men degenerate from what they formerly were? is it their Merit which is out of date, or have we lost the Taste we had of 'em?

* A man of Mode is not long so, for Fashions are very transitory; if perchance he is a man of Merit, he cannot suffer annihilation, but by some thing or other will still subsist; equally worthy of estimation, tho he is less esteem'd.

Virtue has that happiness in her, that she can subsist of herself, and that she knows how to exist without Admirers, Partisans and Protectors; the want of assistance and approbation does not only not affect her, but preserves, purifies and renders her more perfect; whether she be in Fashion, or out of Fashion, she is still Virtue.

* If you tell Men, and especially the Great that such a Man has Virtue, they will tell you, let him keep it then; that he has a great deal of Wit and especially that sort which is very pleasant and diverting, they'll answer you, so much the better for him; that he has a Wit well cultivated, and is very knowing, they'll answer you, what's a Clock or what Weather is it; but if you give them to understand there's a Juggler, one that turns *Aqua Vita* black, and performs other surprizing things several times during a Feast, then they cry out Where is he? bring him to me this evening, to-morrow, or as soon as you can possibly find him. he is brought, and this wretch who is only fit to be shown in Fairs, or at private Entertainments for Money, is presently admitted into their familiarity.

* There's nothing brings a man sooner in fashion than playing high, 'tis equal to fuddling: I wou'd fain see a polite, gallant and witty man, were he a *Catullus*, or one of his disciples, dare to compare himself with him that loses eight hundred Pistoles at a sitting.

* A fashionable man is like a certain blue Flower that grows spontaneously in plough'd grounds, which choaks the Corn, spoils the Crop, and takes up the room of something that's better; it has no beauty nor value, but what's owing to a slender grace, which is born and dead in the same instant; today it is in vogue; and admir'd by the Ladies, tomorrow 'tis neglected, and left to the Vulgar.

A Man of Merit, on the contrary, is a Flower which we do not describe by its colour, which we call by its name, which we cultivate for its odorous scent or beauty; one of the graces of Nature, one of those things which beautify the Creation, which has been admir'd by all Men in all Ages; on which our Fathers set a high value, and we in imitation of them have as great an opinion of it; nor can the disgust and antipathy of any particular persons injure its reputation. A Lily, a Rose.

* We see *Eustrates* plac'd in his small Boat, pleas'd with a pure Air, and a serene Sky; he sets sail with a fair Wind, which in all probability is like to continue, but all of a sudden it changes, the Heavens are clouded, the Tempest appears, a Wave oversets the Boat, 'tis sunk to the bottom; *Eustrates* rises to the surface of the Waters, endeavours to swim, and we hope at least that he will reach the shoar, and save his life; but another Wave sinks him, and we give him over for lost; he appears above Water a second time, and our hopes revive, when a foaming Billow drives him to the bottom, from whence he never rises: he's drown'd.

* *Voiture* and *Sarazin* were born for the Age they liv'd in, and they appear'd in a time which seem'd to expect 'em; if they had not made such haste,

haste, they had come too late, and I question whether at this time they would have been what they were then: Airy and diverting conversation, elegant and familiar Letters, and the select company where Wit only would recommend, are all vanish'd and there is no talk of reviving them; all that can say in favour of their Genius's is, that perhaps they might have excell'd in another way; But Ladies of this Age are either *Devotes*, *Cocque*, *Gamesters* or *Ambitious*, and some of them these together; *Luxury*, *Gaming*, *Gallants*, and *Directors*, have possess'd themselves of the Field and defend it against the Men of Wit.

* The Fops and Coxcombs are singular in their dress; their Hats are broad, their Sleeves are larger, and their Coats of clear another cut than that of other Men; they frequent all publick places that they may be taken notice of: Whilst the necessity of sense leaves the fashion of his Cloaths to the Taylor; 'tis as great a weakness to be out of fashion, as to affect to be in it.

* We blame a fashion that divides the stature of a man into two equal parts, which takes one end to the waste, and leaves the other for the rest of the body, we condemn those dresses which make the Ladies' Heads look like the base of an Edifice with numerous stories above them; the order and structure of which alter with their whimsies; they separate the Hair from that part of the Face Nature design'd it for, and raise it in the manner of Channels, as if they intended the fair Sex should exchange the tender and modest air of their Faces for one much more fierce and bold: We exclaim against this or that Mode, which, ridiculous as it is, helps and embellishes Nature as long as it lasts, and from which we reap all the advantage we could expect

effect, which is to please; when we ought only to be surpriz'd at the levity and inconstancy of Men; who successively call agreeable and decorous, those things so directly opposite to each other; who use those Habits in their Comedies and Masquerades, which lately were the most grave and solemn; and that so small a time should make such a difference.

* *N*—— is rich, she eats well and lyes well; but her Commodities grow out of fashion, when she thinks least on't, and when she believes herself happy she's out of the Mode.

* *Iphis* at Church sees a new fashion'd Shoe, he looks upon his own and blushes, and can no longer believe himself dress'd: he came to Prayers only to show himself, but now he hides himself; he is held the Foot in his Chamber all the rest of the day: he has a soft hand, with which he gives you a gentle pat; he is sure to laugh often, to shew his white Teeth; he sets his mouth in order, and is in perpetual smile: he looks upon his Legs, he views himself in the Glass, and no body can have so good opinion of another as he has of himself: he has acquir'd a delicate and clear voice, and is happy in free way of talking; he has a turn of his Head, and a sort of sweetness in his Eyes, which he never forgets to make use of, as grace to set himself off: his gate is slow, and the prettiest he is able to conceive: He sometimes makes use of a little red, but is very seldom, he does not make a custom of it: 'tis true, he wears Breeches and a Hat, and has neither Ear-rings nor Necklace. therefore I have not put him in the Chapter of Women.

* Those very fashions which Men so willingly follow in their persons, they won't endure in their countenances, as if they really foresaw how indecent

cent and ridiculous they will appear, when they have lost what we call the flower of fashion, agreeable novelty; they rather take up with most extravagant ornaments, the most indifferently drapery, nay, the fancy of the Painter, which is neither agreeable to the air of the Face, nor the character of the person; they affect forc'd and decent postures, a rough, brutish and strange manner, which makes a Captain of a young Abbot, a *Harlequin* of a Man of the Long Robe, a *Diana* of a City Dame; an *Amazon* or a *Pallas*, of a silly merous Girl, a *Lais* of a Woman of Honour, a *Scythian*, an *Ailta*, of a just and magnanimous Prince.

One fashion has hardly destroy'd another, 'tis justl'd out by a newer, which must it self make way for its Successor, and that will not be the last; such is our levity: during these revolutions an Age is spun out, and then all these things are rank'd amongst things past which never return; the first mode, and which charms the Eye the most, is the most antient; which is advanc'd in respect of ages and years, appears as agreeable in our Figures, as the * *Sagum* and the *Roman Habit* on the Theatres; as the *Mantle*, the * *Veil* or the *Tunic* in our Tapestries and Paintings.

Our Fathers have transmitted to us with their knowledge of their Persons, that of their Habits, their * *Arms*, and all the Ornaments which they were fond of during their lives: A benefit we can make no other return for, than by doing our Posterity the same service.

* Formerly the Courtier wore his own Habits, Doublets and large Breeches, and was a Libertine; that's no longer becoming: now he has a full Wig, a close Habit, whole Stockings, and is Devout. This is the effect of the Mode. * F

* Roman
warlike
Habits.

* Oriental
Habits.

* Offensive
and Defen-
sive.

He who after some considerable residence at Court was Devout, and thereupon, contrary to all reason, narrowly escap'd being ridicul'd, could he ever flatter'd himself to come one day in fashion?

What will not a Courtier do that has his Fortune in view, if rather than to make it, he will turn Courtier?

The colours are all prepar'd and the Cloath trimm'd; but how shall I fix this restless, light and inconstant man, who changes himself into a thousand and a thousand figures? I paint him Devout, and fancy I have hit him, but he has deceiv'd me, and is just now a Libertine; Let him continue in his ill posture, and I shall know well enough how to hit that irregularity of Heart and Soul, by which he'll be known; but the fashion comes on, and he is devout.

He who throughly knows the Court, knows *False Devotion*, what is Virtue, and what is † Devotion, and cannot be impos'd upon.

To neglect going to Vespers as a thing obsolete and out of fashion, to know all the Avenues of the Chapel, the place where he may be seen, and where he may be unobserv'd; to be intent at Church of God and his own business, to receive Visits there, to give out Orders and Commissions, and at the same time to attend the Responses; to chuse a *Director*, and rely on him more than the Gospel itself; to derive all his Sanctity from the reputation of his *Director*, to despise all those that he has a slender opinion of, and scarce allow 'em to be in a state of Salvation; to be fond of the word of God only from the mouth of his *Director*, to prefer Mass of his Celebration, and the Sacraments from his hands before all others; to make mystical

Books the only Books of Devotion, as if there were neither Gospels, Epistles of the Apostles, or Morals of the Fathers; to read and talk a Jargon unknown to the first Ages; to be very exact to confess sins of others, and palliate his own; to magnify his own sufferings and patience; to talk of small progress in Heroism as of a sin; to be in secret Alliance with some persons against others; to have no value for any but those of his own Side and Cabal, and to suspect even Virtue herself; to taste and relish prosperity and favour, to wish nobody well but himself, never to assist Merit, make Piety subservient to his Ambition, to go to Heaven by the way of Fortune and Dignity; this is now a days the greatest effort of the Devotion of this Age.

A *Devote* is one that under a King that was an Atheist would be a *Devote*.

* The *Devotes* esteem nothing a crime but continence, or to speak more exactly, the scant and appearance of Incontinence. If *Pherecras* passes for one that is cur'd of his fondness for Women, and *Phereneze* for a chaste Wife, 'tis enough for them: Let them play a destructive game, ruin their Creditors, rejoyce at the misfortunes of another, and advantage themselves by it, idolize the Great, and contemn the meaner sort, let them be intoxicated with their own Merit, parcht up with Envy, let them lye, calumniate, cabal, blacken 'tis their way; would you have 'em usurp upon those good Men, who with all their secret Vices do yet avoid Pride and Injustice?

The Duke of
Beuvil-
liers, Presi-
dent of the
Kings Coun-
cil.

* When a Courtier shall be humble, cur'd of Pride and Ambition, when he shall cease to raise his Fortune on the ruin of his Companions; when he shall be Just, indulgent to his Vassals, and pa-

Creditors ; when he shall be neither Knave nor
 assassinator ; when he shall leave off luxurious
 eating and unlawful Love ; when he shall pray
 more wisely than with his Lips, and out of his Prince's
 presence ; when he shall not be morose, and diffi-
 cult of access to others ; when he shall have no au-
 turity in his countenance, or sowerness in his mein ;
 when he shall not be negligent and contemplative ;
 when by his scrupulous application to business, he
 shall render indifferent affairs compatible ; when
 he shall wholly apply himself and bend his mind
 to cares to laborious employments, which concern
 the good of the State and People ; when his Cha-
 racter shall make me afraid to mention him in this
 age, and his modesty hinder it : If I do not name
 him to make him known, yet I shall say of him he
 is devout, or rather that he is a man given to this
 for a model of sincere Virtue, and for the de-
 monstration of Hypocrites.

Onuphrius has nothing for his Bed but a Co-
 verlet of grey Serge, but he lies upon Cotton and
 down ; he is plainly but decently habited, I would
 he wears a light Stuff in the Summer, and a
 good Cloath in the Winter ; he wears extra-
 ordinary fine Shirts, but takes a great deal of care to
 wash them : he does not brag of his coarse Garment
 but his strict Discipline ; no, on the contrary, he
 is proud for what he is, an Hypocrite, whereas he
 endeavours to pass for what he is not in the least, a
 devout man ; 'tis true, he makes us in a sort be-
 lieve without telling us, that he wears a coarse
 winter-garment, and that he disciplines himself se-
 verely : He has several Books that are indifferently
 dispersed about his Chamber : This is the *Spiritual*
Cabinet, that the *Interiour Christian*, the other the
Liberty Tear ; his other Books are under Lock and
 Key ;

Key ; if he is going along the Streets, and observes a man to whom 'tis necessary he should seem devout, down-cast Eyes, a slow and modest Gait, a devout Air, are familiar to him, he plays his part : If he enters a Church, he observes where eyes are upon him, and according to the discovery he makes, he falls upon his knees and goes to Prayers, or else he never thinks of kneeling and praying ; if he sees a good man or a man of authority preach that observes him, he not only prays and meditates too, drops some tears and sighs ; but when a good man is hardly gone, but he is silent, and scarce be perceiv'd to breathe : Another time he goes to an holy place, rushes thro' the croud, chooses a place for his Devotion, where all the World may see how he humbles himself ; if he perceives any Courtiers who laugh and talk in the Chappel louder than in the Anti-chamber, he makes a greater noise than they, on purpose to file them, and returns to his meditation, which is always the comparison he makes between those persons and himself, in which he finds his account. Of all things he avoids an empty Church, where he may hear two Masses one after another, a Sermon and Vespers, only between God and himself without any other witness : He loves that Place and frequents the Churches where there is the greatest concourse, for there he does not lose his labour, he is observ'd by the Congregation : he chooses two or three days to fast in without any occasion ; towards the end of the Winter he has a Cough, his Stomach is out of order, he has the Gripes and a Fever, he begs and presses with all the earnestness in the World to break *Lent* as soon as it is begun, and it is granted him in complaisance. If *Onuphrius* is nam'd Arbitrator amongst Relations

or in a Family cause, he is for the strongest, I would say the richest side, and cannot be perswaded that he or she that has a plentiful Estate can ever be in the wrong. If he finds a rich Man, whom he can impose upon and make his advantage of, he is his Parasite, he never cajoles his Wife, nor makes the least advances that way, but rather flatters her, and will leave her a part of his Garment to be gone, unless he is as sure of her as himself: He never attempts to seduce or debauch her by his argon of hypocritical Devotion; he never speaks that Language, because it is customary to him, but out of design, as it is advantageous to him, and ever where his discourse would render him ridiculous. He knows where to find Ladies more sociable and easy than his Friend's Wife, whom he very seldom absents himself from, unless it be to give occasion to the publick to report, that he retires from the World; and how indeed should they doubt it, when they see his face fall away, like that of one who never spares himself. The Women, who carry on their Intrigues successfully under the veil of Devotion, agree excellently well with him, with this difference only, that he slightst those who are old, and addresses himself only to the young, and amongst them 'tis those only who are the most beautiful that can please him: They go and he goes; they return and he returns; they stay and he stays; he has the happiness to see them in all places, and at all hours; and who in his place but would be glorify'd? They are Devout, and so is he: He is sure to make the best use he can of his Friend's stupidity and prepossession in his favour; sometimes he borrows Money of him, at other times he manages him so dextrously, that he offers to lend it himself, and is very angry with him that he does not make

use of his Friends, when he has occasion. Some-time he will not receive a half-penny without giving a Note, when he's sure 'twill not be accepted: At another time he says, with a certain Air, that he wants nothing, and that is, when he only wants an inconsiderable sum; at another time he publicly extols the generosity of this Man, on purpose to excite and oblige him in honour to bestow an extravagant Largeess on him; he does not expect to succeed to all his real Estate, nor to get a Deed of Gift of all his Personal Estate, if there is a right and lawful Heir to be set aside. A devout Man is neither covetous, violent, unjust, nor self-interested; *Onuphris* is not a devout Man, but he would pass for such, and by a perfect, tho a false imitation of Piety, he tacitly manages his interests; he never aims at the direct line of a Family, nor insinuates himself where there is a Daughter to provide for, and a Son to settle; he knows they have a right too strong and inviolable to be shaken without a great deal of noise, which may perhaps reach the Ears of his Prince, from whom he runs for fear of being discover'd, and appearing what he really is: He chuses the collateral Line, which he can attack with greater safety; he is the terror of all the first and second Cousins, the flatterer and profess'd Friend of all the rich Unkles; he gives himself out to be the legitimate Heir of every rich old man that dies without issue, who must disinherit him, if he will have his Relations succeed to his Estate; If *Onuphris* can't quite throw 'em out of it, he will at least wrest a good part on't from 'em; a slender calumny, a trifling slander is sufficient for that, and indeed is the Talent he possesses in the highest degree of perfection; and this sometimes he represents as a duty, for (according to

to him) there are men, whom in Conscience he's oblig'd to slander, and they are those he does not in the least affect, whom he designs to injure, and impatiently desires to ruin; he acquires his ends sometimes without so much as opening his mouth; you talk to him of *Eudexus*, he smiles or he weeps; ask him why he does so, ask him again, and again, he makes you no answer, and he has reason, he has said enough of him.

* Laugh, *Zelia*, be gay and wanton, as you us'd to be, what's become of all your Mirth? I am rich, say you, don't you see I live at large, and now begin to have room to breathe in; laugh louder then, *Zelia*, what's a great Estate good for, if it brings seriousness and melancholy along with it? Imitate the Great, who are born in the bosom of Riches, they laugh sometimes, and give themselves up to their Inclinations, do you follow yours, let it not be said of you, that a new place, or some thousand Livres of Rent, more or less, should make you pass from one extremity to the other. There is one thing, say you, for which I must depend on favour; I was afraid so, *Zelia*, but believe me, don't leave off laughing nor smiling on me, in passing, as you us'd to do before; fear nothing, I shan't have a less opinion of you and your post, I shall equally believe that you are rich and in favour: I am devout, you add; 'tis enough, *Zelia*, and I ought to remember that 'tis no longer the sense of a good Conscience, that imprints Joy and Serenity on the face, but the melancholy and austere Passions which have got the ascendant, and spread themselves over all your outward form; these Passions proceed yet further, and we are no longer surpriz'd to see that Devotion should sooner be able to make a Woman proud and disdainful, than Youth and Beauty.

* Arts and Sciences have been vastly improv'd in this Age, and are all now refin'd to the highest degree, even that of Salvation is reduc'd to rule and method, and augmented with all that's fine and sublime which humane understanding could invent.

† The Author speaks of False Devotion throughout his Chapter.

† Devotion and Geometry have their manners of speaking, or what they call terms of Art; and he that is ignorant of them is neither Devout nor a Geometrician: The first Devout men, even those who were directed by the Apostles, were ignorant of 'em; those simple people had only Faith and Good Works, and thought of nothing but of believing and living well.

* 'Tis a very nice thing for a Religious Prince to reform his Court, and set up Piety in it: for knowing how far the Courtier will carry his complaisance, and what Sacrifices he will make for advancing his Fortune, he manages him with prudence, tolerates him, and conceals his dislike of him, for fear he should plunge him into Hypocrisy or Sacrilege: He expects better success from God and Time, than from his own Zeal and Industry.

* 'Tis an old custom in Courts to give Pensions, and to distribute favours to Fiddlers, Dancing-Masters, Players, Flatterers and Cringing Wretches: their Merit is fix'd, and their Excellencies certain and known, they amuse and recreate the Great; 'tis known that *Favier* dances well, and that *Lorenzani* composes fine Anthems: But on the contrary, who knows that the Devote has Virtue; he has nothing aforehand or in stock, and that with very good reason, 'tis a Profession easy to counterfeit, which, if it were rewarded, would often expose the Prince to honour Dissimulation and Knavery, and to allow Pensions for Hypocrisy.

* 'Tis

* 'Tis to be hop'd that the Devotion of the Court, such as it is, will at least oblige Prelates to residence.

* I doubt not but true Devotion is the source of Repose ; it supports us in this Life, and sweetens Death, which are advantages that cannot be drawn from Hypocrisy.

* Every hour in its self, as it respects us in particular, is the only hour that is our's ; when once 'tis past 'tis entirely lost, millions of Ages can't retrieve it : Days, Months and Years are fled away, and irrecoverably lost in the abyss of time ; time it self shall be destroy'd, 'tis but one point in the immense space of Eternity, and it shall be raz'd out : There are several light and frivolous circumstances of time, which are unstable and pass away, which I call Fashions, Grandeur, Favour, Riches, Power, Authority, Dependance, Pleasure, Joy and Superfluity : What will become of these Fashions, when Time it self shall disappear ? Virtue alone, tho least in fashion, will be able to survive Time.

OF

Certain Customs.

THere are some Men, who want an Estate to make 'em Gentlemen.

There are others, who, if they could have put off their Creditors but one half year longer, had been Gentlemen.

Others again rise up Gentlemen, who were Plebeians when they lay down.

How many Gentlemen are there, whose Fathers and elder Brothers never pretended to the Title?

* Such a one disowns his Father, that is known to keep such a Farm, or such a Shop, and brags of his Grandfather, who has been dead this long time, is unknown and forgotten; he has a large Estate, a great place, and a Lord for his Son-in-law, and wants nothing but a Title to make him a Gentleman.

The Title of Gentleman is held by Patent in France.

* The King formerly was said to grant the Title of Gentleman; the term of grant was then a very proper and common expression, but now 'tis old and obsolete: That of rehabilitation is the only one in use; a man who has got an Estate, is rehabilitated in his Gentility; this intimates that he was originally a Gentleman, that 'tis absolutely requisite he should be so; that his Father indeed may have forfeited the Title by Ploughing, Digging, Peddling, or wearing a Livery, but that the

Son

Son is now restor'd to the right of his Ancestors, and is only continu'd in the possession of the same Coat of Arms they always had, tho' perhaps one of his own Invention, and quite different from that on his Pewter: In a word, it implies that a new Grant would not suit him, being proper only for the Plebeian, that is, the Man who still labours to be rich.

* A Man by often affirming he has seen some Prodigy, perswades himself that he really has seen it: Another by concealing his Age, comes to believe at last, he is as young as he would be thought: So the Man, who meanly born, has got a habit of talking of his being descended from that Antient Baron, or that great Lord, has the pleasure to believe he is so descended, tho' the thing is false.

* What Man is there that's never so meanly born, who having got an Estate, can want a Coat of Arms, and to this Coat a Crest, Supporters and Motto? What is become of the Distinction of Casks and Helmets? the name and use of them are abolisht, 'tis no longer in dispute whether they should be born in front or sideways, close or open, with more or less Bars; such niceties are out of doors, we are come to downright Coronets, we think we are worthy of them, and bestow 'em upon ourselves. There are some of the better sort of Citizens that have a little modesty still left, and use not the Ducal Coronet, being content with an Earls; some of them go not far for it, but take it from their Signs to clap it upon their Coaches.

* Provided you are no Citizen, you may be born in a corner of some Thatch'd House, or in the ruins of some old Tower, which stands in the middle of a Bog, and which you may qualifie with the name

of Castle, then do but stile yourself a Gentleman, and you will pass for one.

* A Gentleman strives to pass for a little Lord, and arrives to it. A great Lord can be satisfy'd with no less than the Title of Prince; he changes his Coat of Arms, produces a new Genealogy, which *Hofier* never made for him, arrogates to himself so many great Titles, has so many disputes about Rank and Precedency, that at last he really becomes a little Prince.

* Some Men are so fond of Names, they give themselves three rather than fail; one they use in the City, another in the Country, and a third in the place where they serve, or are employ'd. Others are content with one Name of two Syllables, ennobling it with *du* or *de*, to make it sound genteel, as soon as their circumstances are any thing tolerable; others again, by suppressing one Syllable of their Name, make that illustrious which was before obscure. Many suppress their whole Names, which had nothing shameful in them, to adopt others that sound greater, and by which they get nothing but the being compar'd, to their disadvantage, with the great Men from whom they borrow 'em. In short, there are some, who, tho' born within the Walls of *Paris*, will feign themselves to be *Flemish* or *Italian*, as if there were not in every Country those that are meanly born, and will lengthen their Names, and give them another termination to make them sound outlandish, fancying a Name is much the better for being far fetch'd.

* The want of Money has taken off the inconsistency of gentility with a mean extraction, and sav'd many a dispute about the quartering of Scutcheons.

* How

* How many would be gainers by a Law that should make Gentility to be drawn from the Mothers side, and how many more would be losers by it?

* There are but few Families but what are at one end related to the greatest Princes, and at the other to the meanest Peasants.

* I here declare it openly, and desire all Men to take notice of it, that none may be surpriz'd hereafter: If ever any great Man shall think me worthy of his care, if ever I happen to make my Fortune, there is one *Godfrey de la Bruyere*, whom the Chronicles of *France* place among the Men of the highest rank, that follow'd *Godfrey of Buillon* to the Conquest of the *Holy Land*, this *Godfrey* shall then be the Man from whom I am descended in a direct line.

* If Gentility be a Virtue, that Man loses his Title that is not Virtuous; and if 'tis not a Virtue, 'tis a trifle.

* There are things, which consider'd in their principle, and in their first institution, are wonderful and incomprehensible. Who could imagin, for example, that this Abbot, who makes Dress his sole study, who wants nothing of the effeminacy, and of the vanity that is observ'd in either Sex, and in the highest quality, who has as good a Talent to insinuate himself into the Ladies favour as the greatest Beau, or the richest Banker, who outdoes them both, who, I say, could imagin that such a Man was originally, and by the etymology of his Name, should be the Head and Father of a Society of humble and holy Men, who have devoted themselves to Solitude, and to whom he should be a pattern and example? How powerful, how absolute, how tyrannical is custom! And not
to

to speak of greater disorders, how great a cause have we to fear it will bring one day our young Abbots to wear grey flower'd Velvet, like a certain Cardinal, or to paint and patch like Women?

* That the obscenities of the Gods, the *Venus*, the *Ganimede*, and all the other Nudities of *raccio*, are Pictures that have been drawn for Fathers of the Church, and for Men who stile themselves Successors of the Apostles, may be procured from the Palace of *Farnese*.

* There is no fine thing but loses something of its grace by being misplac'd; no perfection without an agreeableness; no agreeableness but which is gounded on Reason. A Jig in a Church, or affected tone of a Player in a Pulpit, would offend our Ears. Temples are not adorn'd with prophane Images. A Crucifix, for example, the Judgment of *Paris* were never seen in the same Sanctuary; nor is the Equipage and Retirement of a Man of the Sword becoming a Church-man.

* We hear of no Vows nor Pilgrimages made to any Saint, in order to attain a higher degree of benignity, gratitude or equity, to cure us of malignity, vanity, spleen and uneasiness of temper.

* What can be more extravagant, than for a number of Christians of both Sexes to have their constant meetings, design'd on purpose for the applauding a Company of Excommunicated persons whom they at once Reward and Excommunicate for the pleasure they receive from 'em. Methinks the Theatres should be shut up, or a less severe Sentence pass'd against Players.

* Parish Duties amount to more for Christening than for a Confession, and are larger for a Marriage than for a Christening: One would think

There was a Tax laid upon the Sacraments, and that they seem'd to be rated as a sort of Merchandize; when all is done, nothing like it can reasonably be infer'd from this custom: They that receive those Duties, pretend as little to sell the Sacraments, as those that pay 'em think to buy 'em; such an appearance of evil might indeed as well be laid aside, to avoid offending the weak, and being censur'd by the wicked.

A brisk jolly Priest, who is as healthy as he wish himself, is Rector of such a Parish, and sits in his Lac'd Surplis amongst the Judges and Magistrates in the first place of the Church, where attends the digestion of a plentiful Dinner, while a Monk or a Fryer leaves his Desert or his Cell, which Decency and his own Vow should confine him to, and comes to preach before him and his Flock, and is paid for his Sermon, as for a piece of Stuff. The novelty and unexpectedness of such a censure startles you; you wonder at the impudence of it, and are ready to ask me, whether I would deprive this Priest and his whole Parish from hearing the word of God, and receiving the Bread of Life. No, by no means, I would have him preach that Word, and administer that Bread to them himself, at all times, and all places, in publick and in private, in the Churches, in the Markets, and on the House-tops; And I would have none to pretend to so great and so laborious an office, but with an intent and capacity of deserving the large offerings, and the great retributions that are belonging to it: I am forc'd, 'tis true to excuse him from doing so: 'Tis a custom which he finds establisht, and which he will leave after him to his Successors; but it is this odd, ill ground'd and unreasonable custom which I blame, and
which

which I can approve as little as that of his being paid four times for the same Funeral, once himself, a second time for his dues, a third for presence, and a fourth for his assistance.

* *Titus* has serv'd the Church for these twenty years in a small living, and is not yet worthy of a better Benefice that falls vacant: Neither parts, the solidity of his Doctrine, his exemplary Life, nor the desire of the Parishioners, are sufficient to bring him in: Another man starts up, as if he were from under ground, and is preferr'd before him. *Titus* has no reason to complain, Custom would have it so.

* Who, says the Chanter, shall pretend to make me rise to Mattins? Am not I Master of the Choir? My Predecessor never went there, sure I am worse a man than he was? Shall I suffer my Dignity to be undervalu'd while I am in possession of it, or shall I leave it to my Successor such as he shall find it? 'Tis not, says the Prebendary, my own Interest, but the Interest of the Prebends, that I regard; it would be very hard that I should be oblig'd to hear the service, whilst the Treasurer, the Archdeacon, and the Grand Vicar, think themselves exempt from it. I have a great deal of reason, says the Dean to demand my Dues, tho' I never come to Prayers; have not I slept all night for these twenty years without being disturb'd? I will go on in my old way, and my carriage shall always answerable to my dignity; else what should I get by being Head of the Chapter? My example can be of no consequence. Thus every one strives to be exempt from praising God, and to shew by a long and continu'd course, that he is under no obligation of doing it; there cannot be a greater nor a more fervent emulation, than there is be-

next 'em, who shall absent themselves most from Divine Service. The Bells are heard in a still night; and the same harmony which awakes the Singing-men and Choristers, serves to lull the Monks into an easie and pleasant sleep, which produces no dreams, but what are delightful; they rise late, and go to Church to receive their Salary for taking their rest.

* Who would ever imagin, did not experience daily lay it before our eyes, how difficult a thing 'tis to perswade men to be happy? Or who would think that there shou'd be occasion for an Order of Men design'd for that purpose, to prepare long Speeches, to make use of all the soft and eloquent Expressions they can think of, to study the very words, with which to deliver 'em, to use such gestures and such violent motions, that they put themselves into a sweat and spend all their Spirits; No, I say, could imagin that all these things were needful for the bringing of a Christian man, that is endow'd with Reason, and labours under a desperate fit of sickness, to chuse rather to be eternally happy, than to lose his own Soul?

* *Aristippus's* Daughter lies dangerously ill; he sends for her Father, wou'd be reconcil'd to him, and wou'd dye in his favour; shall so wise a man, and one whom the whole Town respects for his Prudence, grant her so reasonable a request of his own accord? Shall he perswade his Wife to do the same? No! Neither of 'em can be mov'd but by the Engine of a *Spiritual Director*.

A Mother, who makes a Nun of her Daughter, without any regard to her Inclinations, takes upon herself the charge of another Soul besides her own, and stands bound for such a Soul to God himself: That the Mother may not be damn'd, the Daughter must be sav'd.

* A broken Gamester marries his Eldest Daughter, and gives her all that he has left for her Portion; the youngest is upon making herself a Nun, and all the Call she has to it, is her Father's Gaming.

* There have been some virtuous, zealous Men, and who had a good and lawful Call; but they wanted Money to devote themselves to Poverty, and a rich Abbey.

* To play the Fool, and Marry for Love, is to Marry *Melita*, a pretty, young, virtuous and independent Woman, who is of a frugal temper, and has a kindness for you, but less Money than *Ægyp*, who is offer'd you with an extraordinary good Portion, and extraordinary good qualifications, and squander it all away, and your own Estate all with it.

* Marrying formerly was a nice thing: It was a settlement for Life, a serious piece of business, and which deserv'd a great deal of consideration. A man was formerly to take his Wife for better or worse, the same House, the same Table, and the same Bed, were in common to 'em both: He was to be a Husband all his life time: There was no coming off with a separate maintenance: no reconciling of a Wife and Family with the outward appearance and the delights of a single life.

* Shou'd a man be afraid of being seen with a Woman that is not his Wife, I should commend his modesty: Were he loth to frequent the company of such persons, whose reputation is not altogether untainted, I should never wonder at it. But what impertinent whimsy can make him blush at his own Wife? What makes him ashamed being seen in publick, with one, whom he has chosen for an inseparable Companion? One, from whom

Whom he should expect all the satisfaction and
 delight that can be reap'd from human Society :
 De whom he loves and admires, who is his chief
 Argument, who credits him no less by her Extraordi-
 nary than by her Wit, her Merit, and her extraordi-
 nary Virtue. And why did he not begin by blush-
 ing at his Marriage ?

I am not unacquainted with the prevailing
 Power of Custom, with its tyrannizing over the
 Minds and Manners of Men, even without ground
 or Reason : yet I think I should have Impudence
 enough to walk openly in the *Mall*, and to let who
 will see me there with one, that is my Wife.

A young Man is not to be blam'd for marry-
 ing an old Woman : He rather shews his prudence
 in preventing a greater evil. The Infamy lies in mis-
 using of ones Benefactress, and in using her so as
 that her perceive, that she has been impos'd upon
 by an hypocritical and ungrateful man : If any
 semblance be excusable, it is that of Friendship :
 and if Deceit be allowable, it is on such an occa-
 sion, as would make Sincerity a piece of Cruelty.
 but she lives longer than was expected : Had
 you then agreed the time she was to live, shou'd
 you no longer than just what would suffice for her
 design the Deed that clears your Debts and makes
 your Fortune ? And as soon as this great work is
 done, is she to breathe no longer ? Is a dose of
 Opium a necessary thing for her ? Is it a crime in
 you to live ? And if you should dye before her,
 whose Funeral you had so well contriv'd, and for
 whom you had design'd the finest Pall, and the
 ringing of the biggest Bell in the Parish, must she
 be accountable for your disappointment ?

There is a method of improving ones Estate, Putting Mo-
 ney out to
 use.
 which for this many Ages has been practic'd by
 some

some of the best of Men, and blam'd by some of the best Divines.

* The Commonwealth was ever burthen'd with certain Offices, which seem to have been erected at first with no other design, than to enrich a Man at the expence of many, which cause a constant and perpetual ebb in the Estates of private Men, and shall I say it, from which, any advantage is seldom or never reap'd. † Each of them is a Gulph, a Sea that receives the Waters of many Rivers, but parts with none, at least disgorges itself thro secret and subterranean Conduits in imperceptible manner, and lessens nothing of extreame height to which it is swell'd; till it enjoy'd those Waters long, and till it can keep no longer.

† *Scrieveners*

* You have a piece of Silver, that's not sufficient. No, nor a piece of Gold neither. 'Tis a quantity that must do the business: Add others to it if you can, improve 'em to a heap of many Barres, and leave the rest to me: You have neither business nor wit; neither natural parts, nor any experience in the World, no matter, only keep up your heels, and I'll place you so high, that you shall stand on a level with your Master, if you have one; and must be very eminent indeed, if with the help of your increasing metal, I raise you not even many degrees above him.

* *Oranta* has been at Law for these ten years, about determining in what Court her Cause is to be heard: Her pretensions are just, of the highest consequence, and on them depends all her Fortune. About five years hence she is like to know who the Judges are to be, and at what Bar she is to plead during the remaining part of her life.

* The custom, which has been introduc'd in our Courts of Judicature, of interrupting the Council at the Bar in the middle of his discourse, of hindring his being eloquent or witty, of making him return to the matter of fact, and confining him to the bare proofs, on which his Client grounds his Right, and by which the justness of his Cause may be demonstrated, is very much applauded; and his severe practice, which exposes an Orator to the regret of having left out the finest part of his discourse, which banishes eloquence from its natural places, and which is ready to fill our Courts with Mutes, is authoriz'd by a substantial reason, against which there is no exception; and that is, the dispatch of business: I could wish this reason was less forgot elsewhere, that it were as much regarded in all Offices belonging to each respective Court, as it is in the Court itself, That our Lawyers were oblig'd to aim at a conclusion in their writing, as they are already in their speaking.

* The Duty of a Judge consists in the administration of Justice, his Trade in delaying it. Some Judges understand their Duty, and follow their Trade.

* Whoever becomes a Solicitor to his Judge shows him no respect at all; he questions both his Understanding and his Honesty; he endeavours to prepossess him, or else he desires of him a downright Injustice.

* The temper of some Judges is such, that Interest, Authority, Intimacy, or Relation, render a just Cause obnoxious to 'em; their affectation of appearing not to be corrupted causing 'em to be unjust.

* The consequences of Coquetry or Gallantry in a Magistrate are worse than in the dissolute person;

person; the latter conceals his Engagements, we do not often know how to come at him; the other is expos'd to a thousand weakneses that are known, and may be attack'd by the means of every Woman he makes court to.

* The administration of Justice is very near as much respected in the Commonwealth, as the dispensation of holy Mysteries; and the character of a Magistrate, is in a manner as sacred, as that of a Priest: A man of the Gown can hardly dance at a publick Ball, be seen at a Play, or forge plainness and modesty in his Apparel, without bringing contempt upon himself; and one would wonder that a Law shou'd be necessary to regulate his carriage and his garb, and to force him at once to be grave and respected.

* There is no Trade but what requires an Apprenticeship; and if one considers the different stations of men, one may observe there is none from the highest to the lowest, but has had a time in which, he has qualify'd himself by practice and experience for his profession, in which, the faults he has committed have been without consequence nay, in which those faults have been like so many steps to perfection. War itself, which seems to be the production of confusion and disorder, is not without some Rules belonging to it; Men must learn how to flock together in the open Field, to murder one another, and there are proper methods of killing and destroying: The Souldier has his School; why must the Magistrate have none?

*The Judges
places in
most Courts
in France
are Offices
which are
not and*

There are establish'd Practices, there are Laws and Customs; and why no time for enquiring after 'em, or why not enough for a man to digest 'em in his mind, and to make himself Master of them? The Apprenticeship, and the first essay of a Youth

wh

who is brought from School to mount the Tribunal, and whom his Bags have made a Judge, is to decide sovereignly in such Causes, on which no less than our Lives and Fortunes depend.

* The chief thing which makes an Orator is Probity; without it he degenerates into a Deceiver, he disguises and exaggerates matter of Fact, he is false in his citations, his mouth is full of calumnies, he espouses not so much the Cause, as the passion, and the animosity of his Client; and may be rank'd among those Advocates, of whom the Proverb says, that they are hir'd to be injurious.

* 'Tis true, says one, this summ is due to him, he has a lawful right to it, but I know where to give him; there is a certain little thing of form, wherein if he fails, he can never retrieve his fault, and consequently loses his Debt, he has undeniably abdicated his right: Now he will certainly forget this thing of form. Such a Conscience as this makes an accomplish'd Lawyer.

An excellent and useful, a prudent, just and reasonable Maxim, for all Courts of Judicature, would be the direct contrary of that which prefers Form to Equity.

* The Wrack is an admirable invention, and an infallible method, for taking off the innocent Man, if he is of a weak Constitution, and for saving the Guilty, whom Nature has endow'd with greater Strength.

* The punishment of a Villain is an example for his fellows: The condemning of an innocent Person, is the concern of all good Men.

I shall go near to say, because I am not a Thief or a Murtherer, I shall never be punish'd as such. A very bold inference!

A deplorable condition is that of an innocent Person, who, by too great a precipitation in his Tryal, has been found guilty. Can even that of his Judge be more dismal ?

* Should I read, that in former Ages one of those Magistrates, who were appointed for the apprehending and extirpating of Rogues and Thieves had been long acquainted with all those Rascals that he knew their names and faces, had an account of their walks, and of every particular act of theirs could tell how many Pockets had been pickt, and what had been stol'n out of each ; could penetrate so far into the depth of their mysteries, and had so great a share in their abominable actions, that to prevent the noise that some great Man was ready to make about a Jewel, that was taken from him in a Croud, when coming out of a publick Assembly, he knew how to restore it to him ; and the this Magistrate had been try'd and condemn'd for this villanous behaviour, I should place such a relation in the same rank with those we find in History, which time has made incredible. How should I believe that it may now be inferr'd from fresh and notorious circumstances, that there is still such a pernicious connivance, and that 'tis look'd upon as a customary thing, and hardly taken notice of ?

* How many men oppose Strength to Weakness cannot be mov'd by compassion, hold out against the solicitations of the poor ; have no regard for the common sort of people ; shew themselves rigid and severe in things of no moment ; will not accept of the least gratification ; nor be perswaded by their dearest Friends and nearest Relations, and are to be corrupted only by Women.

* 'Tis not absolutely impossible for a man in great favour to lose a Cause.

* A dying man, who speaks in his last Will, may expect to be heard like an Oracle: His words will certainly create many disputes: Men will put their own constructions upon them, such constructions I mean, as will suit their Interest and their Inclinations best.

* There are some men, of whom one may truly say, that Death fixes not so much their Wills, as it puts a period to their unsteadiness, and their inconstancy; an angry fit while they live, moves them to prepare a Will, their passion wears off, is torn and burnt: Their Closet is no less stock'd with Wills, than it is with Almanacks, and every year produces a new one: The second is disannull'd by a third, which is made as insignificant by another more exact, and the validity of this also is destroy'd by a fifth. Yet the last must stand, if opportunity, power or malignity is wanting in the person whose Interest it is to suppress it: For that can more clearly shew the intention of the most inconstant man, than a last Deed of his under his own hand, which has been made so late, that at least he has not had time to will the contrary?

* Were there no Wills to regulate the rights of Heirs and Successors, I question whether men would need any Tribunal to adjust their differences and disputes, the function of a Judge would almost be reduc'd to that dismal part of it, the sending Thieves and Murderers to the Gallows: Who are those, that are continually solliciting our Magistrates, that make such a stir before their Doors, and in their Halls? Heirs at Law? No, their rights are fix'd of course; they are none but Le-

gatees, who are jarring about the meaning of a word or a clause in a last Will; or disinherited persons, who find fault with a Testament that has been made leisurely, after mature deliberation, by a grave, a wise and conscientious Man, and not without the help of good Counsel; with a Deed in which a cunning Lawyer has displayed all his skill to make it firm and irrevocable, and has omitted none of the cramp words and subtilties that are us'd by those of his profession; a Deed which is sign'd by the Testator, which is witness'd with all the necessary forms, and which a Judge, notwithstanding all this, thinks fit to disanul and to make void.

Mr Herne-
quin.

* *Titius* is hearing a last Will read with Tear in his Eyes; is oppress'd with grief for the loss of a Friend, by whose death he is like to raise his Fortune: By one Clause he makes him his Successor in a good Office; by another he bestows on him all his Tenements in the City; by a third fine Seat in the Country; and by a fourth he makes him Master of a House richly furnish'd, and seated in the best part of the Town, with all its appurtenances; his grief encreases, Tears run down his Cheeks; how is it possible he should refrain. He is now one of his Majesty's chief Officers, has his City and Country house, his Furniture is answerable, he is to keep his Coach and a noble Table; *Was there ever an honestler, a better man than the deceas'd?* But hold! Here is a Codicil annex to this Will, which must be read: This Codicil gives *Mevius* all these things, and sends *Titius* back to his Garret; he has now neither Honour nor Money, and must be contented to walk on foot as before. *Titius* wipes off his Tears; 'tis now *Mevius's* part to weep.

* Doe

* Does not the Law, which forbids to kill, include poisoning as well as stabbing, drowning as well as burning, private assaults as well as open violence, and whatever may contribute to the destruction of Men? Did the Law, which restrains Husbands and Wives from giving any thing one to another, relate only to direct and immediate ways of giving? Has it made no provision against those that are indirect? Was it design'd for the Introduction of Trustees? Does it so much as tolerate such an evasion, even when the dearest of Wives out-lives her Husband? Does a Man bequeath his Estate to a trusty Friend as an acknowledgment of his Friendship, or is it not rather as a mark of his reliance upon him, and of the confidence he has, that he will make a good use of what he is intrusted with? Will a Man intrust his Estate to one whom he has the least ground to suspect will not restore it to the person it is really intended for? Does he need a Contract or an Oath from him? Must he so much as instruct him in what he is to do? And does not every Man feel within his Breast, what he may expect from another in such a case? But if on the contrary, the property of this Estate is fallen to this trusty Friend, why does he suffer in his Reputation by keeping it? What grounds are there here for Satyr or Lampoon? Why do you compare him to one that betrays his trust, or to a Servant that robs his Master of a summ of Money he had sent by him to some other person? I see no reason for it. Where lies the shame of not performing a piece of generosity, and of a mans keeping for his own use what is lawfully his? How great is the perplexity, how intolerable the burden, that such a Trust draws along with it? If a man, out of reverence to the Laws of his Country, appropriates

priates to himself such a Trust, he can no longer be thought an honest Man: If out of respect for a deceas'd Friend he acts according to his Intentions, and restores what has been given him in trust to his Widow, he must make use of deceitful practices, and transgress the Law: The Law then must differ strangely from the opinions of Men: Perhaps it may be, and 'tis not fit for me to tax either with an error.

* *Typhon* finds a certain Nobleman, with Horses, Dogs, and what not: His protection makes him insolent, he is what he pleases in his Country, without the fear of punishment, a Murderer and Perjur'd, he burns and destroys his Neighbours, and needs no Sanctuary: The King is oblig'd at last to take upon himself the care of chastizing him.

* Rigours, Fricacees, and all the various names of your Dainties and Kickshaws, are words which should be barbarous and unintelligible to us: And if these are not fit to be so much as mention'd in time of Peace, as serving only to promote luxury and gluttony; how come they to be so well understood in time of War and publick Calamities, at the besieging of a Town, the very night before a Battel. Where do we find any mention made of *Scipio's* or *Marius's* Table? Do we read in any Book that *Miltiades*, *Epaminondus*, or *Agessians*, were ever nice and costly in their Dyet? I would have no man to commend a General for the goodness, the neatness, or the magnificence of his Table, till he had so exhausted himself on the subject of a Victory, on the taking of a Town, or some other great Action, that he had nothing more left to mention in his praise; nay, I could be glad to see a General desirous to avoid such a commendation.

* Her-

* *Hermippus* makes himself a Slave to what he calls his little conveniencies; all common practices, all establish'd customs, all fashions, nay, decency itself must fall a sacrifice to them; he will find some in every thing; a less makes room for a greater, and not one is neglected that is practicable; he makes them his whole study, and there is not a day but what produces some new contrivance of his kind; he leaves it for others to have set Dinners and Suppers; as for his part the very name of 'em is loathsome to him; he eats when he is a hungry, and of such Meats only as best suit with his Appetite; he stands by at the making of his Bed; what and is so skilful or so happy, as to make him sleep according to his mind? He seldom goes abroad, loves to keep his Chamber, where he is neither idle or busie, where, in the garb of a Man that has taken Physick, he does nothing, and yet is continually employ'd. Others, like Slaves, must wait for the leisure of a Smith or a Joyner, according to their occasions; as for him, he keeps a File by him, if any thing is to be smooth'd, a Saw if it must be cut, and Pincers if it must be pluckt out; imagine if you can, any Tools that he has not, or that he has, and which are not better and more convenient, according to his fancy, than even those that Workmen use; he has some that are new and unknown, that have no name, that are the contrivances of his own Brain, and which he has almost forgot the use of; there is no man to be compar'd to him for the quick performance of a useles labour. He was forc'd to walk ten steps to go from his Bed to his Wardrobe; he has now so contriv'd his Chamber, as to reduce these ten to nine; What abundance of steps are here sav'd during the whole course of his life! With others it is usual to turn
the

Mr Daff-
ville.

the Key, to thrust backward, or to pull forward and the door opens; what a fatigue is this! He is one unnecessary motion which he knows how to spare; by what means? 'Tis a mystery which he keeps to himself; he indeed understands extremely well the use of Springs, and is a great Master of Mechanicks, such Mechanicks at least, as the Work can be very well without: *Hermippus* brings light into his Lodging another way than through the Window he has already got the secret of going up and down the House otherwise than by the Stairs, and is now studying how to go in and out with more convenience than through the door.

* It is a long while since Physicians have been rally'd, and yet made use of; the keenness of *Syr*, and the wit of the Stage never touch the Fees; they give Portions to their Daughters, they place their Sons upon the Bench, and make Bishops of 'em, and they that laugh at 'em do themselves supply 'em with the Money for all this. They that are well fall sick, and then they want a Medicine whose Trade it is, to assure 'em that they shall dye: As long as Men may dye, and are desirous to live, the Physician will still be laugh'd at, and well paid.

* A good Physician is he that has Specificks, or if he wants 'em himself, allows those that have 'em to cure his Patient.

* The rashness of Quacks, together with the dismal accidents that are occasion'd by it, is that which makes the Physician and his Art in vogue. If one lets you dye, the others kill you.

* Astrologers and Fortune-tellers are suffered in the Commonwealth, such as make Schemes and draw Horoscopes, such as guess at things past by the motion of the Sieve, such as shew the truth.

Looking-glass, or in a glass of fair Water ; and these Men are indeed of some use, they promise preferment to the Men, and to the Maids they promise they shall have their Sweet-harts, they comfort those Children whose Fathers are too long a dying, and lull asleep the cares of those young Wives that are troubl'd with old Husbands : In a word, they cheat at a very easie rate those that have a mind to be cheated.

* What shall one think of Magick and Sorcery ? The Theory of it is dark and intricate, its principles are wild and uncertain, and there seems to be a great deal of illusion in it : But there are some puzzling matters of fact affirm'd by men of credit and reputation, who either saw, or learnt 'em from others, as fit to be rely'd on as themselves ; to admit 'em all, or deny 'em, seems equally inconvenient ; and I dare say, that in this, as well as in all other extraordinary things, that go beyond the common rules, there is a medium to be held between too easie a perswasion, and too stubborn an belief.

* Infancy can never be over-burthen'd with too many Languages, and methinks the utmost care should be taken to teach 'em to Children ; there is no condition of a mans life in which these are not useful to him, and lead him equally to the depths of Learning, or the easier and more agreeable parts of Knowledge. If this kind of study, which is so painful and so laborious, is put off till men are somewhat older, and they come to that age which is stil'd by the name of Youth, either they cannot make it the object of their choice, or if they do, they find it impossible to persevere in it ; 'tis to consume that time in the quest of Languages, which
is

set apart for the use that ought to be made of 'em 'tis to confine to the knowledge of words, and a that wants already to go further, and seek things; and 'tis at the best to have lost the fine and most valuable years of one's life. So great and so necessary a foundation can never rightly laid, unless it be when the Soul naturally receive every thing, and is capable of deep impression when the memory is fresh, quick and steady when the mind and the heart are void of passions, cares and desires, and when those that have a right to dispose of us, design us for long and painful hours. I am perswaded that the small number of true Scholars, and the great number of superficial ones, comes from the neglect of this practice.

* The study of Texts can never be sufficiently recommended; 'tis the shortest, the surest, and the pleasantest way to all kinds of Learning: Take things at the best hand; go to the very Source, handle the Text over and over; get it by heart, quote it upon occasions; remember above all reach the Sense of it in its full latitude, and in its circumstances; reconcile an original Author, adjust his principles, draw yourself the consequences from 'em; the first Commentators were the case in which I would have you to be; never offer to borrow their light, or to make use of their notions, unless it be when your own fail you, their interpretations are not yours, and they easily slip out of your Memory; your Observations, on the contrary, are born in your Mind, and they abide with you, you will more frequently meet with 'em again in Conversation, they will more readily occur in your disputes and consultations. Take a pleasure to see you are not gravell'd in your reading by any other difficulties, but such as cannot

cannot be overcome, and where Commentators and Scholiasts themselves are at a stand, Men that are otherwise so fruitful, so copious, and so overloaded with a vain shew of Learning, where neither they or others are at any trouble to understand what they expound: Thus let this method of studying quite convince you, that Men's laziness is the thing that encourag'd Pedantry to increase the bulk of Libraries rather than the worth of 'em, to sink the Text under the weight of Comments; and that it is in this done itself wrong, and acted contrary to its own Interest, inasmuch, as it has increas'd that reading, those enquiries, and that labour which endeavour'd to avoid.

* What is it that rules Men in their way of Living, and in their Dyet? Is it Health and Sobriety? That's doubtful; there are whole Nations that eat Fruit first, and Meat afterwards; others do quite contrary; some begin their Meal with one kind of Fruit, and end it with another; Does this proceed from use or from reason? Is it for Health's sake that Men wear their Cloaths up to their Chin, that they put on a Ruff or a Band, when they have heretofore for so many Ages gone with their Breast open? Is it decency that obliges 'em to do this, especially in a time when they have found a way to appear naked with all their Cloaths upon 'em? And on the other side, Women that shew their Breasts and their Shoulders, are they of a less tender complexion than Men, or less subject to decency? What kind of Modesty is this, which engages these to hide their Legs and their Feet, and at the same time gives them leave to let their Arms be naked up to the Elbow? How came Men to think heretofore that either assaulting or defending themselves was the end of going to War? And who advis'd

advis'd them to wear such Arms as were both offensive and defensive? What is it that obliges 'em now to lay these aside? And whilst they put on Boots to go to a Ball, to stand without Armour and in their Doublet, by them that dig in the Trenches, expos'd to all the fire of a Counterscarp?

OF

The Pulpit.

PReaching is now adays become a meer shew that Evangelick Gravity, which is so much the life of Preaching, is absolutely laid aside; and an advantageous mein, a pretty tone of the voice, exactness of gesture, choice of expression, and long enumerations, are thought to supply its place very well: To attend seriously on the dispensation of the Holy Word is no longer customary: Going to Church is an amusement, among a thousand others, and Preaching a diversion: The Preachers play the Prize, and the Hearers bett upon the heads.

* Prophane Eloquence is transferr'd from the Bar, where it formerly reign'd, to the Pulpit where it never ought to come.

The Prize of Eloquence is fought even at the Altar, and before the Holy Mysteries: Every Hearer thinks himself a Judge of the Preacher, to censure or applaud him; and is no more converte

by the man he favours, than by him whom he condemns. The Orator pleases some and offends others, but agrees with all in this; That as he does not endeavour to render them better, so they never trouble their heads about becoming so.

The Apprentice that's docible, is attentive to his Master, profits by his instructions, and becomes himself a Master of his profession: The indocible person only censures the Preachers discourses, and the Philosopher works, and so improves himself neither in Religion nor Sense.

* Till such time as there arises a man, who in a *Mr Le Tourneux* form'd on the Holy Scriptures, by long study and converse with 'em, shall explain to the People the word of God genuinely and familiarly; till then, I say, 'tis to be expected, that Orators and declaimers will be follow'd.

* Quotations from Prophane Authors, cold Similes, the false Pathetick, Antithesis's and Hyperboles, are out of doors; Elaborate descriptions will the day follow 'em, and make way for the plain exposition of the Gospel, joyn'd to the other means for effect Conversion.

* The man for whom I have so impatiently sigh'd, but whom I durst not hope for in our Age, is now come at last; the Courtiers, whose good taste and knowledge in Decencies cou'd best distinguish him, have applauded him up to the Skies; and what is a thing almost incredible, have left the King's Chapel to mix themselves with the Croud, and hear the word of God preach'd by this truly Apostolick man: The City was not of the same opinion with the Court; in whatever Church he preach'd there, not one of the Parishioners were to be found; the very Clerk and Sexton deserted: The Pastors indeed stuck to him, but the Flocks were

*Father Seraphin
a Capuchin*

were all dispers'd; while the Congregations of the neighbouring Preachers were the fuller for them. This is no more than what I ought to have foreseen, who knowing the invincible power of Custom, ought not to have said, that such a man had no more to do but to shew himself and to be follow'd, to speak and to be heard: 'Tis for these thirty years your Rhetoricians, Declaimers, *Enumerators*, have been the only men in request, and such especially, who, like Painters, can at pleasure draw in great or little; 'tis not long since the Points and Witticisms that were us'd in Sermons were so smart and so ingenious, that they might have serv'd for Epigrams; now, I confess, they are something soften'd, and may pass for Madrigals: There are three things which these men never fail to cry are absolutely necessary, and infinitely worthy your attention; one thing they prove in the first part of their discourse, another in the second, and another in the third; so that you are to be convinc'd of one Truth, and that their first point of Doctrine, of another Truth, and that's the second point, and then of a third Truth, and that's their third point; in this manner the first reflection will instruct you in one of the fundamental principles of your Religion, the second in another principle, which is not less fundamental, and the last reflection in a third and last principle, which is the most important of 'em all, but which for want of leisure is reserv'd for another opportunity: In fine, to recollect what has been said, to abridge this division, and to form a Scheme of—

What still, cry you, new matter, new preparation for a discourse of an hour longer? 'Tis in vain, the more these Gentlemen strive to digest and to clear it to me, the less I shall understand it: I believe you

you indeed very easily, for 'tis the most natural effect of such a mass and confusion of Idea's, which come all to one and the same thing, but with which they unmercifully burthen the memories of their Hearers; to see 'em tho affect, and persist in this custom, one wou'd almost think that the grace of Conversion was ty'd up to such enormous divisions: But how is it possible we should be converted by such Apostles, whom we can hardly keep in sight? For my part, I would beg 'em in the midst of their impetuous course to stop, to give their audience and themselves a little time to breathe. Oh the vain unprofitable Sermons now a days! The time of the *Homilies* is no more, the *Basil's*, the *Chrysostoms* could not restore it; we should fly into other Diocesess, to get out of the reach of their voices and their familiar discourses; the generality of men love fine phrases and handsome periods, admire what they do not understand, suppose themselves to be instructed, and content themselves with deciding between the first and second Doctrine, or between the last Sermon, and the last but one.

✧ 'Twas not an Age ago since most of our Books were nothing but Collections of *Latin* Quotations, there was not above a line or two of *French* in a Page; nor did this humour of citing stop here. *David* and *Catullus* at the Bar decided Sovereignly in cases of Marriages and Wills, and were as serviceable to the Widows and Orphans as the *Panlects*: The Sacred and Prophane Authors were inseparable, and hand in hand jumpt into the Pulpit. *St Cyril* and *Horace*, *St Cyprian* and *Lucretius* spoke by turns, the Poets were positively of the same opinion with *St Austin*, and the rest of the Fathers. *Latin* was the Language that was chosen

to entertain the Women and the Sextons with, and sometimes *Greek*: To preach so very ill was impossible, without a great deal of Learning. The times are chang'd, and the custom alter'd; the Text still continues in *Latin*, but the Sermon is in *French*, and that of the greatest purity; the Scripture is not so much as once quoted; so little Learning is there requisite now adays to Preach very well.

* School Divinity is at last banisht the Pulpits of all the great Towns in the Kingdom, and confin'd only to the Country Villages, where it now resides, for the instruction and edification of the Plow-men and Lobourers.

The Abbot
Bavyn.

* The man must have some Wit, who can charm the people by his florid style, who can make Morality to divert them, and please 'em with figures, beautiful passages and descriptions; but after all, he has not so much Wit as he should have. One that has more neglects these foreign Ornaments, unworthy of the Gospel; and preaches Naturally, Strenuously, and like a Christian.

* The Orator draws some Sins in such charming and alluring colours, and represents the Sinner in the committing of them to have so much Wit, Air, Address and Delicacy, that for my part, if I have no inclination to resemble his Pictures, I have, at least, occasion to betake my self to some Apostle, who in a more Christian Style may give me some disgust for the Vices, of which the other had made me so beautiful a description.

* What they call a fine Sermon, is a piece of Oratory most exactly conformable to the rules and precepts of humane Eloquence, and adorn'd with all the ornaments of Rhetorick; to those that judge nicely, there is not a passage or a thought lost they

Manners of the Age.

they follow the Orator in all his long Enumerations, and in all his towering flights: 'Tis a Riddle to none but the common people.

* O the judicious and admirable discourse! How copiously handl'd in it were the most essential points of Religion, as well as the strongest motives to Conversion! What effect ought it not to produce in the Minds and Spirits of the Audience? They are convinc'd, they are mov'd and touch'd to that degree, that they confess from their Souls ——— What? that this Sermon of *Theodorus* excels even his last.

* A soft, gentle, loose Morality has no effect, nor is the Preacher ever the more respected for it; it neither awakes nor excites the curiosity of the Men of the World, who are not so terrify'd with a severe Doctrine, as some people think, but on the contrary, love it in the person, whose duty 'tis to Preach it: The Church seems therefore to be divided into two sorts of Men, one sort declares the whole truth, without disguise or respect of persons; the other hears it with pleasure, with satisfaction, with admiration, with applause, but never practices a word of it.

* The Heroick Virtue of great Men may be reproach'd with this, that it has corrupted Eloquence, or at least enervated the Style of most Preachers; who instead of joyning with the people in their praises to Heaven for its extraordinary gifts on those persons, have associated themselves with the Authors and Poets, and become Panegyrist; have even out-flatter'd their Verses and Dedications; they have turn'd the word of God into one connexion of praises, which tho' just, yet are ill plac'd; partial, unexpected, and disagreeable to their Character; 'tis very fortunate indeed, if while they re-

Mr Fletcher, Bishop of Nismes.

The Abbot Requet, Nephew to the Bishop of Authun.

lebrate their Heroes in the Sanctuary, they make mention of God, or of Religion, which they ought to preach : There have been those, who have restrain'd the Gospel, which ought to be common to all, to the presence of a single Auditor ; have been so disorder'd when his coming has been prevented by some accident, that they have not been able to pronounce a Christian discourse before an Assembly of Christian Men, because it was not made for them ; but have been supply'd by other Orators, who, from the little leisure they had to study, have been forc'd to bestow their extempore praises upon God Almighty.

* *Theodulus* has succeeded less than was fear'd by some of his hearers ; his discourse has gratify'd them ; he has pleas'd them infinitely more than he could have done, if he had charm'd their Ears or their Minds ; he has flatter'd their Jealousy.

* Preachers and Souldiers are alike in this, their Trades are more hazardous, but their Fortunes are sooner made than in any other Profession.

* If you are of a certain quality, and are sensible that you have no other Talent but Preaching very indifferently, Preach however, tho it be very indifferently : You can never rise, if you're utterly unknown. *Theodatus* has got very well by his Sermons, which are nothing but one strain of Cant and Nonfense.

* Some have been preferr'd to Bishopricks for their Preaching, whose Talent that way would not have procur'd them at this time an inconsiderable Prebend.

* There is a certain Panegyrist, who groans under a load of Titles ; the weight of 'em oppresses him, they are hardly all to be crouded in one single

Page. Examine but the Man, hear him but a little, and you will find that in the List of all his Titles, there's one still omitted, which is, that of a very dull Preacher.

* The Womens idleness, and the Mens frequenting their places of Resort, is what gives Reputation to some ill Preachers, and supports the sinking credit of others.

* Are Greatness and Power the only qualities which entitle a man to Praise at his Funeral, and that before the Holy Altar, and from the Pulpit, the Seat of Truth? Or is there no other Greatness, but what is deriv'd from Authority or Birth? Why is it not rather thought fit that the Person, who excell'd in his Life time in Goodness, Probity, Charity, Fidelity and Piety, should at his Interment, be honour'd with a publick Panegyrick? What is call'd a Funeral Sermon, is now adays but coldly receiv'd by most of the Hearers, if not very different and remote from a Christian discourse; or as I may otherwise say, if it does not very nearly approach to a Prophane Elogium.

* The Orator preaches to gain a Bishoprick; the Apostle to gain Souls. The latter deserves what the other aims at.

* We have seen some of our Clergy-men come up to Town out of the Country, where they have made no long residence, big with the vanity of having made those Converts, who were either made to their hands, or never will be so; we have seen them, I say, compare themselves to the *Vincent's* and the *Xavier's*, fancy themselves Apostles, and for such labour and pains in the Ministry, think themselves scarce paid with the Government of an Abbey.

* A Man starts up on a sudden, takes, Pen, Ink and Paper, and without ever having had a thought of it before, resolves with himself, that he will write a Book; he has no Talent at writing, but he want fifty Guineas; in vain, I cry to dissuade him, *Dioscorus*, take a Saw, or some other Tool in your hand, work at some handicraft Trade, you may get to be Journey-man to some Carpenter or Joyner, and be paid your Wages, but he has never serv'd an Apprenticeship to either: Why then Copy, Transcribe, Correct the Press, but whatever you do, don't Write; yet still he will Write, and get it Printed too; and because he must not send blank Paper to the Press, he blots and scribbles a quire or two with such Stuff as this; That the River *Seine* runs thro the City of *Paris*, that there are seven days in the week, that it rains and is bad weather, or some things of the like importance: And this Treatise, containing nothing contrary to Religion or the Government, nor being capable of any harm to the Publick, but in vitiating their Taste, and using 'em to dull and insipid things, passes the Licencer, is Printed, and, to the shame of the Age, and the mortification of all good Authors, is in a short time reprinted. Just in this manner, another man resolves in himself that he will Preach, and he Preaches, whereas he has no other Talent, or Call to mount the Pulpit, but that he wants a Benefice.

* An irreligious, profane Clergyman, does but declaim when he preaches.

On the contrary, there are some holy men, whose Character seems to prevent their perswasion: They appear, and all the people, who attend to hear 'em, are mov'd, and are, as it were, already perswaded by their presence: Their discourse afterwards does the rest.

* The

* The Bishop of Meaux, and Father Bourdaloue, recall to my mind Demosthenes and Cicero. Both of 'em, as they are absolute Masters of the Eloquence of the Pulpit, have had the fate of other great Models: One of 'em has made a great many ill Censurers, and the other a great many ill Imitators.

* The Eloquence of the Pulpit, with respect to what is merely humane, and what depends on the genius of the Orator, is a Secret known but to few, and attain'd with difficulty; how much art must there be, to please at the same time that you persuade! You are oblig'd to walk in none but beaten paths, to say what has been said, and what is foreseen that you would say; the subjects are great, but they are worn and stale; the principles are certain, but every one of the Auditory perceives the inference at the first glance; some of the subjects are sublime, but who can treat of the sublime? There are mysteries to be explain'd, but they are better explain'd by the most Familiar Instruction, than the most Rhetorical Harangue: The Morals too of the Pulpit, tho they comprehend matter as vast and as diversify'd as the manners of Men, yet all turn upon the same hinge, return all to the same Images, and are extremely more confin'd than Satire; after the common Invective against Honours, Riches and Pleasures, there remains no more for the Orator to do, but to close up his discourse, and to dismiss the Assembly: If sometimes there are tears shed, or any one is mov'd, let the Character and Genius of the Preacher be consider'd, and perhaps it will be found, that 'tis the subject that preaches itself, or our interest the chief thing that gives the concernment; and that it was not so much the force of Eloquence, as the strong Lunge

of the Missionary, that shook us, and gave us those emotions. In short, the Preacher is not furnisht, as the Lawyer, with matters of fact always new, with different events and unheard of adventures; his business is not to start doubtful questions, to improve probable conjectures, all which subjects elevate the Genius, give him force and compass, and do not so much put a constraint on Eloquence, as fix and direct it. He must, on the contrary, draw his discourse from a Spring common to all; if he deserts his common places, he ceases to be Popular; he is either too abstracted, or he declaims, he no longer preaches the Gospel; all he has occasion for is a noble simplicity, but that he must gain; 'tis a Talent rare, and above the reach of ordinary men: The Genius, Fancy, Learning and Memory which they have, are so far from helping, that they often hinder the attaining it.

The profession of the Lawyer is laborious, toylsome, and requires in the person that undertakes it, a rich Fund and Stock of his own; he is not like the Preacher, provided with a number of Harangues compos'd at leisure, got by heart, and repeated with authority, without contradiction, and which being alter'd a little here and there, do him service and credit more than once; his Pleadings are grave, spoke before those Judges, who may command him silence, and against adversaries who are sure to interrupt him; he is oblig'd to be sharp and ready in his replies, in one and the same day he pleads in several Courts, and about different matters; his House neither affords him shelter nor rest; 'tis open to all that come to perplex him, with their difficult and doubtful cases; he is not put to Bed, rubb'd down, nor supported with Cordials; his Chamber is not a rendezvous for a concourse of people of all

Qualities and Sexes, to congratulate him upon the beauty and politeness of his Language: All the rest he has after a long discourse, is immediately set to work upon Writings still longer; his trouble continues, he only varies his fatigues: I may venture to say, he is in his kind, what the first postolick Men were in theirs.

Having thus distinguish'd the Eloquence of the Bar, from the Profession of the Lawyer, and the Eloquence of the Pulpit, from the Office of the Teacher, 'twill appear, I believe, that 'tis easier to Preach, than to Plead, but more difficult to teach well, than to Plead well.

* What a vast advantage has a discourse that's spoken, over a piece that's written! Men are the bubbles of tone and action; if there be but never so little pre-engagement in favour of the person that speaks, they admire him, and set themselves to comprehend him; they commend his performance before he has begun, sleep the Sermon time, and only wake to applaud him. There are few who so warmly engage in the behalf of an Author: His Works are read either in the leisure of a Retirement, or in the silence of a Closet; there are no publick meetings to cry him up; no Party zealous to prefer him to all his Rivals, and to advance him to the Prelacy; his Book, how excellent soever it may be, is read, but with an intention to find it different; 'tis turn'd over Leaf by Leaf, canvass'd and examin'd, 'tis not Sounds, lost in the air, and forgotten, what is printed remains so; sometimes 'tis expected a month or two before it comes out, with an impatience to damn it, and the greatest pleasure that some find in it, is to criticize on it; 'tis a vexation to 'em to meet with passages in every page, which ought to please, often they

they are afraid of being diverted, and quit a Book only because 'tis good. Every body does not pretend to be a Preacher, the Phrases, Figure, Memory and Gown of a Divine, are things all people are not fond of appropriating to themselves; whereas every one imagines that he thinks well, and that he can express himself still better than he thinks which makes him less favourable to one that thinks and writes as well as himself; in a word, the Sermon-maker is advanc'd to a Bishoprick, sooner than the most judicious Writer is to a small Prior; new Favours still are heap'd on him, while the more deserving Author is content to take up with his leavings.

* If it happens that the wicked hate and persecute you, good men advise you to humble yourself before God, and to watch against the Vanity which may arise in you, from having displeas'd people of that Character; so when some certain men, subject to exclaim against all things as indifferent, disapprove your Works, or your Discourses whether spoken at the Bar or in the Pulpit, humble yourself, for you can't be expos'd to a greater temptation to Pride.

* A Preacher methinks ought in every one of his Sermons, to make choice of one principal Truth, whether it be to move Terror, or to yield Instruction, to handle that alone largely and fully, or to bring all those foreign divisions and subdivisions which are so intricate and perplex'd: I would have him presuppose a thing that's really false, which is, that the great or the genteel Men understand the Religion they profess, and so are able to instruct persons of their Wit and Breeding in their Catechism; let him employ the long time that others are composing a set, formal discourse

making himself master of his subject, that so
 turn and expression may of courie flow easily
 from him ; let him, after some necessary prepara-
 tion, yield himself up to his own Genius, and to
 the emotions, with which a great subject will in-
 spire him ; let him spare those prodigious efforts
 of memory, which look more like reciting for a
 wager, than any thing else, and which destroy all
 graceful action ; let him, on the contrary, by a
 noble Enthusiasm, dart conviction into the Soul,
 or alarm the Conscience ; let him, in fine, touch
 the Hearts of his hearers, with another fear, than
 that of seeing him make some blunder or halt in
 his Sermon.

Let not him who is not yet arriv'd to such per-
 fection, as to forget himself in the dispensation of
 the Holy Word, let not him, I say, be discourag'd
 by the austere rules that are prescrib'd him, as if
 they robb'd him of the means of shewing his Wit,
 or of attaining the Honours to which he aspires :
 What greater or more noble Talent can there be
 than to preach like an Apostle, or which deserves
 a Bishoprick better ? Was *Fenelon* unworthy of that
 Dignity ? Was it possible he shou'd have escap'd
 the Princes choice, but for another choice ?

OF

The Wits, or Libertine.

HAve the Libertines, who value themselves much upon the [title of Wits,] have they, say, Wit enough to perceive that they are only call'd so by Irony? What greater want of Wit can there be, than to be doubtful of the principle of ones being, life, sense, knowledge, and of what ought to be the end of them? What can more lessen a Man than his questioning whether his Soul is not material, like the Stone or Worm, or subject to corruption, like the vilest Creatures? And is it not a much more real and nobler sort of Wit that rais'd our Minds to the Idea of a Being superior to all other Beings, by whom and for whom all things were made; a Being who is sovereignly perfect and pure, who never had a beginning, nor will ever have an end, of whom our Soul is the Image, whom, if I may so speak, it is a part, as it is Spiritual and Immortal?

* I call those Men worldly, earthy or brutish whose hearts and minds are wholly fix'd on the small part of the Universe they are plac'd in, the Earth; who set a value upon nothing, nor love any thing beyond it; whose Souls are as much confin'd, as that narrow spot of ground they call the Estate, the extent of which is measur'd, the Acres number'd, and the utmost bounds limited. 'Tis not

wonder

Wonder that such, who lean as it were on an Atom, should stumble at the first step in their search after Truth; that with so short a sight they should not reach beyond the Heavens and the Stars, to behold God himself; that not being able to perceive the excellency of what is Spiritual, or the dignity of the Soul, they should feel as little how difficult it is to satisfy it, how much the whole World is inferior to it, how great a want it has of an all-perfect Being, which is God, and how absolutely it needs a Religion to find out that God, and to be assur'd of his reality. On the contrary, any one may soon perceive that incredulity and indifference are but natural to such Men; that they make use of God and Religion as a piece of Policy only; that as far as it may serve for the order and decoration of this World, the only thing in their opinion, which deserves to be thought on.

* Some men, by long travelling, give the finishing stroke to the corrupting their Judgment, their Manners, and compleatly lose the little Religion they had left; they meet daily with new Ways of Worship, new Manners, new Rites and Ceremonies; they imitate those who wander about the Shops because they have resolv'd what kind of Stuff to buy, the variety of choice disables them from choosing, each piece has something which pleases their fancy; but unable to fix upon any, they come away without purchasing.

* There are some Men who defer the practice of Religion and Devotion till such time as Lewdness and Impiety are profess'd by all; which being then vulgar, they will avoid following the Crowd; Singularity pleases 'em in so serious and so important a matter; they only follow the Mode in things of no moment, and no consequence; they have forought

ought I know, already plac'd a sort of bravery and undauntedness in running all the risque of a future state.

* A man in health questions whether there is God, as he does whether Fornication be a sin. When he's sick, and given over, his Mifs is laid aside, and he believes in God.

* Your Wits and Liberties should examine themselves thoroughly before they set up for such that at least, and indeed according to their own principles, they might dye as they have liv'd; if they find their stock of Wit is like to fail at the approaches of death, that they might resolve to live as they wou'd be content to dye.

* Jestings in a dying man is very unseasonable; apply'd to certain subjects 'tis dreadful. To laugh at the death of others matter of laughter at the expense of one's own eternal happiness, is extremely dismal.

Let prejudice make you fancy what you please of a future state, dying is still a very serious work which becomes constancy, better than jesting and raillery.

* There have been in all Ages many agreeable Learned and Witty persons, who embracing Liberty Slaves, the loose principles of some great men have groan'd under their yolk all their life time against the dictates of their own Minds and Consciences; who never liv'd but for other men, the humouring of whom, one wou'd think they had look'd upon to be the chief end of their Creation who have been asham'd to be seen by 'em to endeavour at their own Salvation, and to appear outwardly such as they were perhaps in their hearts who have run headlong into ruin, out of deference and complaisance. Shall we then imagin that th

World can bestow so much greatness and power on a mortal man, as he should deserve, that his Honour, or his fancy should be the rule of our behaviour, and of our lives? Nay, that we should be so complaisant, at our very death, to make such an exertion, not as we think is like to be safest for our own souls, but such as we hope will be most pleasing to him?

One would expect from those who act contrary to all the World besides, and contradict such principles as are receiv'd by all, that they knew more than other men, that their Reasons were plain, and their Arguments convincing.

Shou'd a just, chaste, moderate, and sober man affirm there is no God, I shou'd think such an assertion was impartial: But this man is not to be sent.

Cou'd I but see that man that was really persuaded that there is no God, I shou'd hear at least what strange convincing Arguments he had sent it out.

The impossibility I find my self under of proving there is no God, is a demonstration to me that there is one.

God condemns and punishes those who offend him, and is the only Judge in his own Cause; which were contrary to Reason, but that He is himself Justice and Truth; that is, if he were not God.

I feel that there is a God, and I do not feel that there is none, this suffices me, and all the reasoning in the World is needless to me. I conclude from hence that he Exists, and this conclusion is in my Nature. I took up with this principle so readily in my Childhood, and have preserv'd it since too naturally in my advanc'd years ever to
have

have the least jealousy of any falshood in it: But there are some men who make a shift to get rid of this principle; I question whether there are or no. But if there be it argues only that there are Masters.

* There is no such thing as an Atheist; the Great men, who we are most apt to suspect of being given that way, are too lazy to determine in their own minds whether there is a God or no; their Indolence carries 'em so far as to render 'em utterly careless and indifferent upon this so weighty a matter, as well as upon the nature of their own Souls and the consequences of true Religion: They neither deny nor grant any of these things; they never think on 'em at all.

* A Great Man falls in a Swoon, as was thought but in a moment dies; another in a Consumption wastes insensibly, and loses something of himself every day before he expires: These are dreadful but useless Lessons. These circumstances, though remarkable, and so opposite to each other, are not taken notice of, affect no body, and are no more regarded than the fall of the Leaf, or the fading of a Flower; we are inquisitive only about the vacant Employments; how such and such a place was dispos'd of; and envy those that succeed 'em.

* Is there so much goodness, fidelity and equity among Men, that we should place so much confidence in 'em, as not to desire, at least, that there was a God, to whom we might appeal from the Injustice, and who might protect us against the Persecutions and Treacheries?

* If the Wits find so much grandeur and sublimity in Religion that it dazzles and confounds the Understanding, they deviate from their Character

and must acknowledge their own dulness and stupidity ; If, on the other hand, they are offended at the meanness and simplicity of it, we must allow them to be Wits indeed, and greater than so many Great men who have gone before 'em, than the *Leo's*, the *Basil's*, the *Jerom's*, the *Austin's*, and others, who notwithstanding all their Learning and their extraordinary Wisdom, glorify'd in the Faith and Profession of Christianity.

* Some, who never read the Fathers, are frighted at their very names. How dull, how rough, how insipid, how pedantick do they fancy 'em in their discourses, in their expressions and their arguments: But how would these Men wonder at the strangeness of such a notion, if they perus'd their Writings, and found in 'em a more exact eloquence, a smoother style, a more ingenious, more expressive, and more convincing way of arguing, adorn'd with greater vigour of expression, and more natural graces than most of those modern Books, which are read with applause, and give the greatest reputation to their Authors? With what satisfaction, if they had any love for Religion, would they see it explained, and its Truth believ'd and asserted by Men who were Masters of so much Wit and Judgment? Especially since any one who will but observe the vastness of their Knowledge, the depth of their Penetration, the solid principles of their Philosophy, their unweary'd Diligence, their capacity in unfolding Holy Mysteries, the reasonableness of their Inferences, the nobleness of their Expressions, the beauty of their Sentiments and Morals, cannot compare, for example, any Author to *St Austin*, but *Plato* or *Cicero*.

* Man born a Lyar cannot relish the plainness and simplicity of Truth ; he is altogether for pomp

and ornament : Truth is not his own, 'tis made, as it were, to his hands, , and descends to him from Heaven with all its perfections, and self-conceited Man is fond of nothing, but his own productions, fables and fictions : Observe the generality of Men, they'll invent a Tale, they'll add to it, and load it thro' folly and impertinence ; ask even the honestest Man if his discourse is always strictly true, if he does not sometimes catch himself, either thro' Levity or Vanity, disguising the Truth, if to make a Story pass more current, he does not often add a false circumstance or two, which it may want to set it off. An accident happens, now, in your Neighbourhood, as it were under your Eye, you may hear it related by a hundred persons a hundred different ways, yet whoever comes after them will make a new Story of it. How then shall I believe the relation of things, that were done so many Ages ago ? What relyance shall I have upon the gravest Historians ? And what is History ? Was *Cesar* murder'd in the Senate ? Was there ever such a one as *Cesar* ? You laugh at the impertinence of such questions, such doubts and inferences you think not worth your answer ; and indeed I can't but commend you for doing so : But should I suppose that the Book which gives us an account of *Cesar* is not a prophane History, that it was not writ by a Man who is subject to lye, that it was not found by chance, and promiscuously amongst other Manuscripts, of which some are true, and others more doubtful ; but that, on the contrary, it was inspir'd by God, that it bears the marks of Holiness and Divinity, that it has been kept for above two thousand years by an innumerable Society of Men, who all this while would not allow the least alteration to be made in it, and have made it a part of their Religion

ligion to preserve it in all its purity, that these Men are by their own principles indispensably oblig'd to believe all the Transactions contain'd in that History, where *Cesar* and his Dictatorship is mention'd; Own it, *Lucilius*, would you then question whether there ever was such a Man as *Cesar*?

* All sorts of Musick are not fit for the praises of God, and become not the Sanctuary; all kinds of Philosophy are not fit for the discoursing worthily of God, his Power, the principles of his Operations, or his holy Mysteries: The more abstracted and notional, the more vain and useles it is, in explaining these things, which require no more than right Reason to be understood to a certain pitch, and which cannot be explain'd at all beyond it: To pretend to give an exact account of the Essence of God, of his Perfections, and if I dare so to speak of his Actions, is indeed going beyond the ancient Philosophers, the Apostles themselves, or the first Teachers of the Gospel, but not so prudent an Undertaking as theirs; Such pretenders may dig long and dig deep, but never be the nearer to the Springs of Truth; If once they set aside the words Goodness, Mercy, Justice and Omnipotence, which are apt to form in our Minds so lovely and so majestick an Idea of the Divinity, let them afterwards strain their Imaginations never so much, they will find nothing but dry, barren and senseless expressions to make use of; they must admit of wild and empty notions, must be singular in their fancies, or at least, must attain to a sort of ingenious subtilty, which by degrees will make them lose their Religion, as fast as they improve in the knowledge of their new Metaphysics.

* What excesses will not men be transported to by their zeal for Religion, which yet they are as far from believing, as they are from practising!

* That same Religion which men will defend so zealously, and with so much heat and animosity, against those who are of a different persuasion, is inroach'd upon by themselves, who, fond of their own peculiar notions, add or diminish from it in their minds a thousand things, sometimes very material, according as it suits best with their conveniencies; and having thus wholly alter'd the frame of it, remain stedfast and unmoveable in these their persuasions. So that, to speak vulgarly, one may say, of a Nation, that it has but one manner of Worship and one Religion; but properly speaking, it really has many, and almost every individual man in it has one of his own.

* If Religion be nothing but a respectful fear of God, what shall we think of those who dare affront him in his representatives on earth, Kings and Princes?

* Were we assur'd that the secret intent of the Ambassadors, who came lately from *Siam*, was to persuade the Most Christian King to renounce Christianity, and to admit their *Talapoins* into his Kingdom, to creep into Houses, in order to allure by their discourses, our Wives, our Children, and our selves to the principles of their Religion; to suffer them to build *Pagodés* amongst us, for the worshipping their Golden Images; with what scorn and derision should we hear the relation of such a ridiculous Enterprize? Yet we think little of sailing six thousand leagues thro the vast Ocean, in order to bring over to Christianity the Kingdoms of *India*, *Siam*, *China* or *Japan*; that is, with an intent, which in the Eyes of all these Nations, is full as ridiculous and impertinent: Yet they protect our Priests and Religious, they give attention sometimes to their discourses, they suffer them to build Churches, and to perform all the Duties of their Mission:

From

From whence proceeds such a temper both in them and us? Would not one think it came from that Force, which Truth generally carries along with it?

* 'Tis not proper for all Men to set up for Hospitality, to have all the common Beggars of the Parish daily crouding at their Door, and not to suffer one to go home empty: But what Man is there who is not sensible of the more secret wants of some body or other, which he is able to relieve by his intercession to others, at least, if not immediately out of his own Pocket? In the same manner all Men are not qualify'd for the Pulpit, or fit publickly to deliver their Doctrine and Exhortations; but what Man is there, who at some time or other, does not meet with some Libertine, whom he may attempt to reclaim by his private discourses, and friendly admonitions? Should a man make but one Convert through the whole course of his Life, he cou'd not be said to have bestow'd his time in vain, or to have been a useles burden on the Earth.

* There are two Worlds, one we already dwell in, but must leave so as never to return; the other we must shortly be transported to, there to abide for ever. Interest, Authority, Friends, Reputation and Riches are most useful in the first; the despising of all these things is most useful for the next. Now which of them had a man best to chuse?

* Who has liv'd one day has liv'd an Age, still the same Sun, the same Earth, the same World, the same Enjoyments, nothing more like this day than to morrow: Death only would be new to us, which is but an exchange of this Bodily state, for one that is all Spiritual. But Man, tho so greedy of Novelties, has no curiosity for this; tho unsettl'd in his Mind, and still growing weary of whatever he enjoys, he never thinks his Life too long,

long, and would perhaps consent to live for ever: What he sees of Death makes a deeper impression on his mind, than what he knows of it, Pain, Sickness, the Grave make him out of conceit with knowing another World: And the strongest motives of Religion can but just bring him to receive his doom with submission.

* Had God left it to our choice to dye, or to live for ever; and did we consider how dismal it is for a man to see no end of his Poverty, Subjection, Sickness or Sorrow; or at best, to enjoy Riches, Greatness, Health, and Pleasure, with an absolute necessity of exchanging them shortly for their contraries, by the continual Vicissitude of times; and thus to be tost to and fro by the wheel of Fortune, betwixt Happiness and Misery, it would pose any one to make a choice. Nature having ty'd us to the former, saves us the labour of chusing; and the necessity of dying is made easy by Religion.

* If my Religion be false, it is a snare at least, which I must own, to be laid with such temptations, that I could not avoid rushing into it, and being intangl'd by it. What Majesty, what Glory in its Mysteries! What a connexion in all the several parts of its Doctrine! How very rational is it! How candid and innocent in its Morals! Who can stand against the strength of so many millions of Witnesses, the most moderate and the wisest of men, who during three whole Ages succeeded one another, and whom the sense of the same Truth, so constantly supported in their Exiles, in the darkest Dungeons, the most painful Torments, and even in Death itself? Take, set open History, run it over thro' all its parts; take it from the beginning of the World, and even from before that, if you can;

was there ever any thing like this? Cou'd all the power of God himself have laid a fitter Plot to deceive me? How then shou'd I escape? Whither shou'd I run? And how shou'd I find any thing that's better? Nay, that is but half so good? If I must Perish, 'tis this way I will Perish: Denying the Being of a God, wou'd indeed suit my inclinations much better, than suffering my self to be deluded, tho by so plausible and so specious a pretence: But I have examin'd thoroughly, have endeavour'd all I cou'd, and still want the power to be an Atheist; This then must be my doom, and I am forc'd again to stick to my Religion.

* Religion is either true or false; if false, the Religious man, and the strict observer of all the precepts of self-denial, ventures no more than just the loss of threescore years, which I will allow to be foolishly bestow'd: But if true, the vicious man is of all men most miserable; and I tremble at the very thoughts of what unutterable and incomprehensible torments, I see him daily heaping upon himself. Tho the truth of Religion was much less demonstrated than it really is, certainly there is no prudent man but would chuse to be virtuous.

* Those who dare deny 'the Being of a God, hardly deserve that one shou'd strive to demonstrate it to them, or at least that one shou'd argue with them with more seriousness than I have done hitherto; they are for the generality so ignorant, that they are unqualify'd for the understanding of the clearest principles, and of the truest and most natural inferences: Yet I am willing to offer to their reading what follows; provided they don't fancy, that it is all that can be said upon the subject of so noble and so perspicuous a Truth.

Forty years ago I was not, neither was it in my power ever to be, any more than now that I am, it is in my power to cease from being; my existence therefore had its beginning, and is now continu'd to me, thro the influence of something which is without me, and will subsist after me, which is better and more powerful than I am; now if that something is not God, let me but know what it is.

I exist: But this existence of mine proceeds, perhaps, you'll say, from the power only of an universal Nature, which has been seen such as we see it now from all Eternity; But this Nature is either only spiritual, and then 'tis God; or only material, and consequently cou'd not create that part of my Being which is spiritual, my Soul; or else it is a compound of Spirit and Matter: And then that part of Nature, which you say is Spirit, is that which I call God.

Again: Perhaps you'll add, that what I call my Soul, is nothing but a part of Matter, which subsists thro the power of an universal Nature, which also is material, which always was, and ever will be such, as we see it now, and which is not God: But at least you must grant, that what I call my Soul, let it be what it will, is something which thinks, and that if it is Matter, it is such Matter as thinks; for you can never beat it into me, that at the time I am thus arguing, there is not something within me that thinks. Now this something, since you will have it to owe its Being and its Preservation to an universal Nature, which always was, and ever will be, which it always acknowledges as its first cause, it necessarily follows, that this universal Nature either thinks, or is nobler and more perfect than that which thinks; and if Nature thus describ'd is Matter, then it must be

n universal Matter that thinks, or which is nobler and more perfect than that which does think.

I proceed further, and say, that such an universal Matter, if it be not a Chymical, but a real being, may be perceiv'd by some of our senses; and that if it cannot be discover'd in itself, it may be known at least thro' the various order of its different parts, which forms all Bodies, and makes the difference betwixt 'em. Matter, then, is it self all these different Bodies; now since, according to the supposition, Matter is a Being which thinks, or is better than that which thinks, it follows, that it is such in some of these Bodies at least, and consequently in the Stones, in Minerals, in the Earth, in the Sea, in my self, who am but a Body, as well as in all its other parts: I am then beholden for this something, which thinks within me, and which I call my Soul, to all these gross, earthy and bodily parts, which being laid together make up this universal Matter, or this visible World; which is absurd.

If, on the contrary, this universal Nature, let it be what it will, is not all those Bodies, nor any of these Bodies, it follows that it is not Matter, and cannot be perceiv'd by any of our senses: And if notwithstanding this, it has the faculty of thinking, or is more perfect than that which has the faculty of thinking, I still conclude that it is Spirit, or something better and more perfect than Spirit; now if that which thinks within me, and which I call my Soul, not finding its principle in its self, and much less in Matter, as has been just now demonstrated, is forc'd to acknowledge this universal Nature to be the first Cause, and the only Spring from whence it derives its Being, I will not dispute about words; but this original Spring of all spiritual Beings,

Beings, which is it self Spirit, or which is better than Spirit, is that which I call God.

In a word, I think, therefore there is a God for that which thinks within me is not a gift which I can pretend to have bestow'd on my self since it was no more in my power to be the Author of it at first, than it is now to be the preserver of for one minute: And I receiv'd it not from a Being which is superiour to me, and which is material since it's impossible for Matter to be superiour to that which thinks; from whence it follows, that I must have receiv'd it from a Being which is superiour to me, and which is not material; and that superiour Being is God.

* From the inconsistency of an universal Nature which thinks, with any thing that is material, must necessarily be infer'd, that any particular Being which thinks, cannot admit of any thing material for tho an Universal Being which thinks, does its Idea include infinitely more Power, Independence and Capacity, than that of a particular Being which thinks, yet it does not imply a greater inconsistency with Matter; it being impossible for this inconsistency to be the greatest in either, because it is, as it were, infinite in both; and it is as impossible, that what thinks within me, should be Matter, as it is unconceivable that God should be Matter: As God therefore is a Spirit, so my Soul also is a Spirit.

* I cannot positively know whether a Dog's Master of memory, love, fear, imagination, or thought, of the faculty of chusing, &c. Whether therefore I am told that those actions in a Dog, which seem'd to be the effect of either passion or sentiment, proceed naturally and without choice from the disposition of the material parts of its Body, which, like Clock-work, put it under a
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absolute necessity of moving thus, I may perhaps acquiesce in this Doctrine: but as for me, I think, and I certainly know that I think; now if one considers this or that disposition of material parts, which altogether make up what Body you please, that is, an extent, which wants no dimensions, which has length, breadth and depth, which may be divided in all these respects; pray what proportion is there betwixt such an extent and that which thinks?

* If all things are Matter, and if thinking in me, as well as in all other men, is an effect only of the disposition of the parts of Matter, what brought into the World a notion absolutely foreign from the Idea of any thing that is material? Can Matter produce so pure, so simple, so immaterial an idea, as that we have a Spirit? Can Matter be the principle of that which denies and excludes itself from its own Being? How is it in Man that which thinks, that is, that which is a conviction to Man that he is not material?

* There are Beings which last not long, because they are made up of things which differ much in their nature, and are destructive to each other: There are others more lasting, because they are more simple, but they perish at last, being made up of several parts, into which they may be divided. That which thinks within me must needs last very long, since it is a very pure Being, free from all mixture and composition; and there is no reason why it should perish, for what can corrupt or divide a simple Being, which has no parts?

* The Soul sees colours thro the Organ of the Eye, and hears sounds thro the Organ of the Ear, but it may cease either from seeing or hearing, when those senses, or those objects are remov'd, and yet not cease from being, because the Soul is
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not properly that which sees or hears, it is on that which thinks: Now how can it cease from being such? It cannot thro the want of Organs, since it has been prov'd that it is not material; nor thro the want of objects, as long as there is a God and eternal Truths; it is then incorruptible.

* I cannot conceive that a Soul, which God has fill'd with the Idea of his infinite and all-perfect Being, must be annihilated.

* Observe, *Lucilius*, this spot of ground, which for neatness and ornament exceeds the other Land about it; here are the finest Fountains and the most curious Water-works you ever saw, the endless Walks, shelter'd from all cold Winds, and lin'd with fruitful Pallisadoes; on this side a thick and shady Grove, on the other an admirable Prospect; a little lower a Rivulet, whose stream running amongst the Willows and Poplars, was once hardly taken notice of, is now become a famous Canal, and its banks supported with Freestone and yonder those long and shady Avenues lead you to a noble Seat, surrounded with Water. Will you say this is the effect of Chance? Will you suppose that all these things met together accidentally? No certainly, you would rather commend the order, the disposition of them, the judgment and skill of the ingenious Contriver. My thoughts would be the same with yours, and I would suppose this must be the dwelling of one of those men, who from the very minute they get into place, think on nothing but on the laying the Foundation of some great and sumptuous Palace: Yet what is this piece of ground so order'd, and on the beautifying of which all the art of the most skillful Workmen have been employ'd, if the whole Earth

Earth is but an Atome hanging in the Air, and if you'll but hear what I am going to say ?

You are plac'd, *Lucilius*, on some part of this Atome ; you must needs be very little since you hold there so little room ; yet you have Eyes imperceptible like two points, open them however toward the Heavens ; What do you sometimes perceive there ? Is it the Moon when at the full ? 'Tis radiant then and very beautiful, tho' all its light is but the reflection of the Sun's ; it appears as large as the Sun it self, larger than the other Planets, than any of the Stars ; but be not deceiv'd by outward appearance : Nothing in the Heavens is so little as the Moon, its Superficies exceeds not the thirteenth part, its Solidity not the eight and fortieth part, and its Diameter, which is two thousand two hundred and fifty Miles, not a quarter part of the Diameter of the Earth : And the truth is, that which makes it so great in appearance, is its proximity only, its distance from us being no more than thirty times the Diameter of the Earth, or three hundred thousand Miles. Nay, and its course is nothing, in comparison of the prodigious long race of the Sun, thro' the spacious Firmament ; for it is certain, it runs not above sixteen hundred and twenty thousand Miles a day, which is not above sixty seven thousand five hundred Miles an hour, or one thousand one hundred and five and twenty in a minute ; and yet to compleat this Course, it must run five thousand six hundred times faster than a Race Horse that goes twelve Miles an hour, it must be eighty times swifter than the sound, than the report, for example, of a Cannon, or of the Thunder, which flies eight hundred and one and thirty Miles an hour.

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But if you will oppose the Moon to the Sun with respect to its greatness, its distance, or its course, you shall find there is no comparison to be made betwixt 'em. Remember only that the Diameter of the Earth is nine thousand Miles, that of the Sun's a hundred times as large, which is nine hundred thousand Miles; now if this be the breadth of it every way, judge you what its Superficie what its Solidity must be. Do you apprehend the vastness of this extent, and that a million of such Globes as the Earth being laid together, would not exceed the Sun in bigness? How great, will you cry, must then the distance of it be, if or may judge of it by its smallness in appearance? 'Tis true, it is prodigiously great; it is demonstrated that the Sun's distance from the Earth, can be no less than ten thousand times the Diameter of the Earth; or, which is all one, than ninety million of Miles: It may be four times, perhaps six times, perhaps ten times as much, for ought we know there is no method found out for the determining this Distance.

Now, for the help of your apprehension, let us suppose a Mill-stone falling from the Sun upon the Earth, let it come down with all the swiftness imaginable, and even swifter than the heaviest body falling from never so high; let us also suppose that it preserves always the same swiftness, without acquiring a greater, or losing from that it already has; that it advances forty yards every second which is half the height of the highest Steeple and consequently two thousand four hundred yards in a minute; but to facilitate this computation allow it to be two thousand six hundred and forty yards, which is a mile and a half, its fall will be three miles in two minutes, ninety miles in an hour

our, and two thousand one hundred and sixty miles in a day; now it must fall ninety millions of miles before it comes down to the Earth, so that it can't be less than forty one thousand six hundred and sixty six days, which is above one hundred and forty years, in performing this Journey: Let not all this fright you, *Lucilius*, I'll tell you more. The distance of *Saturn* from the Earth is at least ten times as much as the Sun's, so that it is no less than nine hundred thousand millions of miles, and that this Stone would be above even hundred and forty years in falling down from *Saturn* to the Earth.

Now by this elevation of *Saturn's*, raise your imagination so high, if you can, as to conceive the immensity of his daily course; the Circle which *Saturn* describes, has above eighteen hundred millions of miles diameter, and consequently above one thousand four hundred millions of miles circumference; so that a Race Horse, which I'll suppose to run thirty miles an hour, must be twenty thousand five hundred and forty eight years in making this round.

I have not said all, *Lucilius*, that can be said of the Miracle of this visible World; or, to speak more like your self, on the wonders of Chance, which alone you allow to be the first cause of all things; it is still more wonderful in its operations than you imagin, Learn what Chance is, offer your self to be inform'd of all the Power of our God. Do you know that this distance of the Sun from the Earth, which is ninety millions of miles, and that of *Saturn*, which is nine hundred millions of miles, are so inconsiderable, if oppos'd to that of the other Stars, that no comparison can express the true measure of the latter; for indeed
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what proportion is there betwixt any thing that can be measur'd, let its extent be what it will, and that which is impossible to be measur'd? The height of a Star cannot be known, it is, if I may so speak, immensurable. All Angles, Sines and Parallaxes become useles, if one goes about to compute it: Should one man observe a fix'd Star from *Paris*, and another from *Japan*, the two lines that wou'd reach from their Eyes to that Star wou'd make no Angle at all, but wou'd be confounded together, and make up one and the same Line, so inconsiderable is the space of the whole Earth, in comparison of that distance; but the Stars have this in common with *Saturn* and the Sun, and I should say something more: If the two Astronomers should stand, the one on the Earth, and the other in the Sun, and from thence should observe one Star at the same time, the two visual rays of these two Astronomers would not form a sensible Angle: But that you may conceive the same thing another way; should a man plac'd on one of the Stars, this Sun, this Earth and the ninety millions of miles that are betwixt 'em, would seem to him but as one point. This is demonstrated.

Nor is the distance known betwixt any two Stars, tho they appear never so near one another you would think, if you judg'd by your Eye, the *Pleiades* almost touch'd one another; there is a Star seems to be plac'd on one of those which make the Tail of the *Great Bear*, your sight can hardly perceive that part of the Heavens which divides them, they make together as it were but one double Star; yet if the most skilful Astronomers cannot with all their Art find out their distance from each other, how far asunder must two Stars be
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which appear remote from one another? And how much farther yet the two Polar Stars? How prodigious the length of that Line, which reaches from one to the other? How immense the Circle of which this Line is the Diameter? How unfathomable the Solidity of the Globe, of which this Circle is but a Section? Shall we still wonder that these Stars, tho' so exceeding great, seem no larger to us than so many Sparks? Shall we not rather admire that from so vast a height they should preserve the least appearance of bodies, and that they should be seen at all? And indeed, the quantity of them that is unseen is innumerable: 'Tis true, we limit the number of the Stars, but that is only of such Stars as are visible to us; for how should we number those we cannot see? Those, for example, which make up the *Via Lactea*, that trace of Light, which in a clear night, you may observe on the Sky from North to South; those, I say, which being by their extraordinary height so far out of the reach of our Eyes, that we cannot distinguish every individual Star amongst 'em, give a white cast only to that part of the Heavens they are plac'd in?

Behold then the Earth on which we tread, it hangs loose like a grain of Sand in the Air: A multitude of fiery Globes, the vastness of whose bulk confounds my imagination, and whose height exceeds the reach of my conceptions, all perpetually rowling round this grain of Sand, have been for above this six thousand years, and are still daily crossing the wide, the immense spaces of the Heavens: Or if you desire another, and yet as wonderful a System; the Earth itself is turning round the Sun, which is the center of the Universe, with an inconceivable swiftness: Methinks I see

the motion of all these Globes, the orderly march of these prodigious bodies; they never disorder, never hit, never touch one another; should but the least of them happen to start aside, and to run against the Earth, what must become of the Earth? But on the contrary, all keep their respective stations, remain in the order prescrib'd to them, follow the tracts which are laid before them; and this, at least, with respect to us, is done with so little noise, that the vulgar knows not that there are such Bodies. Oh the strange and wonderful Oeconomy of Chance! Could Intelligence itself have done any thing beyond this? One only thing I cannot understand, *Lucilius*. These vast bodies are so constant in their courses, in their revolutions, and their relations to each other, that a little Animal, confin'd to a corner of that wide space, which is call'd the World, having made his observations on them, has contriv'd an exact and an infallible method of foretelling in what degree of their respective Courses every one of these Stars will be two thousand, four thousand, nay, twenty thousand years hence. Here lyes my scruple, *Lucilius*: If it be by Chance that they observe such constant rules, what is order, and what are rules?

Nay, I'll ask you what is Chance: Is it a Body. Is it a Spirit, Is it a Being which you distinguish from all other Beings, which has a particular existence, or which resides in any place? Or rather, is it not a mode or a fashion of Being? When a Bowl runs against a Stone, we are apt to say 'tis a chance; but is it any thing more than the accidental hitting of these Bodies one against the other? If by this chance, or this knock, the Bowl changes its strait course into an oblique one; if its direct motion becomes more contracted; if ceasing from
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rowing on its Axis, it winds and whirls like a Top, shall I from thence infer, that motion in general proceeds in this Bowl from this same chance? Shall I not rather suspect that the Bowl owes it to itself, or to the impulse of the Arm that threw it? Or because the circular motions of the Wheels of a Clock are limited, the one by the other in their degrees of swiftness, shall I be less curious in examining what may be the cause of all these motions? Whether it lyes in the Wheels themselves, or is deriv'd from the moving faculty of a weight that gives 'em the swing? But neither these Wheels nor this Bowl cou'd produce this motion in themselves, and it does not lye in their own nature, if they can be depriv'd of it without changing this nature; it is therefore likely, that they are mov'd some other way, and thro a Foreign Power: And as for the Celestial Bodies, if they should be depriv'd of their motion, would therefore their nature be alter'd? Would they cease from being Bodies? I can't believe they would: Yet they move, and since they move not of themselves, nor by their own nature, one would examine, *Lucilius*, whether there is not some principle without 'em, that causes this motion. Whatever you find it, I call it God.

Should we suppose these great Bodies to be indeed without motion, I shou'd not then ask who moves 'em, but I should still be allow'd to enquire who made them, as I may examine who made these Wheels, or this Bowl; and tho each of these Bodies was suppos'd to be but a heap of Atomes, which have accidentally knit themselves together; thro the figure and conformity of their parts, I shou'd take one of those Atomes, and should say, who created this Atome? Is it Matter? Is it Spirit? Had it any Idea of itself? If so, then it existed

a minute before it did exist; it was and it was not at the same time; and if it be the Author of its own being, and of its manner of being, why did it make itself a Body rather than a Spirit? Or else had this Atome no beginning? Is it Eternal? Is it Infinite? Will you make a God of this Atome?

* The Mite has Eyes, and turns aside if it meets with such objects as may be hurtful to it; place it on any thing that is black, for the help of your observation, and if, while it is walking, you lay but the least bit of Straw in its way, you will see it alter its course immediately: And can you think that the Crystalline humour, the *Retina*, and the Optick Nerve, all which convey sight to this little Animal, are the product of Chance?

One may observe in a drop of Water, that a little Pepper, which has been steep'd in it, has excited the thirst of an infinite number of small Animals, whose figure may be perceiv'd with the help of a Magnifying Glass, and who are mov'd to and fro with an incredible swiftness, like so many Monsters in the wide Ocean; each of these small Animals is a thousand times less than a Mite, and yet is a Body that lives, that receives nourishment, that grows, that must not only have Muscles, but such Vessels also as are equivalent to Veins, Nerves and Arteries, and a Brain to make a distribution of its Animal Spirits.

A bit of any thing that is mouldy, tho it be no bigger than a grain of Sand, appears thro a Microscope like a heap of many Plants, of which some are plainly seen to bear Flowers, and other Fruits, some have had Buds only, and others are wither'd. How extremely small must be the Roots and Fibres, thro which, these little Plants receive their nourishment? And if one considers that these Plants
bear

bear their own Seed as well as Oaks or Pines, or that those small Animals I was speaking of, are multiply'd by generation, as well as Elephants and Whales, whither will not such observations lead one? Who could work all these things which are so fine, so exceeding small, that no Eye can perceive 'em, and that they, as well as the Heavens border upon Infinity it self, tho in the other extrem? Would not one think it was the same Being who made, and who moves with so much ease, the Heavens and the Stars, those vast bodies which are so wonderful in their bigness, their elevation, their swiftness, and the prodigious extent of their courses?

* Man enjoys the Sun, the Stars, the Heavens and their influences, as much as he does the Air he breathes, and the Earth on which he treads, and by which he is supported: This is matter of Fact, and if besides the fact, I were to prove the probability of the thing, and that it is fitting he should do so, I might easily make it out, since the Heavens, and all that's contain'd in them, are not to be compar'd in nobleness and dignity, with one of the meanest Men on Earth; and since there can be no more proportion betwixt them, than what is betwixt Matter, which is destitute of Sensation, and is only an extent according to three dimensions, and a spiritual, a reasonable, or an intelligent Being: If any one says that less than all these things might have serv'd for the Glory of God, and for the magnifying of his power, his goodness, and his magnificence, since let his Works be never so great and wonderful, they might still have been infinitely greater.

The whole World, if it be made for Man, is, in a literal sense, the least thing that God has done

for Man, the proof of which may be drawn from Religion. Man is therefore neither presumptuous nor vain, when submitting to the evidence of Truth, he owns the advantages he has receiv'd, and might be tax'd with blindness and stupidity, did he refuse to yield himself convinc'd thro the multitude of proofs which Religion lays before him, to shew him the greatness of his Priviledges, the certainty of his Refuge, the reasonableness of his Hopes, and to teach him what he is, and what he may be. Ay, but the Moon is inhabited, at least we don't know but it may. To how little purpose is it you talk of the Moon, *Lucilius*? If you own there is a God, nothing indeed is impossible. But do you design to ask whether it is on us alone that God has bestow'd such great Blessings? Whether there are not other Men, or other Creatures in the Moon, whom also he has made the objects of his Bounty? To so vain a curiosity, to so frivolous a question, let me answer, *Lucilius*, that the Earth is inhabited, we are the Inhabitants of it, and we know that we are so, we have proofs, demonstrations and convictions, for all that we are to believe of God and of our selves. Let the Nations who inhabit the Celestial Globes, whatever those Nations are, be mindful of their own concerns; they have their cares, and we have ours. You have observ'd the Moon, *Lucilius*; you have found its spots, its depths, its ruggedness, its elevation, its extent, its course and its eclipses, no Astronomer has yet done more: Now contrive some new and more exact Instruments; observe it again, and see whether it is inhabited, what are its Inhabitants? Whether they are like Men? or whether they are really Men? let me look after you, and let us both be convinc'd that there are Men who inhabit the Moon, and then, *Lucilius*, we'll consider

der whether those Men are Christians, or no, and whether God has given them an equal share of his favours with us.

* Many millions of years, nay, many thousand millions of years; in a word, as many as can be comprehended within the limits of time, are but an instant, being compar'd with the duration of God, who is Eternal: The spaces of the whole Universe are but a point of an Atome, being compar'd with his Immenfity: If it be so, as I affirm it is, for what proportion can there be between what is finite and what is infinite? I ask what is the course of a man's life, or what the extent of that grain of Sand, which is call'd the Earth; nay, of a small part of that Earth which man inhabits and enjoys? The wicked are prosperous, while they live: Yes, some of them are, I own; Virtue is oppress'd, and Vice remains unpunish'd: It happens so sometimes, 'tis true. This is then an Injustice: No, not at all. You should have prov'd, to draw this conclusion, that the Wicked are absolutely happy, the Virtuous absolutely depriv'd of happiness, and Vice absolutely and always remains unpunish'd; that the short time in which the Good are oppress'd, and the Wicked prosperous, should at least have a duration; that what we call prosperity and good fortune, should be something more than a false appearance, or a vain shadow which vanishes away; that this Atome, the Earth, in which Virtue and Vice so seldom meet with their deserts, should be the only Stage, on which they are to receive rewards and punishments.

I can't infer more clearly, from my thinking that I am Spirit, than I conclude from what I do, or do not, according as I please, that I am free: Now freedom is the power of chusing, or of ta-

king a voluntary determination towards good or evil, so that the doing good or evil is what we call Virtue or Vice: For Vice to remain absolutely unpunish'd would be an Injustice, 'tis true. For Vice to remain unpunish'd on Earth is a mystery only; yet, let us, with the Atheist, suppose that an Injustice too. All Injustice is a negation or a privation of Justice, therefore all Injustice supposes a Justice: All Justice is conformary to a sovereign Reason. I'll ask you then, whether it has not ever been just that Vice shou'd be punish'd? Yes certainly, and the denying of it would be as ridiculous, as if one shou'd pretend to say, that a Triangle has not three Angles. Now all conformity to Reason is a Truth: This conformity, as I said just now, always was. It may then be included in the number of what we call eternal Truths: But this Truth either is not and cannot be, or else it is the object of a knowledge. This knowledge therefore is eternal, and this eternal knowledge is God.

The most secret crimes are discover'd so easily, notwithstanding all the care that has been taken to prevent their being brought to light; and such discoveries seem to result so naturally, even from the darkest plots, that the Authors of those crimes could invent, to hide their guilt, that one would think nothing but God cou'd have produc'd those unexpected events: The number of these discoveries is so great, that those who are pleas'd to attribute them to Chance, must own at least, that from all Ages the effects of Chance have been most wonderful.

* If you suppose that every man on Earth, without exception, is rich, and wants nothing, I'll infer from thence, that there is never a man on earth but what is poor, and wants every thing: There
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are but two sorts of Riches, which comprehend all the rest, Money and Land; if all were rich, who would be a Husbandman to cultivate the Earth? Or who would dig and rip up its Bowels to find out Gold or Silver? Those who live remote from any place where Gold and Silver lies, could not dig for Gold and Silver, and those who inhabit barren Lands, which produce nothing but Minerals, could hardly reap any Fruits; Ay, but Trade, it is to be suppos'd, would supply both one and the other: But should all men abound in Riches, so that none were under a necessity of living by labour, who would be troubl'd with transporting from one place to another, your Gold, your Silver, or any thing that were bought or barter'd? Who would fit out your Ships? Who would take care of conducting of them to their respective Ports? Who would travel in Caravannes? Even necessaries and the most useful things would then be wanting by every one: To banish necessity from the Earth, were to bid adieu to all Arts and Sciences, all Inventions and Handicrafts; besides, such an equality amongst men, as to their Riches and Possessions, would occasion the like, as to their ranks in the World; would banish all subordination, and wou'd reduce men to have no Servants but themselves, to receive no help, nor succour from each other, wou'd make Laws frivolous and useles, would draw after it an universal Anarchy, would produce Violence, Injuries, Murders and Impunity.

If on the other hand, you suppose all men to be poor and indigent, in vain the Sun enlightens our Horizon; in vain it warms the Earth and renders it fruitful; in vain the Heavens pour out their influences on it; in vain the Rivers water it with their streams; in vain the Fields abound with Fruits;

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in vain the Sea, the Rocks, and the Mountains are ransack'd and rif'd of their Treasure. But if you grant that, of all men who are scatter'd throughout the World, some are rich and others poor, necessity then must reconcile, unite and bind them together; some must serve and obey, some must labour and cultivate the Earth; some must contrive and invent, some improve and bring those Inventions to perfection; others must rule, protect, assist, communicate and enjoy. Order is restor'd, and Providence appears.

* Should you suppose Power, Idleness and Pleasure to be the share of some Men only, and Subjection, Care and Misery the lot of all the rest, either the malice of Men must have remov'd all these things from their natural place, or else God himself must want Prudence.

Some inequality in the conditions of Men, for order and subordinations sake, is the work of God, and demonstrates a Divine Law: Too great a disproportion, and such as is generally seen amongst them, is their own work, and is only the Law of force and violence.

Extreams are vicious, and proceed from Men: Compensation is just, and proceeds from God.

* If these Characters do not take, I wonder they should not; but if they take, I wonder they shou'd.

F I N I S.

THE
Moral Characters
OF
THEOPHRASTUS.

Made *English* from the *Greek.*

WITH A
Prefatory Discourse

Concerning

THEOPHRASTUS,

From the *French* of

Mon^r *De La Bruyere.*

L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year, 1705.

A

Prefatory Discourse

Concerning

THEOPHRASTUS.

I Cannot conceive that a Man can entertain a more vain and ridiculous thought, than to imagine that when he writes on any Art or Science, he shall be able to escape all sort of Censure, and obtain the good opinion of every Reader.

For, considering the differences of the Genius of Men, as strange as that of their Faces, which makes some relish speculation, others things that are practical; inclines some to turn over Books to exercise their Fancy, others to form their Judgment; and amongst Readers, some love the force of Demonstration, others to understand nicely, or form Ratiocinations and Conjectures. I confine my self only to that Science which describes Manners, examines Men, and discovers their Characters; and I dare say, that Works of this kind, which touch so near, and whose subject is Men themselves, will not easily meet with a favourable reception.

Some

A Prefatory Discourse

Some of the Learned relish nothing but the Apothegms of the Ancients, and Examples drawn from the *Romans, Grecians, Persians* and *Egyptians*; the History of this present time is insipid to them, they are not all toucht with Men that are about them, and with whom they live. They make no Observations on their Manners.

The Ladies and Gourtiers, on the contrary, and all those who have a great deal of Wit without Learning, are very indifferent for those things that preceded them, and very eager after those that pass before their Eyes, and are as it were under their Hands; these they pry into, these they apprehend; they continually observe the Persons that are about them, are charm'd with the descriptions and representations that are made of their Contemporaries and fellow Citizens: In short, of those that resemble themselves, to whom yet they think they do not bear the least resemblance; insomuch, that those who instruct us from the Pulpit, often judge it expedient to neglect preaching solid Divinity, to gain Men by their own weakness, and reduce them to their Duty by things that please their Palate, and are within their comprehension.

The Court is ignorant of the affairs of the City, or by reason of the contemptible Opinion it has of it, does not endeavour to remove that prejudice, and is not the least toucht with the Images it might furnish; so on the contrary, the Court is represented, as it always is, full of Intrigues and Designs; the City does not draw enough from this description, to satisfy its curiosity, and to form a just Idea of a place, which can no otherwise be known but by living there; on the other side, it is not very natural for men to agree about the Beauty or Delicacy of a Moral Treatise, which designs
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and paints themselves, and where they cannot avoid seeing their own Faces; they fly into passion and condemn it; they no longer approve the Satyr that bites severely, but when it keeps at a distance from them, and fixes its Teeth on some body else.

What probability is there to please all the different tastes of Men, by one single Tract of Morality? Some search for Definitions, Devisions, Tables and Method; these are desirous to have explain'd what Virtue is in general, and then every Virtue in particular; what difference there is between Valour, Fortitude and Magnanimity; the extrem Vices, either in defect or excess, betwixt whom each Virtue is plac'd, and of which of these two extremities it most participates: No other sort of Doctrine pleases them. Others are satisfy'd to have the Manners reduc'd to the Passions, and to demonstrate them by the motion of the Blood, by the Fibres and Arteries, they'll excuse an Author all the rest.

There are a third Class, who are of opinion, that the whole Doctrine of Manners ought to tend to their Reformation; to distinguish the good from the bad, and to discover what is vain, weak and ridiculous, from what is good, solid and commendable.

These solace themselves infinitely in the reading of Books, and taking for granted the Principles of Natural and Moral Philosophy repeated by the Antients and Moderns, immediately apply themselves to the Manners of the times, and correct Men by one another, by those Images of things that are so familiar to them, from whence nevertheless they are not capable of instructing themselves.

Such is the Treatise of the Characters of Manners, which *Theophrastus* has left us; he collected

A Prefatory Discourse

em from the Ethicks, and great Morals of *Aristotle*, whose Scholar he was; the excellent definitions, that are at the beginning of each Chapter, are establish'd on the Ideas and Principles of this great Philosopher, and the foundation of the Characters which are there describ'd, is taken from the same original; it is true, he makes them more particular by the scope he gives them, and by his ingenious satyrizing the *Greeks*, but especially the *Athenians*.

This Book cannot be thought otherwise than the beginning of a greater, which *Theophrastus* had begun. The design of this Philosopher, as you may observe in his Preface, was to treat of all Virtues and Vices; and as he himself assures you, he undertook this great Work at Ninety Nine years of Age: It is probable that the shortness of his remaining Life hindred him from perfecting it. I own that the common opinion is, that he liv'd above an hundred years, and *St Jerome*, in one of his Letters, which he wrote to *Nepotianus*, asserts that he dy'd full a hundred and seven years old; so that I doubt not in the least, that it was an Antient Error either in the *Greek* Numerical Letters, by which *Diogenes Laertius* computed, who reckon'd him to have liv'd but ninety five years, or in the first Manuscripts of this Historian; if what others say is true, that the ninety nine years, which the Author ascribes to himself in the Preface, are exactly the same in four Manuscripts in the *Palatine* Library; where are also the five last Chapters of the Characters of *Theophrastus*, which are wanting in the old Editions; and where are also two Titles, the one, *The Opinion the World has of the Vicious*; the other, *Of Sordid Gain*, which are found alone, without Chapters.

concerning Theophrastus.

This Work is nothing but a Fragment, yet notwithstanding a precious remain of Antiquity, and a Monument of the vivacity of mind, and firm and solid Judgment of this Philosopher at so great an Age; it will always be a Masterpiece in its kind, there is nothing extant wherein the *Attick* taste is more remarkable, or the *Grecian* Eloquence more conspicuous; so that they call'd it a Golden Book: The Learned particularly observing the Diversity of Manners there treated of, and the natural way of expressing the Characters, and comparing it with that of the Poet *Menander*, a Scholar of *Theophrastus*, who serv'd afterwards for a Model for *Terence*, who in our days has been so happily imitated, cannot but discover in this little Work, the Original of all Comedy; I mean that which is free from all Quibbles, Obscenities and Puns, which is taken from Nature, and diverts both the Wise and Virtuous.

But to make the beauty of these Characters more conspicuous, and excite the Reader, perhaps it may not be improper, to say something concerning their Author. He was a Fullers Son of *Eresus*, a City in *Lesbos*; his first Master in his own Country was * *Leucippus* of the same place; from thence ^{Not} he went to *Plato's* School, and afterwards serv'd at *Leucippus* *Aristotle's*; where he soon distinguishes himself ^{the famous} from all the rest of the Scholars. His new Master, ^{Philosopher} *Zeno's* charm'd with the readiness of his Wit, and sweetness ^{Scholar.} of his Elocution, chang'd his name, which was *Tyrtamus*, to that of *Euphrastus*, which signifies one that talks well; but this name not sufficiently expressing the great estimation he had for the beauty of his Genius and Language, he call'd him *Theophrastus*, that is, one whose Language is Divine. Which agrees with *Cicero's* Sentiments of

A Prefatory Discourse

this Philosopher, in his Book Intitul'd *Erutus*, or *De Claris, Oratoribus*; who is more fertile and copious than Plato, more solid and substantial than Aristotle, more agreeable and smooth than Theophrastus? And in some of his Epistles to *Atticus*, he calls him his Friend, and says, that his Works were familiar to him, and the reading of them had afforded him abundance of pleasure.

Aristotle relates concerning him and *Calisthenes*, another of his Scholars, what *Plato* before had said of *Aristotle* himself and *Xenocrates*; that *Calisthenes* had a dull Invention, and a sluggish Fancy, and that *Theophrastus*, on the contrary, was so vivacious, piercing and penetrating, that he would comprehend all that was to be known of a thing; that the one wanted Spurs to prick him forward, the other Reins to hold him in.

He was especially esteem'd for a Character of sweetness, which equally reign'd in his Style and Conversation. It is said that *Aristotle's* Scholars, observing their Master grow in years, and of a weak Constitution, they begg'd of him to name his Successor, and as he had only two Persons in his School, on whom the choice could fall, *Menedemus* the * *Rhodian*, and *Theophrastus* the *Eresian*,

two others of the same name, one a Cynick Philosopher, the other a Scholar of Plato, out of a tender respect for him, that he design'd to exclude, he declar'd himself after this manner. Pretending a little time after his Disciples had made this request to him, in their presence, that the Wine he commonly us'd was prejudicial to him, he order'd Wine to be brought him both of *Rhodes* and *Lesbos*, he drank of both of them, and said it was very evident what Country they were of, and that each in its kind was very excellent, the first was very strong, but that of *Lesbos* was more pleasant, and to that he gave the preference. Whatever *Aulus*

Gellius says in reference to this matter, 'tis certain, that when *Aristotle* was accus'd by *Eurimedon* a Priest of *Ceres*, for having spoken irreverently of the Gods, fearing the fate of *Socrates*, he left *Athens* and retir'd to *Chalcis*, a City of *Eubœa*; and left his School to a *Lesbian*, whom he intrusted with his Writings, on condition he should never make them publick; and 'tis to this *Theophrastus* that we are oblig'd for the Works of that great Man.

His name became so famous thro all *Greece*, being Successor to *Aristotle*, that he could reckon soon after in the School that was left him near two thousand Scholars. He was envy'd by * *Sophocles*, ^{* Not the} Son to *Amphiclides*, at that time chief Magistrate, ^{Tragick Poet.} who out of Enmity to him, but under a Pretext of a regulation of Government, and to hinder publick Assemblies, made a Law which prohibited under pain of Death, any Philosopher to teach in Schools. They all submitted to it, but the following yeat *Philo* succeeding *Sophocles*, who was discharg'd his Office, the *Athenians* repeal'd this detestable Law, that the other had made, and laying a Fine of five Talents upon him, re-establish'd *Theophrastus* and the rest of his Philosophers.

He was in this more fortunate than *Aristotle*, who was forc'd to submit to *Eurimedon*. He had like to have seen one *Agnonides* punish'd by the *Athenians* for Impiety, only because he durst accuse him of it; so great was the opinion this people had of him, and which his Virtue merited.

They gave him the Character of a Man of singular Prudence, Zealous for the publick good, Laborious, Officious, Affable, Liberal. *Plutarch* says when *Eresus* was oppress'd with Tyrants, who had usurp'd the Government, he joyn'd with *Phydias* his Countryman, and out of his own Estate

A Prefatory Discourse

contributed with him to arm the banish'd Men, who entering into their City expell'd the Traytors, and restor'd the whole Isle of *Lesbos* to its liberty.

His many and excellent accomplishments, did not only acquire him the good-will of the People, but the esteem and familiarity of Kings: He was *Cassander's* Friend, who succeeded *Arideus*, Brother to *Alexander the Great*, in the Kingdom of *Macedon*; and *Ptolomy* Son to *Lagus*, and first King of *Egypt*, kept a constant correspondence with this Philosopher. At last he dy'd, worn out with Age and Fatigues, and ceas'd at the same time both to Labour and Live: All *Greece* lamented him, and all the *Athenians* assisted at his Funeral.

It is said that in his extream old Age, not being able longer to go on Foot, he caus'd himself to be carry'd in a Litter thro the City, that he might be seen by the People to whom he was so dear. 'Tis reported also, that his Scholars that stood about his Bed before his Death, asking him if he had nothing to recommend to them, he address'd himself to them after this manner.

Life deceives us, it promises us great pleasure in the possession of Honour, but Life and Misery begin together, which end in Death; there is often nothing more unprofitable than the love of Reputation. Therefore, my Disciples, be content: If you can contemn the esteem of Men, you'll save a great deal of trouble; and if it abate not your Courage, it may still happen that Honour may be your reward: Remember only that in Life are many useles things, and but few that tend to a solid end. I have now no leisure to determine what Self I ought to espouse, but for you my Survivers, you cannot too seriously consider what you ought to do. And these were his last words.

Cicero in the Third Book of his *Tusculan Questions* says, that *Theophrastus* dying, complain'd of Nature, that she had given Harts and Crows so long a Life, who were altogether useles, and had allotted Men too short a time, in regard it was of such consequence for them to live long; that if the Age of Men were extended to a greater number of years, their Life would be cultivated by an universal Knowledge, and all Arts and Sciences might be brought to Perfection. And *St Jerome* assures us, that *Theophrastus* at One hundred and seven years old, taken ill of that Distemper of which he dy'd, lamented that he was oblig'd to quit Life, at a time when he just began to be wise.

He us'd to say, we ought not to love Friends to try them, but to try them to love them: *That Friends ought to be common amongst Brethren, as all things are common amongst Friends: That you ought as soon to trust to a Horse without a Bridle, as to a Man that speaks without Judgment; that the greatest Expence that a Man can be at, is that of his time.* He said once to a Person that sat silent at Table during the Entertainment, *If you are a Man of Sense you are to blame to say nothing, but if otherwise you do very well.* These were some of his Maxims.

But if we speak of his Works, they are infinite, and we cannot find that any of the Antients wrote more than *Theophrastus*: *Diogenes Laertius* reckons up more than two hundred different Tracts, and the subjects of which they treated: The greatest part of which were lost by the Injury of Time, and the other remaining parts he reduces to Twenty Tracts, which are collected out of the Volumes of his Works: There are Nine Books of the *History of Plants*, Six of their Causes: He wrote of Winds,
of

A Prefatory Discourse

of Fire, of Stones, of Honey, of the signs of fair Weather, the signs of Tempests, of the signs of Rain, of Smells, of Sweat, of the Vertigo, of Weariness, of the Relaxation of the Nerves, of Swooning, of Fish that live out of the Water, of Animals that change their colour, of Animals that are born suddenly, of Animals subject to Envy, the Characters of Manners; these are what remain of his Writings, amongst which this last that I translate, is not inferiour in beauty to any of those which are preserv'd, but may be superiour in merit to any of those which are lost.

But if any one should coldly receive this moral Treatise, on the account of those things they may observe there, which are only applicable to the times in which they were wrote, and have no relation to their Manners; what can they do more advantageous and obliging to themselves, than to get free of this possession in favour of their own Customs and Manners, which they only take up on trust without any deliberation, and peremptorily pronounce all others contemptible, which are not conformable to them, thereby depriving themselves of that pleasure and instruction, which the reading of the Antients would afford them.

We who are now Modern, will be Ancient in a short time: Then the History of our times will make Posterity relish the selling of Offices, that is to say, the power of protecting Innocence, punishing Guilt, and doing Justice to the World, bought with ready Money like a Farm; and will reconcile them to the splendour of our * Partisans, a sort of Men, treated with the last contempt amongst the *Hebrews* and *Greeks*. They'll hear of a Capital City, of a great Kingdom, which had neither Publick Places, Baths, Fountains, Amphitheatres, Galleries,

* *Collectors*
of the Re-
vome.

Galleries, Porticoes, nor Publick Walks, which was notwithstanding a prodigious City; they will be told of some Persons, whose life was spent with going from one House to another; of Women, who kept neither Shops nor Inns, yet had their Houses open for those that would pay for their admission; where you might have had Cards and Dice, or play'd at what sort of Game you pleas'd; that you might have eat in those Houses, and that they were convenient for all sort of Commerce. They'll be inform'd that some People pass up and down the Streets only to seem to be in haste; that there was no Familiarity or Conversation there, but all in confusion, and as it were in an alarm by the noise of Coaches, which were hardly to be avoided, and which were drove at such a rate thro the middle of the Streets, as if it were for the Prize of some Race. They'll learn without wonder, that in the time of Publick Peace and Tranquility the Inhabitants went to the Temples, visited Ladies and their Friends, with offensive Weapons, and that there was no person almost but carry'd at his side wherewith at one push to murder another.

Now if our Posterity, astonisht at Customs so strange and different from theirs, should therefore dislike our Memoirs, our Poetry, our Comedy and Satyrs, might not we complain of them aforehand, that by this false delicacy they depriv'd themselves of the reading so many excellent Works, so elaborate and so regular, and of the knowledge of the most glorious Reign that ever yet adorn'd History.

Let us then have the same tender regard for the Books of the Ancients, which we our selves hope for from Posterity, being perswaded no uses or customs continue in all Ages, but vary with the times; and that we are too remote from those that are past, and too near those now in vogue, to be at the

due distance that is requisite to make a just Judgment of either. Then will not that which we call the Politeness of our Manners, or the Decorum of our Customs, or our State and Magnificence, prepossess us any more against the *Athenians* plain way of living, than that of the first Men, great of themselves, and independant on a thousand exteriour things, which afterwards were invented perhaps to supply the defect of that true Grandeur, which is now no more.

Nature shew'd herself in them, in all her purity and dignity, and yet was not the least sully'd by Vanity, Luxury and foolish Ambition. No Man was honour'd for his Land, but on the account of his Strength or Virtue; none were enrich'd by Places or Pensions, but by their Fields and Flocks, their Children and Servants; their Food was wholesome and natural, the fruits of the Earth, and the milk of their Beasts; their Rayment plain and convenient, made of their Wool and Fleeces; their pleasures innocent, a great Crop, the Marriage of their Children, a good understanding with their Neighbours, peace in their Families. Nothing can be more opposite to our Manners than all these things; but the distance of the time makes us relish them, as the distance of the place occasions us to receive all that different Relations, or Books of Travels informs us of remote Places, and strange Countries. They tell us of a Religion, a Policy, a way of Feeding, Habiting, Building, and making War that we knew nothing of, and of Manners that we were ignorant of; those that approach nearest ours affect us, those that are more distant fill us with admiration, but all amuse us, less disgusted with the barbarity of Manners and Customs of People so remote, than instructed, and even pleas'd

pleas'd with their novelty ; it suffices us that those concerning whom we have the account, are *Siamites*, *Chinese*, *Negroes*, or *Abyssines*.

Now those whose Manners *Theophrastus* paints were *Athenians*, and we are *Frenchmen* ; and if we add to the diversity of Place and Climate, the long interval of time, and consider that this Book was wrote in the last year of the **CXV** Olympiad, three hundred and fourteen years before the *Christian Era*, and also that 'tis above two thousand years since the People of *Athens* liv'd, of whom he draws the Picture, we may admire to know our selves there, our Friends, our Enemies, those whom we live with, and that being distant from each other so many Ages, the resemblance should be so great. In short, Men in their Souls and Passions change not, but are still the same they were, and as they are describ'd by *Theophrastus*, Vain, Dissemblers, Flatterers, Selfish, Impudent, Importunate, Distrustful, Backbiters, Quarrelsome and Superstitious.

'Tis true, *Athens* was a free City, it was the center of the Republick, its Citizens were equal one with another, they walk'd mostly alone and on foot, in a neat peaceable and spacious City, going into the Shops and Markets to buy what necessaries they wanted themselves ; Court emulation did not in the least incline them to leave this common way of Life : They kept their Slaves for the Baths, for their Repasts, for their Domestick service, and for Travelling ; they spent one part of their time in the Publick Places, the Temples, the Amphitheatres, on the Peer or under the Portico's, and in the middle of a City, of which they were equally Masters. There the people met together to deliberate of the Publick Affairs, there they
treat-

treated with Strangers. In other places the Philosophers sometimes deliver'd their Doctrine, sometimes conversed with their Scholars.

These places were at the same time a Scene of Pleasure and Business; there was something in their Manners which was plain and popular, which I acknowledge little resembles ours; yet notwithstanding what Men were the *Athenians* in general! and what City like *Athens*! What Laws! What Policy! What Valour! What Discipline! What Perfection in all Arts and Sciences! Nay, what Politeness in their common Conversation and Language! *Theophrastus*, the same *Theophrastus* of whom so great things have been said, this agreeable Talker, this Man that express'd himself Divinely, was known to be a Foreigner, and call'd so by an ignorant Woman, of whom he bought Herbs in the Market, who knew by a sort of *Attick* nicety, which he wanted (which the *Romans* afterwards call'd *Urbanity*) that he was no *Athenian*; and *Cicero* relates, that this great Man was amaz'd, that having liv'd to old Age in *Athens*, and being so perfect a Master of the *Attick* Language, and having habituated himself to the Accent so many years, yet he could not do that which the common people naturally and without any difficulty do. But if we read in this Treatise, the Characters of certain Manners which we can't justify, and appear ridiculous to us, we ought to remember that *Theophrastus* had the same thought of them, that he lookt upon them as Vices; which he had drawn so to the Life, that the Picture would serve both to shame and correct the *Athenians*.

But being desirous to please those, who coldly receive whatsoever concerns Strangers and the Antients, and value none but their own Manners, we have

have added them likewise to this Work : It was thought excusable not to follow the design of this Philosopher, as well because it was always dangerous to imitate the works of another, especially if he be an Antient, or an Author of great Reputation ; as also because the only figure which is call'd description or enumeration, and which is made use of with so great success in these twenty eight Chapters of Characters, might succeed abundantly less if handl'd by a Genius much inferiour to that of *Theophrastus*.

On the contrary, remembering that amongst the great number of Tracts of this Philosopher related by *Diogenes Laertius*, there is one under the Title of Proverbs, that is to say, independant pieces, as reflections or remarks ; and that the first and greatest Book of Morality that ever was made, bears the same name in the Sacred Writ ; I found myself excited, by so many great models, according to my ability to follow the same method, * to write of Manners ; and was not at all discourag'd from the undertaking, by two Works of Morality which are in every ones Hands ; and that either for want of attention, or thro a Spirit of Criticism, some may think these remarks are imitations.

The one by the engagement of its Author, makes Metaphysicks subservient to Religion, explains the nature of the Soul, its Passions, its Vices, discusses the most serious motives that lead to Virtue, and endeavours to make a Man a Christian : The other, which is the production of a Mind, instructed by Conversation in the World, and in which the delicacy is equal to the penetration, observing that self-love in Man is the cause of all his Errors, attacks it without intermission in every part where 'tis found ; and this one thought, as it is mul-

* *The short, concise manner in which Solomon writ his Proverbs, is here meant, and by no means the things which are Divine and which admit of no comparison.*

multiply'd a thousand different ways by choice of words and variety of expressions, has always the charms of Novelty.

I have not follow'd either of these two ways in the Work, which is joyn'd to the Translation of these Characters, it is quite different from the other two, which I spoke of; less sublime than the first, and less delicate than the second, its sole design being to render Man reasonable by plain and common ways, and by examining him indifferently, without any regard to method, and according as the several Chapters lead to it thro his several Ages, Sexes and Conditions, thro the Vices, Weaknesses, and the Ridicule which attend them.

I have mostly apply'd my self to the Vices of the Mind, the Secrets of the Heart, and to all the interior part of Man, which *Theophrastus* has not done, and I may say, that as his Characters by a thousand exterior things, which are observ'd in Man, by his Actions, his Words, his Gate shew what is his Foundation, and lead us to the very source of his disorder; on the quite contrary, these new Characters displaying the thoughts, sentiments and inclinations of Men, discover the principle of their Villany and Folly, make us easily foresee all that they are capable to say or do, and abate our wonder at a Thousand vicious and frivolous Actions, of which their Life is full.

It must be acknowledg'd, that in the Titles of both the Works, the difficulty was found near equal; for those into which the latter is divided, if they do not please well enough, the Reader is permitted to put others in the room of them. But with relation to the Titles of the Characters of *Theophrastus*, the same liberty is not allow'd, because we are not Masters of another's Man's propriety,

ty, but must follow the Spirit of the Author, and render him according to the nearest Sense of the *Greek* words, and at the same time according to the most exact conformity to their Chapters, which was found very difficult; because very often the signification of a *Greek* Term, translated word for word, is quite another thing in our Language; for example, Irony, which with us is raillery in Conversation or Rhetorical Trope, with *Theophrastus* signifies somewhat between cheating and dissembling, and which in the whole is neither the one nor the other, but that very particular Vice which is describ'd in his first Chapter.

And in other places, the *Greeks* have sometimes two or three very different terms to express different things, which we cannot render but only by one single word; this Poverty of our Language does very much embarrass us.

You may observe in this *Greek* Work, three sorts of Avarices, two sorts of troublesome persons, Flatterers of two sorts, and as many of great Talkers; by which means the Characters seem to interfere one with the other, to the prejudice of the Titles; neither are they always pursu'd exactly nor perfectly conformable, because *Theophrastus*, diverted by a design which he had to make his Pourtraicts, found himself oblig'd to these alterations, by reason of the Characters and Manners of the person he Paints or Satyrizes.

The definitions that are at the beginning of each Chapter are very difficult; they are short and concise in *Theophrastus*, according to the force of the *Greek*, and the Style of *Aristotle*, who furnish'd him with the first Ideas; I was oblig'd to enlarge them in the Translation to make them intelligible: There are also in this Tract some unfinished Phrases,
which

which make but imperfect sense, but it is to supply the true one. You'll find in the various Readings some things very abrupt, which may admit of divers Explications; and to avoid wandering amongst these Ambiguities, I have follow'd the best Interpreters.

To conclude, as this Work is nothing but a plain Instruction, concerning the Manners of Men, by which 'tis rather design'd to make them Wise than Learned, I think my self exempt from the trouble of long and curious Observations, or of learned Commentaries, which might give an exact account of Antiquity; I have only added some small Notes in the Margin, where I thought them necessary, to the end, that none of those who have justness and vivacity, and are pretty well read, should have occasion to blame me, and that they may not be obstructed in reading these Characters, or hesitate one moment concerning the sense of *Theophrastus*.

THE
Moral Characters,
OF

THEOPHRASTUS.

Done from the

G R E E K.

BEfore I particularly applied my self to the Study of this subject, I have often wonder'd, (nor can I yet forbear so to do) how it comes to pass, that all *Greece*, being situated under the same Air, and all the *Grecians* alike educated, that yet there should be so great a disparity of *Manners* amongst them. I therefore (dear *Policles*) having for a long time studied Men, being now ninety nine years old; during which time, I have been conversant with Persons of all Tempers, Humours, and Inclinations; and observing with great nicety both the Good and the Bad, comparing one with the other, thought fit to describe what method each proposed to himself in his way of living. I will therefore shew you their
several

The Characters

several sorts of *Manners*, and what their different Inclinations tend to in daily Conversation. For I am of Opinion, dear *Policies*, that Posterity will be much advantaged by leaving them such *Remains* as these, which they may set before them as Examples, what Persons to choose to be more familiar and conversant with, by a noble emulation of whose Virtues they may become great Men. But to return to my first design. It is you that are to consider and examine, if what I say be agreeable to right Reason. Therefore, omitting long Prefaces, and many things that might be said on this subject, I will begin with *Dissimulation*. First, I will define it; I will describe what sort of Man this *Dissembler* is, what it is he proposes by all his Actions, and afterwards treat of the other Passions successively, according to my first intended method.

Of Dissimulation.

TO give an imperfect description of *Dissimulation*: It is the managing of *Words* and *Actions*, to base and sinister ends. The *Dissembler* addresses himself to his most inveterate Enemies, as if there were not the least grudge between them. Those that he designs to ensnare and ruin, he commends before their Faces, and if they happen to fall under any misfortune, he then most compassionately condoles them. He seems to slight the most opprobrious things said of him, and entertains those that rail against him for abuses put upon them, with all imaginable tender respect and complaisance. To those that desire to speak with him in
haste,

haste, he pretends business, and bids them call another time; all his own designs he carefully conceals, but says he will declare himself, being at present upon the point of deliberation. Sometimes he says he's but just come to Town, or that he came late last night, or was taken ill on the Road.

If you ask to borrow Money of him, or come to receive the Publick Taxes, he'll tell you I am no Trader: At another time you'll hear him talk of his great dealings, tho he has not the least business.

When he has been listening attentively to Peoples Discourse, he affects to seem as if he had not concerned himself about it. What he sees, he will deny that ever he saw, pretends forgetfulness to all his Promises. Discourse him about some things, he says he'll consider of 'em; but is strangely struck with admiration, concerning some other matters he was before of the same sentiment with your self. According as occasion requires, these are his common expressions. *I believe not a word of it ———*

It can never enter into me to conceive it ——— It amazes me ——— Sure I am not my own self. He always represented matters otherwise to me ———

This is an incredible thing, and exceeds all belief.

Pray tell it to some body else ——— Shall I believe

you, and think that he has impos'd upon me? Be extream cautious how you give credit to such deceitful and insinuating Harangues, for there's nothing more pernicious. These persons Actions proceeding from sly and insinuating principles, ought more to be shunn'd than the Venom of Vipers.

 of Flattery.

Flattery is a fordid way of Conversation, advantageous only to the *Flatterer*.

When the Flatterer walks abroad with any one, Observe, says he, how the Eyes of all Men are fixt on you; there is no person in the whole City so honour'd besides your self; you had an extraordinary Character yesterday on the *Change*, there were above Thirty of us together, and the Discourse happening to be who had the best Reputation in the whole City, you were the first person mention'd, and the whole Company unanimously declar'd you the Man. He tells him a thousand such things as these, then falls to brushing the Lint off his Cloaths, and if the Wind chance to blow a little Chaff or a Straw into his Hair, he takes it out, and smiling, says, Because I have not kept you Company these two days, see how grey your Beard is grown, sure a Man of your Age's Hair may be as black as any body's. Whenever he begins to speak, the Flatterer enjoyns the whole Company silence, praises him in his own hearing, applauds him both by Words and Actions, and when he has finisht his discourse, declares what he has said to be most sublime. If he happens to break a Jest upon any one, he'll be sure to laugh sufficiently, and seems forc'd to cram the end of his Coat into his mouth to stop his laughter. Whoever he meets in the way as they go along he bids them stop, till his Patron is gone by. He buys Apples and Pears, and carries them home to his Children, taking an opportunity

to

to give 'em to them in the Fathers sight; then kissing them, says, Most delicate Branches of this noble Stock. If he be along with him when he buys his Shoes, tells him his Foot is more neatly shap'd than the Shoe it self. When he pays a Visit to any of his Friends, the Flatterer runs before and acquaints them, that such a person is about to pay them a Visit, then returning back, says, I have told them of your coming, who are very proud of the honour. He's an exquisite Fellow at all those Trifles that belong only to Women, and has accomplisht himself so as to be extraordinary handy about them. He's the first Man that commends the Wines at an Entertainment: And if it be possible, places himself next the Master of the Feast, saying, Sir, you eat little or nothing; then taking something off the Table, shows it, and says, How delicious is this? Then officiously enquires, if he be not a cold, or if he will please to have any thing on to keep him warmer; he is perpetually whispering him in the Ear, and let him direct his discourse to whom he will, he sure his Eyes are always fixt upon him. In the Theatre he takes the Cushion from the Page and will lay it himself. He tells him his House is ingeniously contriv'd and sumptuously built, his Orchard curiously planted, his Picture extraordinary like, and finely drawn. In a word, a Flatterer suits all his Words and Actions to insinuate himself into the good opinion of others.

Of Impertinence.

Impertinence is an habit of talking much to no purpose. This Impertinent sitting next a person that is a meer stranger to him, will tell him a long story in praise of his own Wife, and give an exact and particular relation of his last nights Dream; tells you every individual Dish that was at the last Feast he was at; when he begins to be warm in his discourse, he says, that the World much degenerates, and the present Age is more wicked than the former; that the Corn is very dear in the Market, and that there are abundance of Foreigners in Town; that presently after the

* Bacchanals the Ships may put to Sea; that a little Rain would extraordinarily forward the Fruits of the Earth, and give us the prospect of a plentiful Crop; the next year he intends to dung his Fields. Says also, that it is very hard to make a shift to live in the World; he'll give a Stranger to understand, that when the mysterious Rights of Ceres were perform'd, *Damippus* had the greatest * Torch. He enquires how many Pillars support the Musick Theatre, tells you yesterday he took a Vomit, asketh what day of the Month it is, and if you have the Patience to hear him you'll never get rid of him.

† The first Bacchanals celebrated in the City in the Spring.

* The mysteries of Ceres were perform'd in the night

and the Athenians swore who should bring the largest Torch.

He tells you as mighty News, that the * Myste-
ries are celebrated in *August*, the † *Aputuria* in
October, and the || *Bacchanals* in *December* in the
Country. These sort of Men ought to be industri-
ously shunn'd by all those who are fond of a Fever,
for it is intolerable to be troubl'd with those per-
sons, who cannot distinguish betwixt times of bu-
siness and leisure.

* The Feast
of Ceres
before men-
tioned.

† Feasts in
Honour of
Bacchus.

|| Second
Bacchanals
celebrated
in the Coun-
try in Win-
ter.

Rusticity.

THE Clown is a person ignorant of what is neat
and decorous; when he has taken nauseous
† *Phyick*, he will intrude into publick Company; † *The*
he can perceive no difference between the richest *Greek*
Perfumes and ordinary *Thyme*, he always wears *word sig-*
Shoes too big for his Feet, and accustoms himself *nifies a*
to talk very loud in Company. He reposes no *Drug that*
Trust or Confidence in his nearest Friends or Rela- *makes the*
tions, but consults his menial Servants in Affairs of *Breath*
greatest importance, and whatsoever he hears abroad *slink very*
in Company, he tells at home to his Hirelings that *much.*
do his Country drudgery; he'll sit with his Breeches
above his Knees, and show his naked Flesh? he
sees nothing upon the way as he goes along wor-
thy observing or admiring, unless he meets an Ox
or an Ass, or a Goat, then he stands stock still
and is wonderfully contemplative. When he goes
into his own Kitchen he'll take a great piece of
whatever comes next to hand, and greedily crams
it down, drinking a great draught immediately after

it, but contrives it so cunningly, that his own Cook-Maid may not discover him. Then he goes and helps her to turn the Mill, and provide necessaries for himself and the whole Family. He rises from Dinner to go and fodder his Cattel, and if any body knock at the door, he listens. Calling his Dog, he takes him by the Snout, saying, This is he, that preserves my Lands, my House, and all things in it; when he receives Money, he always scruples it, and asks to have it chang'd. If he has lent a Neighbour a Plough, a Sickle or a Sack, whenever there happens to be a stormy night that he cannot sleep, he'll be sure to remember them, and send for them home then. Whoever he meets in the City, he asks how Skins and Salt-fish sell; what is like to be the effect of this new Moon; tells them that he is going to shave himself presently; he is so rude as to sing in the † Bath, and wears his Shoes full of Nails, and because it lies in his way, goes to Archias's Shop to buy Salt-fish, which he carries home in his hand thro the open Street.

† A very
rude thing
amongst the
Atheni-
ans.

|| A fa-
mous Dealer in Salt fish, the Common Peoples ordinary Food.

Of Wheedling.

THIS is a deceitful and insinuating way of Conversation, more regarding what is pleasant and agreeable, than what is virtuous and honest. The Wheedler compliments every one, as far off as he can see them. uses the highest Encomiums he can invent, admires a person in all particulars, and taking hold of him with both hands will

not part with him, but force himself upon him, importunately asking what time he will be at leisure to receive a Visit, and detains him till he has past a thousand Compliments on him.

If he be chosen an Arbitrator, he consults how to be favourable to the opposite side, and orders matters so as to oblige both. To render himself acceptable to Strangers; he says he finds more Honour and Probity amongst them, than his own Country-men. When he is invited to an Entertainment, he desires to see the Master of the House, his Children, and when they come in, he says two Figs are not more alike than they and their Parents, and calling them to him, kisses them, sets them down by him, and plays with them at the meanest Childish sports, lays them in his Lap while they sleep, tho they are very burthensome to him. He always goes close shav'd, and takes great care to keep his Teeth white, has change of Cloaths for every day in the Week, and throws them by when they are as good as new; he's an excellent Customer to the Perfumer; he uses that part of the Town where the richest persons are, and the * Schools that young Gentlemen resort to. At the Theatre also he seats himself next Persons of the greatest Quality. He pretends never to buy any thing for himself, but only for Presents to send to his Friends at *Byzantium*, *Spartan Dogs* to send *Cyzicus*, and the fine *Hymettian Honey* to *Rhodes*, making the whole City acquainted with his generous actions. He keeps Apes and Monkeys, and *Sicilian Doves* at home, has all sort of rich Essences and Perfumes, fine *Lacedemonian* twisted Canes, and Hangings with the Figures of noble *Persians* in them. He has a little neat Hall strew'd with Sand to wrestle in, and a Tennis Court, and when he meets any of

* Dancing,
Fencing,
Riding,
&c.

The Characters

the Philosophers, or Sophists, or Fencing, or Musick-Masters, be officiously desires them to make use of it for their performances, during which time he entertains some of the Spectators with the praise both of the House and Master.

Of Villany.

A Villain is a Fellow regardless of Honesty or Decency in Words and Actions. This profligate person, prone to all wickedness, is often taking Oaths, but has not the least regard to Reputation, and values not whatever the World says of him. He is impudent, crafty and tricking, and will perpetrate any thing. He is not ashamed when he is sober to go and Dance the most obscene Posture Dances amongst the Publick Actors without a Mask. When the * Shows are to be seen he will force himself to be Receiver of the Money, and runs about demanding it of every Spectator, but if any produces him a Ticket to see gratis, he picks a Quarrel with them. He's a meer Jack of all Trades : Sometimes he keeps an Ale-house, at other times he's a Cock-Bawd, a Ferry-man, and sometimes he's a Tax gatherer, and because there is nothing so fordid but he will undertake, he serves for a publick Cryer ; then again he is a Cook, after turns Gamester, nothing comes amiss to him. He suffers his own Mother to perish for want of common sustenance. He is an arrant Thief, and is every now and then dragg'd to Jayl, which is his place of Residence more than his own House. He is one of those that gather a Croud about them in
the

* Such as
at our Fairs
are seen in
an open
place.

the street to make a doleful complaint, in a loud and lamentable tone, abusing and railing at all that oppose them. Some croud to see him, others go on the way without hearing the story, whilst he tells some the beginning, some the middle, others the end of his Tale: You may also observe that he chuses that time when there is the greatest concourse of People, that there may be the more Witnesses to his Rascality. He is always in Law, either suing or being sued; some Suits he keeps off by Perjury, to others he appears. He is never without a † Box in his Bosom, and has a load of Papers relating to Law matters in his hands, and as a singular Argument of his Impudence is always a King-leader amongst litigious Pettifoggers.

† A light
Copper Box,
in which
Lawyers
carry'd
what re-
lated to

What Money he lends at Interest he demands three † *Semiobolis* a day for the use of each Drachma. He is a constant Tavern haunter, and walks up and down in those places, where Fresh and Salt-fish are to be sold, and spends in his luxurious living, what he has got by his base practices. These are troublesome Fellows, whose Mouths are continually open to revile, and so much given to it, that the Exchange and all the Taverns are continually disturb'd by their noise and clamour.

their Causes
† Six O-
boli make
a Drach-
ma.
|| Much eat
by the A-
thenians.

Of Loquacity.

IF we would define Loquacity, it is an excessive affluence of words. The Prater will not suffer any person in company to tell his own Story, but let it be what it will, tells you, you mistake the matter; but he takes the thing right, and if you please

please to hear me, he will make it very clear to you. If you make any reply, he suddenly interrupts you. Saying, Why Sir, you forget what you were talking about, it's very well you begin to recollect yourself, see how beneficial it is for People to inform one another; then presently says, But what was I going to say? Why truly you very soon apprehend a thing; I was waiting to see if you would be of my Sentiment in this matter; always taking such occasions as these not to permit the person he talks with the liberty of breathing: And after he has thus tormented all that will hear him, he is so rude to intrude into the Company of persons met together upon important Affairs, and drives them away by his troublesome Impertinence.

** This was punish'd with death at Athens by Solon's Law, from which they had derogated in Theophrastus's time.*
 Thence he goes into the Publick * Schools and places of † Exercise, where he interrupts the Masters by his foolish prating, and hinders the Scholars from improving by their Instructions; if any person discover an inclination to go away, he will follow him, and will not part from till he comes to his door. If he hear of any thing transacted in the Publick Assemblies of the Citizens, he runs up and down to tell it to every body. He gives you a very long account of the famous Battel that was fought when || *Aristophontes* the Orator was Governour; and of that of the ∴ *Lacedemonians*, under the Command of *Lysander*. Then tells you with what general applause he made a Speech in Publick, repeating a great deal of it, with Invectives against the Common People, which are so tiresome to those that hear him, that some forget what he says as soon as 'tis out of his Mouth,
† As Wrestling, Fencing, &c.
|| The Battel of Arbela, and the Victory obtain'd followed by the death of Darius, the news of which came to Athens when Aristophontes the Orator was chief Magistrate.

∴ This was before the Battel of Arbela, but a very simple business.

others

others fall asleep, and others leave him in the midst of his Harangue. If this Talker be sitting on the Bench, the Judge shall not be able to determine matters. If he's at the Theatre, he'll neither let you see or hear any thing, or even permit him that sits next to him at the Table to eat his Meat. He declares it is very hard for him to be silent, his Tongue being so very well hung, that he'd rather be accounted more garrulous than a Swallow, than be silent, and patiently bears all ridicules, even those of his own Children, who when they want to go to rest, desire him to talk to them, that they may the sooner fall asleep.

The Newsmonger.

HE is a Person that falsely relates Words and Actions, according to his own humour and caprice. If he meet with any of his Friends, with a formal look or grave nod, asks whence came you? What good News have you? Have you nothing else? And goes on to ask him, is there no more News in the Town? I assure you there is wonderful good News, and without giving him time to answer, continues, What was it you said? I perceive that you know nothing, and therefore I will entertain you with some matters; and this relation is either from some Souldier, or *Astons* the Piper's Son, or *Lycon* the Prince, who is lately come out of the Army, from whom he hears what he tells you; he always produces such Authors as these for his Stories, who no body can find to contradict. They also told him, that the
King

* Arideus † King and † Polyperſchontes have got the day, and that || *Cassander* was fallen into their hands alive. But if any body ask him, Do you believe these things yourself? He says the thing is beyond all dispute, and the News of the whole Town, that it was continually confirm'd, every body agreed in the same story concerning the Fight, that there was a very great Slaughter made, which might easily be read in the Countenances of all that were concern'd in managing publick affairs, which now seem'd to be quite alter'd. He says, he heard that a person came from *Macedonia*, who was present at all the transactions, has been conceal'd these five days in the Magistrate's house; when he has told all this, he adds some compassionate condoling Expressions, What think you, Gentlemen, of this success? Poor *Cassander*! Unhappy Prince! Most miserable Man! See what Fortune can do! For *Cassander* was very brave, and had a gallant Army. But pray (says he) keep this to your self, for 'tis a great Secret; and presently runs up and down the City to tell it himself. I must confess I am amaz'd, what these raisers and dispersers of false News and Reports propose to themselves, for without mentioning the fordid baseness, that always attends a Lye, it often turns to their prejudice; for it very often happens that they have their Cloaths stolen away from them in the Bath, while the People crowd about them, to hear their Romances. Others, after they have been Victorious both by Sea and Land, on the Exchange, are severely fined for neglecting to attend their Business in the Courts of Justice; and others, who by their thundring Words most valiantly conquer Cities, are often disappointed where to find a Dinner. There is nothing can be more miserable than these folks circumstances,

† *A Captain under Alexander.*
 || *This was a false report. Cassander, the Son of Antiochus, contended with Arideus and Polyperſchontes, for the possession of Alexander's Children, and had the better of it.*

cumstances; for what Porticue, what Shop, what part of the Exchange, do they not spend whole days in, to the great uneasiness of their Hearers, whom they deafen with their lying stories.

Of Impudence occasioned by Covetousness.

THIS Vice may be defined the making Reputation subservient to fordid Gain. A Person influenc'd by this Principle, will ask to borrow Money of one whom he has already openly cheated. The very day that he Sacrifices to the Gods, he salts his Consecrated Flesh, and keeps it for another time (instead of devoutly eating it) going to Supper with some body else, and calling in his Foot-Boy before the whole Company, takes a great piece of Meat and Bread off the Table, gives it him, and in all their hearings bids him eat heartily; when he goes himself to the Butchers, that he may have a better pennyworth, tells him he did him a kindness at such a time; when his Meat is weigh'd, (standing by the Scales) he will (if it be possible) put more in than is his due weight; if he be hindred from that, he will throw a Bone into the Scale, which if he can but carry off he is mightily pleas'd; but if he cannot, he'll snatch some of the Offal off the Stall, and go away extreamly satisfy'd. When he has any Strangers with him that desire to see a Play, and give Money to pay for their places, he always contracts for himself to come in on freecost, and have his Children and their Tutor in the next day after. What he sees another have that cost very cheap, he'll beg

*† This was
the Custom
among the
Greeks.*

beg very earnestly to let him have part of it. And when he comes to anothers House, he'll be borrowing even Barley, or Chaff it self; and get those he borrow'd it of, to send it home to his own House. He goes into the Bath, and makes use of all the Bathing Vesseis, and other conveniencies, and so

* None but
the poor Peo-
ple did so
to save
Charges.

* bathes himself, whilst the Master of the Bath exclaims against him, but to no purpose, and going away, tells him, I have Bathed, but no thanks to you.

Of Sordid Frugality.

THis Vice is a contriving to be saving and penurious beyond what is Decent and Comendable. A Person of this Temper will publicly dun his Friends that he receives Money of every Month, for a single Farthing, which was the balance of the last Account, and keeps reckoning how many Glassees each Man drinks at his Table. His Offering to † *Diana* is the meanest of all the Guests. Whatsoever is bought for him, tho never so good a pennyworth, he always says it is very dear. If his poor Foot boy lets a Pot fall, or by mischance breaks an earthen Dish, he'll save the price on't out of his Allowance. And if his Wife happens to lose but a Penny, he'll remove all his Household Stuff, have all the Beds taken down, turn the Trunks and Boxes out of their places, and have every nook and corner where the old Lumber lies searcht. Whatever he sells the Buyer is sure to have a hard Bargain of it. He'll never let any person gather so much as a Fig out of his Garden, or go over his Field,

† The
Greeks
began their
publick En-
ertain-
ments with
these Offer-
ings.

Field, or take up an Olive, or a little branch of Palm that is fal'n from his Trees. He goes over the bounds of his ground every day to see if any thing be missing, or if all things were in the same places they were. If any of his Debtors does not punctually pay him on the day when the Money is due, he'll be well paid for his forbearance, and reckon Interest upon Interest. When he invites his Friends to Dinner he gives them but one little pitiful Dish. He goes to Market but often comes home empty, every thing being too dear for him: He orders his Wife that she should not lend a Neighbour a little Salt, or a bit of Candle, a little Cummin, Pennyroyal, an handful of Flower, a little Garland, or a small * Cake; for, says he, these small matters amount to a vast deal in a year. In short, this miserable Wretch's Money Chest is cover'd all over with mould, and his Keys all rusty. He wears Cloaths too short and streight for him, the least drop of Oil suffices to anoint him, his Head is close shav'd, at † Noon he pulls off his Shoes to save them, and goes to the Fullers, earnestly begging them to use a great deal of || Earth in his Cloaths, that they may not be soon dirty again.

* Used as
Sacrifices,
and made
of Flower
and Honey.

† For them
the cold in
all Seasons
was tolera-
ble.

|| Which also
makes them
thicker and
more ser-
viceable.

A Brazen-fac'd Fellow.

THis sort of Impudence is not hard to define: It is professing Villanous Tricks and Shams in an affected way of Raillery. When this Brute meets a Lady of the best Quality, he offers her all manner of rudeness and indecency, even to the exposing

posing her Modesty. At the Play-House when every body is silent he Claps, and Hisses those things which the rest of the Audience hear with great satisfaction; when all persons are intent upon the Play, he lyes down upon his back, and fordidly falls a Belching, interrupting every body, making them turn back to look upon him. He goes in a full Market to all the Stalls, where Nuts, Apples, and all sorts of Fruit are sold, and standing there, eats of them all, talking all the while with those that sell them, scrapes acquaintance with every one that passes by, and calls 'em by their names, tho he never knew them; if he sees any in haste, he'll stop him to know what he is going about. He'll go to a person that has been just cast in a Suit of Law, and congratulate him. When he has bought his Supper, and hir'd the Musicians to play before him, he shows every body he meets what he has provided, and invites them to take part with him.

† Plates
where idle
Persons al-
ways met.

You may see him standing at the † Barbers or Perfumers Shops, telling what an Entertainment he is to be at that night, and that he intends to be very drunk there. If he sells Wine, he'll put what is bad and sophisticated upon his best Friends. His Children are not suffer'd to go see Plays, till the very * time they may go in *gratis*.

* As at our
first Act.

When he's sent on an Embassy with some of his Fellow Citizens, he leaves what was allow'd him by the Publick, to defray his Charges at home, and borrows of his Fellow Travellers. It is usual for him to load his Servant that travels with him, with as much as he can possibly carry, and yet not allow him necessary subsistence. When the Ambassadors have receiv'd their Presents, he immediately demands his part, that he may turn it into Money. When he bathes, he calls the Boy that attends,

and

and swears at him for buying such stinking Oyl, that he cannot endure to smell it, and takes that occasion to make use of anothers. If his Servants find but the least piece of Money in the way, he demands his part of it, making use of this Expression, † *Mercury is common*. Also he has these tricks, if he measure any thing or distribute to his Servants their Allowances, he uses a measure, whose bottom is rais'd up inwards, which, when he has fill'd, he's very careful to strike as close as ever he can. And if he's to pay Thirty pounds, he'll take care that it shall want four || *Drachma's* || of weight. When he makes a publick Entertainment, he orders his Servants to give him a particular account of what is left, and if there be but half a Raddish missing, he carefully looks after it, lest those that wait at Table should have it.

† Like our crying halves.

|| An ounce dried made a pound at Athens.

Of Unseasonable Conversation.

THE ill timing of Conversation is that which makes it uneasy and troublesome to all persons. When a Man is entirely taken up with affairs of his own, which are of the greatest consequence to him, an importunate troublesome Fellow intrudes upon him, to communicate some of his little trifles, and desires to advise with him about them. He'll also go to sap with his Mistress when she is in a raging Fever. At the very moment he sees a person cast in Court for being bound for another, he desires him to do him the same favour. If he is summon'd as a Witness, he comes to give in his Evidence after the Tryal is over; if he is invited to a Wedding, then is his time he thinks fit to shew his Wit in railing against the Fair Sex.

E e

He

He earnestly importunes his Friend that is very weary, being just come off a long and tiresome Journey, to take a Walk along with him. When a thing is sold he'll bring a Chapman that would give more for it. Sometimes you'll have him rise up in the midst of a great Company, and make a relation from beginning to end of what has just then pass'd there, which every body has seen, heard, and knows as well as himself. He will officiously thrust himself into the management of another persons affairs, who is extreamly averse to it, but yet does not know how to deny him. When the * Sacrifices are to be perform'd, and a Feast made by any person, he goes to him, and asks to have part of what is provided. If any Gentleman corrects his Servant in his sight, says he, I beat one of mine on the same occasion, and he presently went and hang'd himself. Being chosen Umpire by two persons that have been long at Law, and desire to have the matter accommodated, he leaves it to themselves to agree it. At an Entertainment he takes that † person out to dance with him that has scarce either eat or drank.

* The Greeks
the same
day they
sacrificed
either en-
tertained
their
Friends at
home, or
sent them
some part of
the Sacri-
fice. There-
fore it was
very unrea-
sonable for him to demand part before the Feast was appointed, or he knew whether he should be invited or no.

† The Greeks used not to dance till all the Repast was over and the Tables taken away.

A Busy-Body.

THis over officiousness, (which is the Character of a Busy body) is an affecting an extraordinary kindness for others both by Words and Actions. This person shall attribute the success of an affair

to himself that was far beyond his power to perform, he'll insist a long time to prove that a thing which every body is thoroughly convinc'd of, was rational and beyond contradiction; he makes the Servant fill out more Wine than what the person is able to drink. If he be where two are equally quarreling, he effectually sets them together by the Ears. He offers his service to shew you the way, tho he does not know it, nor whither it will carry you. He goes to the General of the Army, and asks him when he draws up his Men in Battalia to engage the Enemy, and enquires if he have no orders for him to morrow. Coming to his Father, asks him, if his Mother is asleep still, and not come out of her Chamber yet: When he is order'd to keep at home for a Distemper, for which the Physicians think fit to forbid him the use of Wine, he will drink it on purpose to try the Experiment, whether it will do him good or harm. When a Woman dies in the Neighbourhood, he is the only person to write the Epitaph, where he inscribes her Husband's name, her Fathers, her Mothers and her own, with an account of what Country she was, and her Descent, with this famous Elogy, **THEY WERE ALL PERSONS OF EMINENT VIRTUE.** If at any time he is oblig'd to make an Oath in a Court of Judicature, turning himself about to the Standers by, says, This is not the first time by many that I have been a Witness.

Of Stupidity.

STupidity may be defin'd a dullness of thought, influencing both Words and Actions. The Blockhead, when he himself has cast up the Sum,

will ask him that sits next him what the Total amounts to. If he has a Suit depending, and knows the very day when it will come to Hearing, he quite forgets it, and takes a Journey into the Country; when he is at the Theatre to see a Play, he falls fast asleep, and wakes not till the rest of the Spectatois are all gone; when he hath glutted himself, at Midnight, being Cropfick, he'll get up and walk abroad for Digestion, and so have his Neighbours Dogs fall upon him. When he has receiv'd any thing from another, and laid it up himself, he enquires where that very thing is, not being able to find it. When he is told of the death of one of his Friends, and is invited to his Funeral, putting on a Countenance full of Grief and Sorrow, and shedding Tears, yet still thinking of something else, says, it happen'd very well; he carries Witnessees with him when he receives † Money, and falls out with his Servant for not buying Cucumbers in the midst of Winter. When his Sons are Fencing or Racing, he'll not let them leave off till they are quite spent. When he is in the Field boiling Lentules, he forgets that he has season'd them before, and throws Salt again into the Pot, making them so briny, that no body can eat them.

† The
Greeks
used to
bring Wit-
nessees with
them when
they paid
their Money.

† To be in-
terr'd out of
the City, ac-
cording to
the Law of
Solon.

In a time of excessive Rain, when every one wishes for dry Weather, he says, methinks this Rain water is very pleasant. If he be ask'd how many were carry'd thro the † Sacred Gate to be interr'd, (supposing the person talkt of Money) says, I wish you and I were worth as much.

Brutality.

THis Brutishness is a rudeness attending Words and Actions. If a rude Fellow be ask'd where is such a person? He answers, Pray don't trouble me. If you complement him, he takes no notice of it. When he has any thing to sell, if you ask him the price of it, he won't tell you, but rather angrily asks you what fault can you find with it. Of those devout persons, who at solemn times send the usual Offerings to the Temple of the Gods, he says, that if their prayers are heard, and that they have but what they desire, they are very well requited and paid for their presents. If any one casually jostle him, or chance to tread on his Toe, he'll never forgive him. When he has denied a Friend that desired to borrow some Money of him, and told him that he had none to lend, he will afterwards bring it, and disdainfully say, he has a mind to throw this away also to what he has lost before. If he stumble against a Stone in the Street, he curses it bitterly. He will not stay one moment beyond the time appointed for any person, tho it be on the account of Business of great importance to himself. He has an affected singularity not to sing at a Feast, or † repeat in his turn, nor dance with the other Company: In fine, he neither regards the Gods, nor takes any care to offer up his Vows and Sacrifices.

† The
Greeks
repeated
some fine
passages of
their Poets,
and danc'd
after the
Entertain-
ment was
over.

Of Superstition.

WE may define Superstition to be a Worshipping of the Deity out of Fear and Terror. The Superstitious man, after he has washed his hands and purified himself with Holy Water, taking a Lawrel Leaf out of the Temple and putting it in his Mouth, shall walk about a whole day so: If a Weafil cross the way he goes, he'll stir no further till some body else has gone before him, or he has thrown three Stones cross the way. In what part soever of the House he sees a Serpent, there he builds an Altar. He pours Oyl out of his Essence-Bottle all over the Consecrated Stones, that are in places where three ways meet, afterwards he falls down upon his Knees, and most devoutly adores them. When a Mouse has gnaw'd a hole in his Sack of Meal, he goes to the Soothsayers, and gravely enquires what he must do in the matter, and if they tell him he must send his Sack to be mended, he cannot in the least rest satisfy'd with this Answer; but imagining some mighty Religious consequence in this accident, empties the Sack and never makes use of it again. He's continually purifying his House. Will never sit down on a Grave, go to the Funeral of any one, or into the Chamber of a Lying in Woman. When he has dreamt some extraordinary Dream, he immediately runs to the Interpreters of Dreams, the Soothsayers and Augurs, to know of them, to what God or Goddess he ought to make Vows and offer Sacrifice. He's very punctual to go every month to the Priests of *Orpheus*, to be instructed in their Mysteries, and if his Wife be not detain'd by Business, he takes her along with him,

if not, his Nurse and little Children: As he goes by the Conduits he washes his Head all over with Water. Sometimes he gets the * Priestesses to purifie him with little Dogs, or † Squills. To conclude, if he sees a Lunatick or a person taken ill of the Falling Sicknes, being struck with extream horror, he spues in his own Bosom.

* They did it by carrying a Squill, or a little Dog round about the Person.
† Sea Onions.

A Splenatick Man.

THis restless uneasie temper of Mind, wherever it obtains, makes the person to be always complaining without any just reason. When any of his Friends make a Feast, and send him some part of what was there, he will never return him thanks, but say to him that brought it, your Master thought me not worthy to dine at his Table, and drink of his Wine. He suspects even the Caresses of his Mistress, and tells her, I am very jealous whether you are sincere in your affections, and these endearments proceed from your Heart. After a time of great drought, when at last it begins to rain, and he cannot then complain of the Weather, that still he may continue to rail, he finds fault with Heaven that it rain'd not sooner. Going along, tho by chance, he finds a Purse of Money in the way, he'll grumbling say, Some Folks have the good Fortune to find Treasure, I, for my part, could never find any thing in my life. Likewise when he has bought a Slave very cheap, having tir'd the Seller by his importunity in beating down the price, he immediately repents that he bought him, and says, It's a great wonder if I am not cheated, it was impossible to buy that which is good for any thing so cheap. When he is complimented upon

the birth of a Son, as an addition to his Family, he immediately cries, I am now half as poor again as I was before. If he has a Suit at Law depending, he will complain that his Lawyer omitted doing or saying a great many things that were very material, notwithstanding the Cause has gone for him. When his Friends have rais'd a Sum of Money amongst them, for the relieving him under his present necessities, and one of them says to him, Pray now be brisk and chearful; Alas, says he, how can I pretend to be merry, when I consider that I have all this Money to repay to every particular person that lent it me, and shall never be quit of the Obligation, but must render a perpetual acknowledgment.

Of Distrust.

A Distrustful Man is of opinion, that every one cheats and imposes on him. When he has sent his Man to Market to buy Provision, he orders another to go after to enquire and bring him an exact account of what every thing cost; if he goes abroad with any Money in his Pocket, he tells it over every quarter of a Mile; as he lies in his Bed he asks his Wife if his Chest is close shut, his Trunk well lockt, and care taken to make the Porch Door fast; and tho she assures him that all these things are secure, nevertheless he gets out of Bed, goes naked and bare-footed, and lights a Candle, to search all over the House to see that all things are safe, and notwithstanding all this, he can hardly compose himself to rest. When he goes to get Money, he carries Witnesses along with him, that the persons may not be able at another time to deny

ny their Debts. He makes use of that Fuller to scour his Cloaths, that will give him sufficient security to return them again, never considering whether he is a good Workman or not. If any one ask to borrow any Cups, &c. of him, he usually denies them, but if perchance he do lend them, he's always sending for them till he has them home again. He makes his Footboy go before him, that he may not run away from him. If those that buy any thing of him, bid him cast up what it comes to, and set it down to their Account, he says, Pray lay me down the Money, for I han't time to spare to run up and down to receive it.

A Sloven.

THis Vice is a lazy and beastly negligence of a Man's own person, whereby he becomes so fordid, as to be offensive to those about him. You'll see him come into Company when he is cover'd all over with a Leprosie and Scurf, and with very long Nails, and says, those Distempers were hereditary, that his Father and Grandfather had them before him. He has Ulcers in his Thighs, and Boils upon his Hands, which he takes no care to have cured, but lets them run on till they are gone beyond remedy: His Arm-pits are all hairy, and most part of his Body like a wild Beast. His Teeth are black and rotten, which makes his Breath stink so that you cannot endure him to come nigh you; he will also snuff up his Nose and spit it out as he eats, and uses to speak with his Mouth cramm'd full, and let his Victuals come out at both corners. He belches in the Cup as he is drinking, and uses nasty stinking Oyl in the Bath. He will intrude
into

* The
Greeks
were then
especially
very care-
ful of their
words.

into the best Company in fordid ragged Cloaths. If he goes with his Mother to the * Southayers, he cannot then refrain from wicked and prophane Expressions. When he is making his oblations at the Temple, he will let the Dish drop out of his hands and fall a laughing, as if he had done some brave Exploit. At the finest Consort of Musick, he can't forbear clapping his hands, and making a rude noise, will pretend to sing along with them, and fall a railing at them to leave off. Sitting at Table, he spits full upon the Servants that waited there.

A Troublesome Fellow.

A Troublesome person is one whose Conversation is very fatiguing and uneasy, tho otherwise not injurious or prejudicial. He comes into his Friend's Chamber, when he is just fall'n asleep, and wakes him to tell him a few impertinent idle Stories. He'll desire one that's going aboard a Ship, just ready to set Sail, to spend some time with him first, and make him lose his Voyage to no purpose. Taking the Child out of the Nurse's Arms, he will feed it himself, dandle it in his Arms, and talk foolish gibberish to it. He chuses at Meal time, and when the Victuals is upon the Table, to tell that t'other day he took Phyfick, which workt upon him upwards and downwards, and that he voided a great deal of nasty black Choler. He asks his Mother before a great company of people what day he was born on. He says the Water in the Cistern is cold. That he has a great many very good Pot-herbs in his Garden. That his house is free for all sorts of comers and goers as if it were a publick Inn; and when he entertains any Strangers, has a
Fellow

Fellow ready to talk very great things concerning * *A Parasite kept by some of the Grecians.*
 him to all the Guests, whom he also keeps to divert the Company and make them merry.

Vain Glory.

THis sort of Vain Glory, which is conversant about minute and frivolous matters, may be call'd a sordid and foolish affectation of Honour. A person affected with this Vice when he is invited to a Feast, strives to sit next him that makes the Treat. He carries his Son to † *Delphos*, where he cuts off his Hair, and consecrates it to some God. † *The Greeks used to dedicate their Children before some of the Family privately, but this person does it in sight of a multitude.* He loves to have a Black for his Footman. When he pays a sum it is all in new Money. When he has sacrific'd an Ox, he takes the fore part of the Head, and adorning it with Ribbons and Flowers, fixes it without doors, just at the entrance to his House, that every one may see and know what he hath sacrific'd. When he is return'd off a Cavalcade that he and some other Citizens have made, he sends all his Equipage home but his Robe of State, in which he struts about all the rest of the day in all the publick places of the City. When his little Dog dies he makes a formal Burial, and erects a Tomb for it, with this Epitaph, *He was of the Malta breed.* He consecrates a Brass Ring to *Æsculapius*, to which he hangs Garlands of all sorts of Flowers, he perfumes himself all over every day. † *This Island had a sort of little Dogs much valued.* During the time of his Magistracy, he uses a great deal of caution and circumspection, and when he goes out of his Office, he gives the people an account of his management of Affairs, and of how many and of what sort his Sacrifices were. Being clad in a white Robe, and having a Garland of Flowers on his

his head, he goes out and makes a Speech to the People. Oh! *Athenians!* We Magistrates have sacrific'd to the Mother of the Gods, and paid her all the solemn Worship that is due to her, therefore you may justly expect that things will succeed very prosperously with you; this done he goes home, and tells his Wife he has come off with great applause and approbation.

A Niggard.

THis Vice is a base and sneaking Temper in a man to save his Money at the expence of his Reputation. The Niggard when he has won the prize of * Tragedy, he'll consecrate to *Bacchus* Gardens made of the Kind of Trees, and have his name writ on this magnificent Present. In times when the necessity of the Publick affairs requires the Citizens to raise extraordinary Contributions, that may be sufficient to supply the present exigencies, he either rises up and is † silent, or retires as soon as he can. When he marries his Daughter, and Sacrifices according to custom, he sells all the Flesh of the slain Victim, besides what belongs to the || Priests, and hires Servants to attend during the time of the Wedding, but makes them find themselves Victuals. Being Captain of a Vessel that he built, he let his own Cabbin to Passengers, and lay amongst the common Saylor. He goes to Market and buys Meat and Herbs, and carries them home himself in the Lappet of his Coat. When he has sent his Cloaths to the Scowlers to be cleaned, he is oblig'd to keep at home for want of others. He shuns a poor Friend of his that has fallen into misfortunes, and desires him to raise Money amongst his Acquaintance; if he sees him

* Which he either made or repeated.

† Those that won't give any thing, rise up and offered what they pleas'd, those that would not, rose up and were silent.
|| The Legs and Entrails.

him at a distance, he turns back, and makes all the haste home he can. He never keeps his Wife any Maids, but when she has occasion to go abroad, hires some to wait on her thro the City. As soon as he's got up in the morning, he washes his own House, and makes the Beds, and is forc'd to turn his old Threadbare Cloak, when he goes into Publick Company.

Of Ostentation.

Ostentation is a vain humour of bragging and valuing our selves for those things which we are not Masters of. This Braggadochio standing on the Keys where the Ships unlade, and where a great many Strangers resort, talks of vast sums of Money that he has owing him beyond Sea, makes a long Discourse concerning lending Money at Interest, telling you what a great Man he is, and what great advantages he hopes to reap by it. If he can pick up a person to keep him Company on the Road, he tells him that he serv'd under *Alexander*, and how he signaliz'd himself in a great Expedition, and that he brought away a great many rich drinking Cups set with Precious Stones. He affirms, contrary to the opinion of all others, that the *Asiaticks* are better Artificers than the *Europeans*. He also shews a Letter from *Antipater*, which says that he was the third person that enter'd into *Macedonia*; he takes occasion to tell him, that tho the Magistrate, as a reward for his singular good Services, had granted him a liberty of Exporting what Commodity soever he pleased Custom free, yet he scorn'd to make use of it, that he might not incur the Peoples ill will. He says in a dear time of Corn, he laid out
above

above five Talents, and distributed it amongst the poor Citizens. If he be in company with those that don't know him, he desires them to take their Book and set down the number of those he has been so liberal to, which he'll make amount to above six hundred, and has fictitious names ready for them all, to make the thing appear more formal; then adding the particular sums distributed to each, he makes it come to above ten Talents, all which he said he laid out for to relieve the poor; and yet, says he, I don't reckon the Ships I built and Commanded my self, and a great many other very chargeable things I did on the Publick Account, for which I expect no recompence. He goes to the Jockeys that sell the finest Horses, and makes them shew him some of the best. In the Fairs he goes to those Shops that sell rich Cloaths, and bids them shew him a Suit worth two Talents, and falls in a Passion with his † Servant for following him without Money about him: And though he pays Rent for the House he lives in, yet if the person he talks with don't know it, he shall tell him that this House was left him by his Father, but being too little for the accommodation of that great number his Hospitality continually drew thither, he designed to sell it.

† The An-
nients used
to have
their Ser-
vants to
carry their
Money.

Of Pride.

PRide is a contemptible opinion a Man has of every one besides himself. A Proud Man, tho you meet him very opportunely, at his most leisure time, and only walking for his Diverfion, yet then will he not stay to talk with you about Business, tho it be of importance, and requires great

great Expedition, but he defers it till he has supp'd. If he has done any person a kindness, he makes him publickly acknowledge it. He's one that scorns to make the first proposal, notwithstanding it is about an Affair that concerns himself only.

If you would buy any thing of him, or have occasion to transact any other Business with him, he bids you call upon early the next morning. He has an affected way in going along the Streets, hanging his Head down, and neither sees nor speaks to any person he meets. When he condescends to entertain any of his Friends, he frames excuses for not sitting down at Table, but orders some of his principal Servants to take care that his Guests want nothing. He never pays a Visit before he has sent word of his coming. When he Dresses and Perfumes or Eats, he permits no body to be present. He will not undergo the fatigue of adjusting his own Accounts, but orders his Servants to do it. His Stile is always lofty and commanding, and cannot write, *Sir, you'll much oblige me if — but 'tis my pleasure it should be done. I have sent one to receive it of you, take care it be according to my order, and no otherwise, and that as soon as may be.*

Of Cowardice.

Cowardice is a timorous dejection of the Soul, creating imaginary Dangers. When such a faint-hearted Wretch as this is at Sea, he fancies all the Promontories are so many hulks of Ships that were wreckt on the Coast. The least agitation of the Water puts him in a pannick fear, and makes him enquire whether all that are aboard are

* initi.

* The Anti-
ents never
sailed with
those that
were repu-
zed impious,
but initia-
zed them
before they
took them
on board,
that is, in-
structed
them in the
mysteris of
some Deity,
to render
him the
more propi-
tious to
them in the
Voyage.
† They con-
sulted the
Gods by Sa-
crifices or
Auguries,
(i. e.)
by the fly-
ing, singing
and feeding
of Birds, or
by the En-
trails of
Beasts.

* initiated. When he observes the Pilot to stop the Ships way, he anxiously asks whether the Gods seem to be propitious or not. He tells him that fits next him a terrible Story of a dismal Dream he dreamt last night, which he takes to be an ominous Prefage; then he plucks off his Cloaths to make ready for swimming, and heartily begs the Sailors to set him ashore as soon as possible. If he be in the Land service, getting his fellow Soldiers about him, he tells them it is hard to discern whether those they discover afar off are the Enemy or not; but when the greatness of the noise gives them them to understand the Armies on both sides are engag'd, and he sees Men fall on each side him, he says to those that are next him, that he took the Field in such hurry and precipitation, that he forgot to bring his Sword along with him, and presently runs into his Tent to fetch it, then sends his Servant out to observe the motion of the Enemy, and in the mean time hides his Sword under the Pillow, and is employed in looking for it till the Battel is over. When he sees any of his Friends brought wounded from the Camp, he runs to meet them, encourages them to have a good heart, stops their Blood, and dresses their Wounds, and drives away the Flies that are troublesome to them; he takes all imaginable care of them, and this or any thing else he'll do rather than fight. When he sits in the Tent with a wounded person, if he hear the Trumpeters sounding a Charge, he bitterly curses them, saying, They continually make such a horrid noise, that the poor Man cannot take one minutes rest. He walks about besmear'd all over with the Blood that proceeded from the Wounds of others, and makes those that lately came from the Fight believe, that he ran a great risque of his own life to save one of his Friends, and brings his Town-folks and Country-

men

men to see the very Man, to each of whom he gives a particular relation, how he carry'd him into his Tent in his own Arms.

Of an Oligarchical Government, and the Grandees thereof.

THe Principle which actuates these men, is an ambitious desire of Honour and Fame, without regard to the advancement of their private Estates. When the Citizens are met to chuse a fit Person to be an Assistant to the Supreme Magistrate, in managing the Publick Shews and Triumphs, one of these persons immediately stands up and peremptorily demands the honour of that Employment, as the most qualify'd in the whole World for it. Of all the Verses in *Homer* he only remembers this.

* *It is good not to have many Rulers,*

Let the Government be in a single Person.

His usual Discourse is, 'tis we our selves ought to retire and consult what Laws are fit to be made for the Government of the Commonwealth, and take care to suppress these tumultuous and popular Assemblies, and totally exclude the Common People from interfering with the Magistracy. When he has receiv'd an affront from any one, he says 'tis impossible for the same City to contain us both. At Noon he goes abroad new trimm'd, and his Nails close par'd, having every thing about him in a most exact order, and strutting about, tells every one he meets, he cannot endure to live any longer in Town, but is quite tir'd, and his Spirits almost exhausted in hearing and determining litigious Suits and Controversies, and that he is very much asham'd that

* 'Οὐκ
ἀγαθὸν
πολυκοί
εἶναι, εἰς
κόσμον
ἔσθαι

* Theseus
laid the Founda-
tion of the
Athenian
Common-
wealth in
establishing an
equality a-
mong the Ci-
tizens.

persons should be admitted to sit so near him, so meanly and fordidly dress. He has a mortal aversion to Advocates that plead the Cause of the Common People, and blames * *Theseus* for being the first occasion of these mischiefs in the Commonwealth; with such sort of Discourse as this he entertains both Strangers and the Citizens of his own Party.

Of those that begin to learn in Old Age.

AMongst those that squander and mispend the precious moments of their youthful and more docile years, there are some who are still desirous of improving and cultivating the remaining part of their Life by studying Arts and Sciences, tho' with very little success. Thus when an old Fellow of Threescore learns the Poets by heart, and he is either to † sing or recite them in his turn at a Feast, as soon as he has begun his memory fails him, and the Doctard forgets whereabouts he was, and so comes off abruptly. He gets his own Son to teach him Military Discipline, and to turn to Right and Left. He borrows a Horse to ride out of Town, and when he is mounted, affecting to be complaisant to all that pass by, loses his Saddle, and tumbles down and bruises his head. You'll find him often darning at the * Statue, and sometimes he makes a match with his Footboy to shoot with Bow and Arrow. When he's taught any thing he'll be pretending to instruct his Tutor, as if he were the best accomplish'd of the two, and in the very Barn he will be practising wrestling, and is full of insatiable and ridiculous Gesticulations and Postures.

† The Greeks
used to sing or
recite Verses
at their Feasts
in their turn.

* A great
Savage fit to
do it.

Of Slander.

A Slandere ris person of a base Temper, thinking ill of a Men, and afterwards uttering his Sentiments in scandalous Expressions. If you ask him who such a one is, he presently gives you an account of his Pedigree from his very original, as if he were an Herald; saying, his Father was first call'd † *SOSIA*, but afterwards serving in the Army, he took upon him the name of *SOSISTRATUS*, after that he was made free, and register'd among the Citizens. His Mother indeed was a || noble *Thracian*, because those Women value themselves on account of their great Families; and yet this Man, tho' so nobly and honourably descended, is a meer Villain and a Rascal. Then (talking again of his Mother) these are those * Women, says he, that entice young Men upon the Road, and draw them into their houses and debauch them. If there be any person that speaks ill of another that's absent he joyns with him, and says, he is indeed a most abominable Wretch, I could never endure him in all my life, observe but the Countenance of him, he looks so like a very Rogue, that I always hated him, but if you examin his Life and Conversation, there is nothing more lewd and infamous in the whole World; nay, this hard-hearted Wretch allows his Wife but three half pence to buy her a Dinner, and makes her wash in cold Water in a hard Frost in the middle of *De-*

† The name of a Slave or Servant amongst the Greeks.
|| In derision, for the Thracians came so Gr *οὐκ ἔστι βε* Servants, or what was worse.
* They kept Bawdy Houses on the Highways, where they played infamous Pranks.

to be used for him to abuse some body or other

other in all Companies where-ever he comes, he spares neither Friend nor Relation, nor can the Grave itself secure the Dead from his malicious Detractions.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

PAge 93, l. 2. read *different*. p. 116. l. 33. r. *who* for *he*. p. 145. l. 7. v. *Gentleman*. p. 238. in the Title r. *Judgments*. ditto l. 23. dele *its*. p. 282. l. 13. r. *Attila*. p. 283. l. 7. r. *nor*, for *to*.

A N

Original CHAPTER

O F T H E

Manner of LIVING

W I T H

G R E A T M E N .

After the Method of

Monf^r. de la Bruyere.

Distinction of Rank is highly necessary for the Oeconomy of the World, and was never call'd in Question but by *Barbarians* and *Enthusiasts*.

A just Consideration for the several Degrees of Men, as the Orders of Providence have plac'd them above us, is useful, not only to the correcting of our Manners and keeping our Common

Conversation in the bounds of Politeness and Civility, but has ev'n a better Consequence, in disposing the Mind to a Religious Humility.

In observing Step by Step the several Degrees of Excellency above us, we arrive insensibly at last, to the Contemplation of the supream Perfection.

It has been said, that inequality of Conditions is a Bar to Friendship; but why are not the Links of a Chain continu'd as well Perpendicularly as Horizontally.

Most Men are indeed rather inclin'd to live in the terms of Civility than Friendship; it is sufficient for their Interest to have no Enemies, and they find it for their Ease to have no Obligations without Doors, that is, out of themselves.

There are some People that naturally love to do Good, and contribute to the happiness of their fellow Creatures; but how Rare!

If there cannot be what is call'd Friendship between a Great and a Private Man, there may be something almost equivalent to it, while there is Benificence on one part, and Gratitude on the other.

Crito must be a miserable Man, who never was known to have a Friend ev'n among Men of his own Degree. He is Rich, he is Great, he has Wit; any of these three Qualities would have got another Man either Friends or Followers. He has not good Nature.

Pauliness is Affable, just to his Word, Generous, Serviceable: He has no Enemies, but those that are so to Vertue and to their Country; he has Friends amongst those of his own Rank, and Followers amongst his Inferiors, that take a Pleasure in his Protection. He has good Nature.

A Great Man, who has a delicate Understanding, cannot find a sufficient number for his Conversation among those of his own Quality.

Aristus is a great Genius for Politicks; and he finds among the Ministry, Heads capable of forming the greatest and wisest Designs. 'Tis with them he concert's what is for the Advantage of his Prince and Country. But he has a Taste for Musick, Painting and Sculpture; he is perfectly a Master of all the fine Parts of Learning. He chuses to spend whole Days with *Lycidas*, a Man not of his own Quality, but one to whom Nature and Industry have given what they could give.

Lycidas was born with great Advantages for Knowledge; he has improv'd those Advantages; he has a Wit admirably well turn'd; a sound and exact Judgment; he thinks, speaks and writes with the utmost Politeness; and with all these, he has so much Gentleness in his Nature, and Sweetness in his Manners, that one should love him, though it were possible he might be a Fool. In short, it is necessary to a Great Man that would be compleatly happy, to have such a Friend or Companion, call it which you will.

Going into the Company of Great Men, is like going into the other World; you ought to stay till you are call'd.

What impatience have some People to press into Conversations, where it is impossible they should be easie.

Bupalus was never cut out for a Courtier; why will he always be making Parties to dine with great Lords.

Fupalus might have liv'd well with any sort of People, bating Lords. He has a pleasant Wit; he has Humour, and is very often agreeable in his Conversation, but then he is variable; he has lov'd and hated all his Acquaintance round. He is Violent, a great Stranger to Patience, and a Mortal Enemy to Contradiction. He would have made a notable Tyrant, and Flatterers would have had a good time of it in his Reign.

If I consider my own Interest, what have I to do with People who take it to be their Privilege and Birth-right to insult me.

What Slavery is it to a Ridiculous Vanity to hunt after the Conversation of insolent Greatness! What Peace, what Ease, what Happiness does a Man forgo, who might be us'd as he pleases amongst his Equals, and yet chuses to put himself upon the Rack, to make a Lord laugh!

Great Men expect the lesser People should have that Complaisance for them to be of their Opinion, or at least that those who depend upon 'em, should submit blindly to their Notions of right and wrong; this is a Privilege we don't allow the Priesthood themselves, and yet they derive their Authority from the highest.

We allow there is a true Reason of State, and a true Religion to be follow'd; but neither all Priests, nor all States-men have right Notions of them. They would have the World of the same Opinion with the Man in *Horace*.

*Nam te
Scire, Deos quoniam proprius Contingri oportet.*

But

But we have an unlucky Proverb against 'em in English.

The nearer the Church (or Court) the further from God (and it may may be) the Prince's Service.

Common Decency and good Manners requires a Deference to our Superiours, and if they have something in 'em insufferable, we may avoid coming where they are.

If one cannot bear the chattering of *Babylus*, his insipid Gayety, his perpetual ado with his Family, his History of their particular Honours, his Peevishness, his Intrigues, and his Raillery; there is one easie Remedy, shun him; the World is wide enough.

The Ambition of being intimate with our Betters runs thro' most weak Understandings of all Ranks.

Go down in a Stage-Coach with the Parson's Wife, she tells you of all the Sirs and the Ladies in her Country, *How often she goes to see 'em, ——— That they are continually sending for her, ——— How they bread their Sons — and what they give their Daughters: But my Lord Bishop's Lady does not live, if she is not once a Week at ——— And one odd thing, which you, may be, will hardly believe, He never went to the Assizes without her.*

So the He and She Citizen, with my Lord Mayor's Cousin, my Lord Mayor's Cousin's Cousin, &c.

Beneficence seems to be so inseparable from true Greatness, that one might, not unaptly, desire it, a large Power of doing Good, and if the
Will

Will is not inclined to the exercise of that Power, it had as good not be, as not to be put to its proper use.

Why should any one be called a Great Man, who is rarely serviceable to others, who seldom does good to the Unworthy? But the World imposes upon him and themselves too; they call him a Great Man, and he is not so.

Necessity makes some People bow; and Fear makes most People stand at a distance, and say nothing.

The Excesses and Vices of Great Men, set fatal and Ruinous Examples to the r Inferiours, and one might wish, upon this Occasion, that their Acquaintance and Conversations were confin'd to one another.

Cleon is Noble, has a vast Estate, and great Employments; he builds, buys Pictures, fine Furniture; he plays deep, keeps Horses, and lives Magnificently. he leaves a plentiful Fortune and an easie Family behind him.

Dorilas is a private Man of a free and independant Condition; he lives like *Cleon*, he Mortgages his Estate, he becomes a Slave, he depends upon others, he is undone, his Posterity curse him.

Great Men have many things which attract first our Admiration, and then our Affections, and some People live safely and pleasantly with them; but those who never converse with them, are exempt from the Power of many Passions, and are free from the Pains of many Afflictions.

All Humane Greatness had a beginning, it has sometimes been founded upon Honesty; if I am charm'd with it, why should I not rather attempt to be one of those Great Ones, whose Condition I so much admire, than be contented with a second Place, a dependance upon 'em.

There is a Vertuous as well as a Vicious Desire of Greatness.

F I N I S.

